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Granite State Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the History, Story, Scenery, Industry and
Interest of New Hampshire

Edited by GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

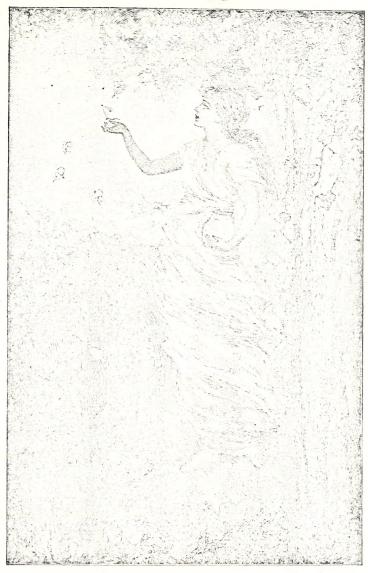
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FLOWERS OF MEMORY

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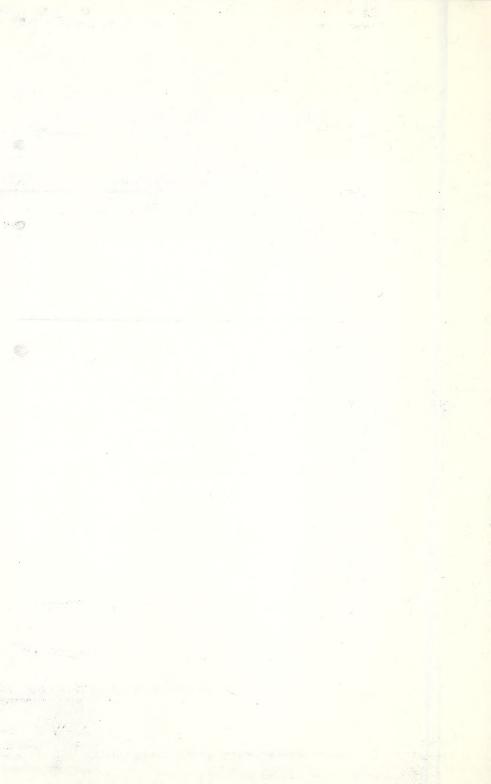


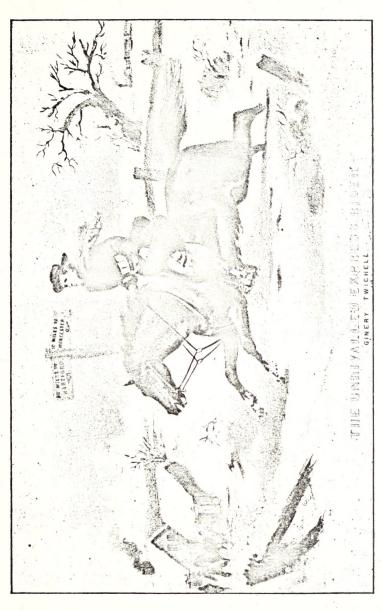
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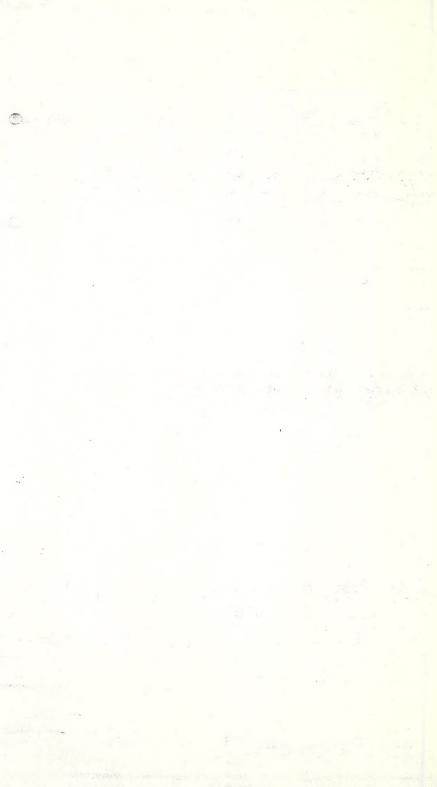
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CHARACTER SKETCHES No. VI "THE POST-RIDER"







Character Sketches

"The Post-Rider"



HE CURRENT of the years, like the tide of a great river, carries on its surface many changes in the affairs of men. Customs that were common yesterday are forgotten to-day. This fact

relates more especially to civilized people. It is due to the evolution of progress. Savages know very little of change either in their manner of living or dving, simply because they do not advance. The story of one generation may describe History, if it were written of them, would the lives of many. prove a dull tale.

The carriers of the messages and news packages of a people have always been invested with romantic interest, from the tattooed runner of the Far East, carrying his missive in a cleft stick, to the uniformed postman of our big cities, plodding wearily along the paved walks of their routes. But of greater interest than either class was the mounted post-rider. who moved swiftly over hill and dale, from country home to home. A more sightly or picturesque sight could not well be - imagined, as he swept over some elevated section of the highway where the wintry wind laughed with cutting scorn at his reckless riding. With the graceful poise of an old cavalryman he bestrode his gallant steed, its nostrils and flanks white with the morning frost, while his tight-fitting jacket was buttoned closely about his stalwart form, his fur cap pulled down over his ears, half concealing his clear-cut, good-natured countenance, and the flowing ends of his crimson scarf streaming in the air like the pennons of a ship stemming a gale.

Add to this picture the blare of his bugle horn, the clouds



of snow-dust that ever and anon enveloped himself and steed, with the expectant looks upon the faces of the watchers peering out of the windows along his course as he sped by. flinging to one a letter and another a paper, calling back cheerily as he disappeared like a spectre of the road:

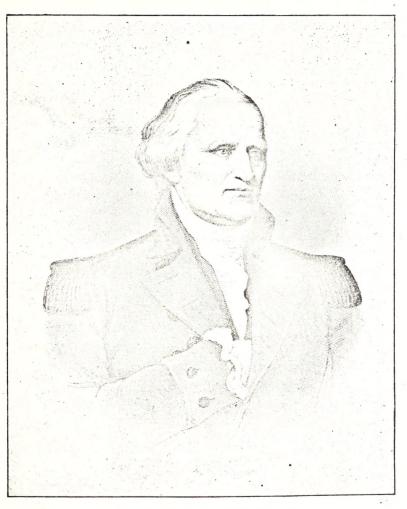
"A piping morning! Snow to-morrow! Jones has heard from his brother in South America. The bridge has gone

down at Boardman's Crossing."

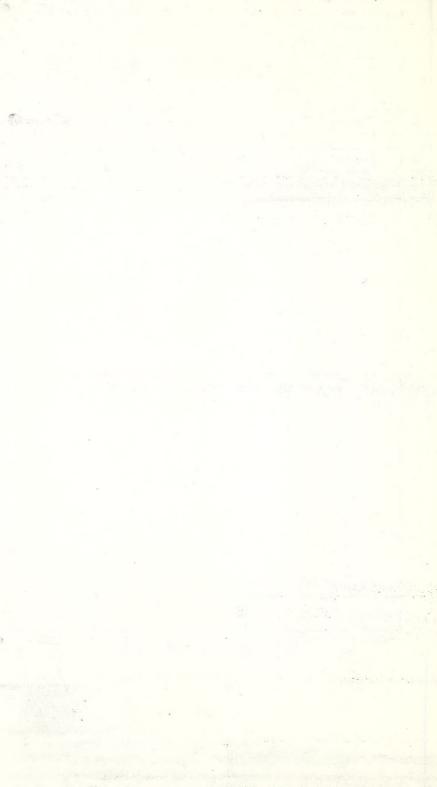
No more varied or picturesque type of manhood could be found than one of these post-riders, and the experiences of any of them, spiced with the anecdotes of their acquaintances and seasoned with the hardships of their long drives, would fill a volume.







MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STARK



Stark's Independent Command at Bennington

By Herbert D. Foster, with the Collaboration of Thomas W. Streeter

N THE 18th of July, twelve days after the Americans abandoned Fort Ticonderoga, there was laid before the General Court of New Hampshire a vigorous appeal to aid "the defenceless inhabitants on the frontier" of Vermont, who "are heartily disposed to Defend their Liberties . . . and make a frontier for your State with their own." "You will naturally understand that when we cease to be a frontier your state must take it," was the shrewd hint with which Ira Allen closed his letter. Seldom has there been made a speech with clearer vision and more immediate and lasting effect than was made on that day by Speaker John Langdon. In four ringing sentences, he put "At the service of the State" his worldly goods of those days—"hard money," "plate," and "Tobago Rum." Then he added this prophecy:

"We can raise a brigade; and our friend Stark, who so nobly sustained the honor of our arms at Bunker's Hill, may safely be entrusted with the command, and we will

check Burgoyne."

With this pledge and prophecy, New Hampshire began her share in the campaign which made Bennington and Saratoga possible. On that same day the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled by the election of John Stark as Brigadier General. Before a month had passed, "our friend Stark" had fulfilled the remainder; he had raised a brigade, and he had "checked Burgoyne" at Bennington.



How the Battle of Bennington was won is an interesting tale; but it has been told often and well, by the victors, by the vanquished, by the critics of both, and finally by the critics of one another. The object of this paper, therefore, is not to describe the battle, but rather to show how there came to be an American force at Bennington capable of fighting any battle.

A score of the participants in the battle, and more than a score of the participants in what we may venture to call the campaign of Bennington, have left us fragments of the story. These fragments, printed and unprinted, have been collected by the writers of this article and put together into a daily record from the pen of the participants—American, British, and German. These contestants reveal, in their sequence, the actions and motives of both parties in the struggle. Their combined daily record sheds somewhat more of the white light of truth, or at least the gray light of history, on the causes and results of Stark's Independent Command, which proved such a vital factor in the campaign. From the participants we may hope to glean a clearer and therefore juster idea of why the independent command was granted by New Hampshire; second, how it enabled Stark to carry out the sound strategy once planned by Schuyler, always approved by Washington, and fortunately insisted upon by Stark and the Vermont Council; and third, how it was regarded by Stark's fellow soldiers and citizens, by the Continental officers, and by Congress.

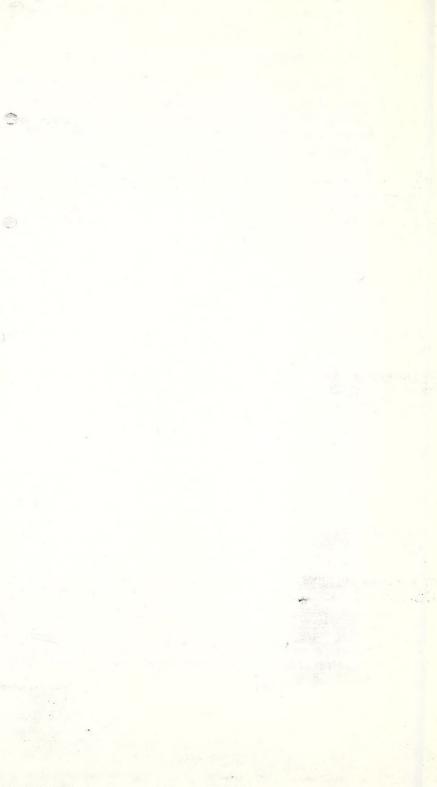
On the 18th of July, after John Langdon's speech, New Hampshire, under extraordinary circumstances took unusual action which gave rise to much discussion and criticism. The General Court appointed "the Honble William Whipple Esq." and "the Honble John Stark Esq." Brigadier Generals, and voted "that the said Brigadier Generals be always amenable for their conduct to the General Court or Committee of Safety for the time being." It is the omission that is significant: Stark was not made



"amenable" to Congress, to the officers of the Continental Army, or to continental regulations.

The reasons which led New Hampshire to give Stark this independent command are set forth clearly in an unpublished letter of Josiah Bartlett, written a month after the battle was fought. Bartlett was a member of the General Court which appointed Stark, and of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety which gave him his instructions; and after the Battle of Bennington, he was sent to advise Stark. Bartlett was also a Colonel in the New Hampshire militia, had twice represented his state in Congress, and later was to serve her as a Chief Justice and as Governor. Because of his intimate knowledge of state affairs, his wide experience, and his sound judgment, the following opinions are entitled to unusual confidence.

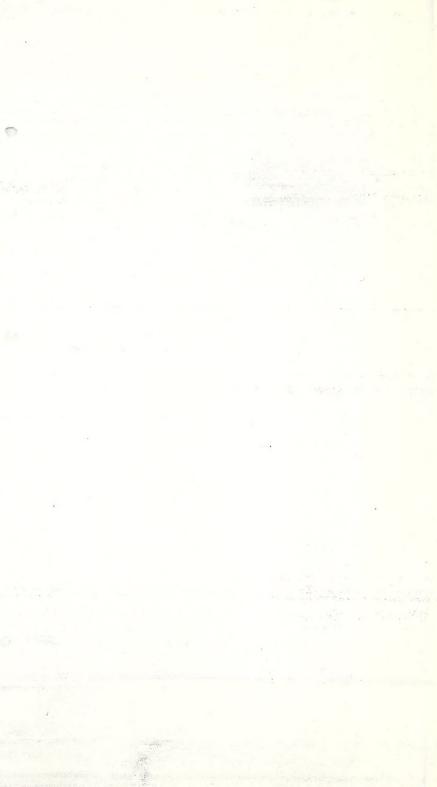
"I am much Surprized to hear the uneasiness Expressed by the Congress at the orders given him, [Stark] by this state; I think it must be owing to their not Knowing our Situation at that time. The Enemy appeared to be moving down to our frontiers and no man to oppose them but the militia and Col. Warners Regiment not Exceeding 150 men, and it was impossible to raise the militia to be under the Command of Genls in whom they had no Confidence, and who might immediately call them to the Southward and leave their wives and families a prey to the enemy: and had Genl Starks gone to Stillwater agreable to orders; there would have been none to oppose Col Baum in carrying Gen¹ Burgoine's orders into Execution: No State wishes more Earnestly to keep up the union than New Hampshire, but Surely Every State has a right to raise their militia for their own Defence against the Common Enemy and to put them under such Command as they shall think proper without giving just cause of uneasiness to the Congress. As to the State giving such orders to Gen1 Starks, because he had not the rank he thought himself entitled to, (which seems to be intimated) I can assure you is without foundation and I believe never



entered the mind of any of the Committee of Safety who gave the orders; however I hope by this time the Congress are convinced of the upright intentions of the State and the propriety of their conduct. . . ."

No more convincing statement of the reasons for granting the independent command could be given to-day. The only query is: do the facts substantiate Bartlett's statements as to the causes and results of the independent command?

The statement as to the lack of confidence in the generals of the Northern Department is only too amply substantiated. "The people are disgusted, disappointed and alarmed," wrote the New York Council of Safety on the 27th of July, to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety. To General Putnam even more explicitly they wrote: "The evacuation of Ticonderoga appears to the Council highly reprehensible . . . absurd and probably criminal." "I ... agree with you," replied the Chairman of the New Hampshire Committee, "that the loss of Ticonderoga, in the manner it was left, has occasioned the loss of all confidence, among the people in these parts, in the general officers of that department." The investigations by Congress, the letters of Washington, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Ionathan Trumbuil, Ir., Van Cortlandt, and of less known soldiers and civilians show that the distrust was deep and widespread. Schuyler himself, the commander of the Northern Department, finding himself at Fort Edward "at the head of a handful of men-not above fifteen hundred," and "the country in the deepest consternation," wrote to Washington: "what could induce the general officers to a step which has ruined our affairs in this quarter, God only knows." The loss of confidence was the more dangerous because known and reckoned on by the enemy. Philip Skene, Burgoyne's Tory adviser, wrote to Lord Dartmouth on the 15th of July: "The men want confidence in their officers and their Offrs in their men." "The King," says Walpole, "on receiving the



account of taking Ticonderoga, ran into the Queen's room crying, 'I have beat them! beat all the Americans!'"

There may have been much prejudice and misunderstanding involved in the distrust of the general officers, and in the case of Schuyler there undoubtedly was, for he has been amply vindicated as a brave and capable officer accomplishing a thankless task under peculiarly difficult circumstances. The distrust was, however, so widespread and ineradicable, and the danger so pressing, that decisive measures had to be adopted.

With Stark's acceptance of an independent command, the situation changed at once. The enthusiasm was so great that the rapidity of recruiting and enlisting seems almost incredible. On the very day of Stark's appointment, Captain McConnell of Pembroke, a delegate to the Assembly, "engaged" for the service. The next day, the 19th of August, he, and Captain Bradford of Amherst and Captain Parker of New Ipswich, some sixty miles from Exeter, had recruited three companies of 221 men. The news swept up the Merrimack valley on Sunday the 20th of July, through Hudson and Hollis, Londonderry and Epsom, Loudon and Boscawen, to Salisbury, fifty-eight miles distant from Exeter, where Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel Webster, raised his company of fifty-four men.

"As soon as it was decided to raise volunteer companies and place them under the command of Gen. Stark, Col. Hutchins [delegate from Concord] mounted his horse, and travelling all night with all possible haste, reached Concord on Sabbath afternoon, before the close of public service. Dismounting at the meeting-house door, he walked up the aisle of the church while Mr. Walker was preaching. Mr. Walker paused in his sermon, and said—"Col. Hutchins, are you the bearer of any message?" "Yes," replied the Colonel: "Gen. Burgoyne, with his army, is on his march to Albany. Gen. Stark has offered to take the command of the New Hampshire men: and, if we all turn

out, we can cut off Burgoyne's march.' Whereupon Rev. Mr. Walker said—'My hearers, those of you who are willing to go, better leave at once.' At which word all the men in the meeting-house rose and went out. Many immediately enlisted. The whole night was spent in preparation, and a company was ready to march next day." There must have been many similar scenes on that Sunday of recruiting, for before it ended seven companies of 419 men were enlisted.

On the third day of recruiting, seven more companies, numbering 390 men, volunteered under Captains from Chester and Pelham in the southeast; from Lyndeboro: and then, on the other side of the watershed, from Rindge, from Walpole and from Charlestown, one hundred and ten miles to the northwest on the Connecticut; and from Plymouth nearly as for distant on the northern frontier, Five more companies numbering 252 men, enlisted on the next day, the 22nd of July, under Captains from Hopkinton, Gilmanton, and Sanbornton in the Merrimack region, and from Gilsum and Chesterfield in the southwest in the Connecticut basin. On the 23d of July, two companies enlisted under Captains from Chesterfield in the southwestern corner and from Hanover on the northwestern frontier; and on the following day the last of the twenty-five companies was recruited.

In these six days of recruiting, from the 19th to the 24th of July, 1,492 officers and men had enlisted to serve under Stark, and many of them had already begun their march to join him. The number of volunteers is the more remarkable, if we remember that in the sparsely settled state, with its scattered hamlets, most of them settled in the last generation, there were only 15,436 polls, according to the returns of that year. This would mean that nearly one man in ten of a voting age volunteered. In many of the towns more than ten per cent. of the males over sixteen years old volunteered. In half a dozen towns taken at random in different sections of



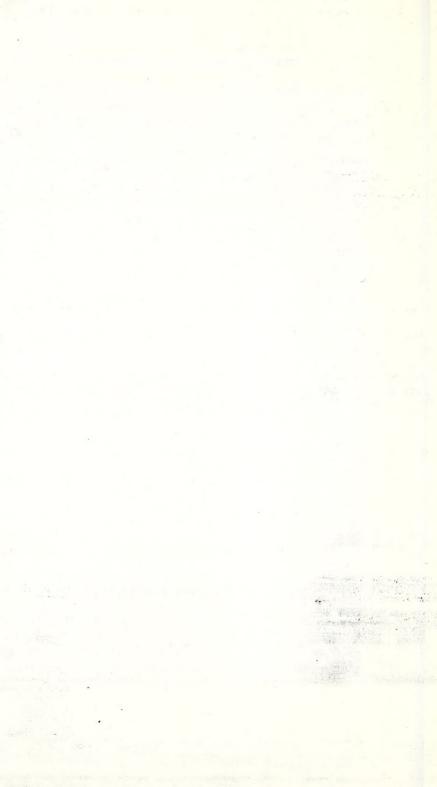
the state, there enlisted on an average over fifteen per cent. In Chesterfield, out of 221 males over sixteen, twenty-one volunteered, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; in Hanover, 9.8 per cent.; in Concord, over ten per cent.; in Swanzey, 12 per cent.; in Candia, 25 per cent.; and in Salisbury under Captain Ebenezer Webster, forty-one men volunteered, or over 36 per cent. of the male population over sixteen years old.

Three facts explain this almost incredible swiftness of enlistment: first, the spreading of the news through the return of the delegates from the three days' session at Exeter; second, the payment of "advanced wages"; and third, the eagerness to enlist under Stark. The people. especially the militia, may have suggested such action and consequently may have been expecting some such news; this is at least a plausible hypothesis which makes intelligible the rapid enlistment immediately on the return of the representatives like Col. Hutchins of Concord, and Matthew Patten of Bedford. There were nearly 1,500 men like Thomas Mellen, who said: "I enlisted . . . as soon as I heard that Stark would accept the command of the state troops." The militia knew that Stark and the State of New Hampshire meant business, and they gave a businesslike response.

The promptness of enlistment is matched and doubtless aided by Stark's characteristic rapidity of movement. On the 18th of July, Stark was appointed at Exeter. On the 19th, he received from the Chairman of the Committee of Safety, the following instructions;

"STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, Saturday, July 19th, 1777.

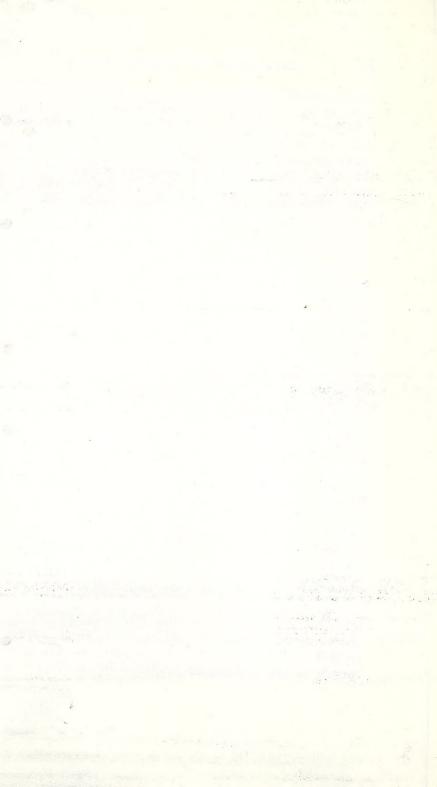
To Brig^d Gen¹ Jn^o Stark,—You are hereby required to repair to Charlestown, N^o 4, so as to be there by the 24th—Thursday next, to meet and confer with persons appointed by the Convention of the State of Vermont relative to the route of the Troops under your Command, their being supplied with provisions, and future operations—and when



the troops are collected at N° 4, you are to take the Command of them and march into the State of Vermont, and there act in conjunction with the Troops of that State, or any other of the States, or of the United States, or separately, as it shall appear Expedient to you for the protection of the People or the annoyance of the Enemy, and from time to time as occasion shall require, send Intelligence to the Gen¹ Assembly or Committee of Safety, of your operations, and the manoeuvers of the Enemy.

M. WEARE."

While his Brigade was enlisting, Stark was crossing the State to the appointed rendezvous at Charlestown on the Connecticut River. He probably kept his appointment there on the 24th of July; on the 25th he was certainly at a point only two or three days distant by post from Manchester, Vermont, and other letters would indicate that this point was Charlestown. On the 28th he "forwarded 250 men to their relief," that is to the Vermont militia at Manchester. On the 30th, he wrote from Charlestown: "I sent another detachment of [f] this day." For his swiftly gathering force, he had to provide "Kettles or utensils to cook our victuals as the Troops has not brought any," cannon and their carriages, bullets, and even "bullet moulds, as there is but one pair in town." As he prepared to cross into Vermont, he thoughtfully asked the New Hampshire Committee for "Rum . . . as there is none of that article in them parts where we are a going." By the 2d of August, two weeks after his appointment. "he had sent off from No. 4, 700 men to join Colo. Warner at Manchester," and intended to "follow them the next day (. . . Sunday) with 300 more; and had ordered the remainder to follow him as fast as they came into No. 4" [Charlestown]. His last recorded acts before leaving the state were provisions for the physical and spiritual welfare of his troops in letters from Charlestown on the 3d of August to his "Chirurgeon," "Docr Solomon Chase" of



Cornish, and to the Brigade Chaplain, "Rev. Mr. Hibbard at Claremont," a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1772.

On the 6th of August, Stark was in the Green Mountains at Bromley, near Peru, Vermont, sending back word to Charlestown "to fix them cannon . . . for your defence . . . forward, with all convenient speed, all the rum and sugar . . . get all the cannon from Walpole." Swiftly as Stark and his brigade moved forward, he seems to have forgotten nothing necessary for the troops at the front or for those left behind to guard the stores. He was a "good provider" as well as a good fighter. The rum he secured from his friends; the cannon he captured from the enemy.

On the 7th of August, he had crossed the Green Mountains and joined Warner and General Lincoln at Manchester near the western border of Vermont. In twenty days Stark had more than fulfilled the first part of Langdon's prophecy—he had not only raised a brigade, he had also equipped his volunteers, and marched them across two states. Two days later, the 9th of August, he was at Bennington, where within a week he was to realize the remainder of Langdon's patriotic vision and "check Burgoyne." It is not surprising that this characteristic swiftness and energy of Stark attracted volunteers and infused hope and an entirely new spirit into the troops of all the region.

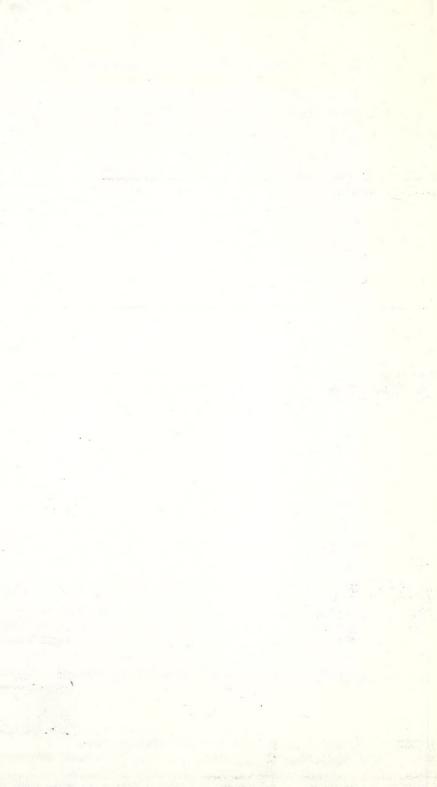
The contrast with Burgoyne's slow progress made Stark's rapidity seem the more striking. When Stark was appointed at Exeter, Burgoyne was at "Skeensborough House," on the present site of Whitehall, New York. By the time Stark had crossed New Hampshire and mustered his troops on the Connecticut River, Burgoyne had marched only twenty-eight miles southward to Fort Edward on the Hudson. While Stark was crossing Vermont, and organizing his brigade at Manchester and Bennington, Burgoyne and his army were delaying at Fort Edward where they remained until the 14th of August.



It was two weeks before the British army, hampered by the untiring efforts of Schuyler and by the difficulties of transportation, were able to advance seven miles down the Hudson to Fort Miller.

A clear understanding of the position of the combatants on the 7th of August is necessary to comprehend the later plans and movements. Of the American forces, on the 7th of August, Stark was at Manchester, Vermont, with Warner and Lincoln; Schuyler, who had been gradually withdrawing southward before Burgovne's slow advance, had been since the 4th of August at Stillwater on the Hudson, "about twenty miles west of Bennington." The British forces were situated as follows: Burgoyne was at Fort Edward, twenty-five to thirty miles north of Schuyler; St. Leger, slowly moving down the Mohawk valley to join Burgoyne, had been delayed by the siege of Fort Stanwix, and on the 7th of August, the day after the battle of Oriskany, demanded the surrender of the Fort and received a sturdy refusal. Bearing in mind these positions of the four commanders on the 7th of August-Stark at Manchester, Schuyler at Stillwater, Burgoyne at Fort Edward, and St. Leger at Fort Stanwix-we are prepared to discuss Schuyler's two different plans of campaign, and the strategic value of Stark's independent command.

Schuyler, until the 4th of August had approved the plan of retaining troops at Manchester or Bennington to fall upon Burgoyne's rear. On the 15th of July he therefore sent reinforcements to Warner. Two days later, he ordered the Massachusetts militia "to march to the relief of Colo. Warner and put themselves under his command. He is in the vicinity of Bennington." The 19th of July, he urged the New Hampshire militia to "hasten your march to join" Warner who "has intelligence that a considerable body of the enemy will attempt to penetrate to Bennington." On the 29th of July, Schuyler sent General Benjamin Lincoln of Massachusestts "to take command on the Grants." In his letter of this date to Warner, Schuyler



expressed his hopes that "the Body under General Stark will be respectable"; and that General Lincoln... will be able to make a powerful diversion." His letter of the 16th of July to Warner is worth quoting in full as a clear exposition of Schuyler's original plan.

"Fort Edward, July 16, 1777.

To Colo Warner

Sir I am this moment informed by Capt Fitch that the New Hampshire Militia are marching to join me. It is not my intention, much as I am in want of troops, that they should come hither as it would expose the country in that quarter to the depredations of the Enemy: I therefore enclose you an order for them to join you if none are arrived, you will send express for them. I hope when they come you will be able, if not to attack the Enemy, at least to advance so near as to bring off the well affected and to secure the Malignants.

I am Sir

Your most hum: Serv PH SCHUYLER"

Schuyler communicated this plan to Washington on the 21st and 22d of July and received the following approval of his measures:

"You intimate the propriety of having a body of men stationed somewhere about the Grants. The expediency of such a measure appears to me evident; for it would certainly make General Burgoyne very circumspect in his advances if it did not wholly prevent them. It would keep him in continual anxiety for his rear . . . and would serve many other valuable purposes."

Washington continued to urge the retention of troops on the Vermont border, even after Schuyler abandoned the plan. On the 16th of August, the very day when Stark's victory at Bennington demonstrated the wisdom of the advice of the Commander-in-Chief, Washington wrote to Governor Clinton of New York:

"From some expressions in a letter, which I have seen, written by General Lincoln to General Schuyler, I am led to infer, it is in contemplation to unite all the militia and continental troops in one body, and make an opposition wholly in front. If this is really the intention, I should think it a very ineligible plan. An enemy can always act with more vigor and effect, when they have nothing to apprehend for their flanks and rear, than when they have. . . . If a respectable body of men were to be stationed on the Grants, it would undoubtedly have the effects intimated above, would render it not a little difficult for General Burgoyne to keep the necessary communication open; and they would frequently afford opportunities of intercepting his convoys. . . . These reasons make it clearly my opinion, that a sufficient body of militia should always be reserved in a situation proper to answer these purposes. If there should be more collected, than is requisite for this use, the surplusage may with propriety be added to the main body of the army. I am not, however, so fully acquainted with every cicumstance, that ought to be taken into consideration, as to pretend to do anything more than to advise in the matter. Let those on the spot determine and act as appears to them most prudent."

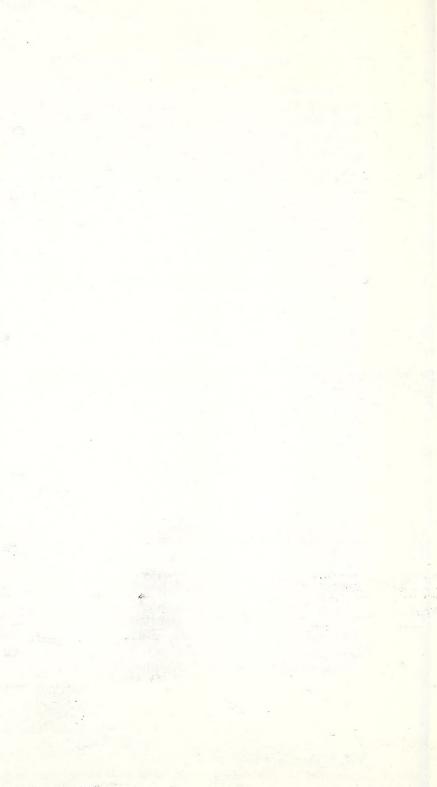
Now it was exactly in accord with this sound and repeated advice of Washington, and in pursuance of the original plan of Schuyler himself, that Stark and the Vermont Council of Safety, "those on the spot," proposed to act. Schuyler, on the other hand, abandoned this plan of a flank attack, when he found the enemy pressing closer upon the main body of his own army. He thereupon ordered all the militia on the Vermont frontier to join him at Stillwater on the Hudson. Consequently, when Stark arrived at Manchester, Vermont, on the 7th of August, he found that his own brigade had, without his knowledge, been ordered to Stillwater and had begun their preparation for the march.



The first evidence of Schuyler's change of plan is on the 3d of August, the day when St. Leger appeared before Fort Stanwix or Schuyler. By that time, Schuyler was aware in general of this approach of hostile troops from the west down the Mohawk valley on his left flank. He also keenly realized that Burgoyne was "making every exertion to move down" the Hudson to attack the American center. Schuyler therefore on the 3d of August, "the generals having unanimously advised" him, fell back from Saratoga to Stillwater and on the next day called in the militia stationed in Vermont, on his right flank. On this 4th of August he wrote to Lincoln, who was then at Manchester:

"In all probability he [Burgoyne] has left nothing at Skenesborough, except what is so covered that it is not probable that your moving that way without artillery would give him any Alarm. I must desire you to march your whole Force, except Warner's Regiment and join me with all possible Dispatch."

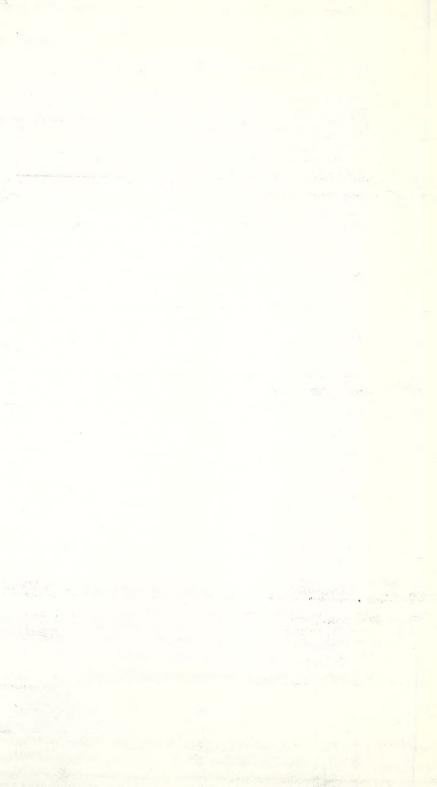
Five days later, on the 9th of August, Schuyler asked the Vermont militia also to join him, as Burgoyne's "whole force is pointed this way" and as "there is no great probability that force will be sent your way until he shall have taken possession of this City" [Albany]. Schuyler writing from Albany was not well informed; he did not know that on the very day he wrote this, Baum received his instructions from Burgovne and started on his march toward Bennington. Schuyler did not realize the effect of his own wise policy of devastation and obstruction of the country through which the British army had to pass. He was deceived by Burgoyne's pretence of a movement down the Hudson. He failed to put himself in Burgoyne's place and see that the British, retarded by the obstacles in their front and by the difficulty of getting stores from their rear, would naturally attempt by a flank movement to capture the horses, cattle, and provisions at Bennington, twenty-five miles away. It was "those on the spot," Stark



and the Vermont Council of Safety, who did realize both the likelihood of such an expedition and the possibilities of a counter-movement by the American militia stationed at Bennington.

The critical period of the campaign preceding the battle of Bennington is the week from the 7th to the 13th of August. In this week was decided the question whether the militia should all march to Stillwater, according to Schuyler's new plan; or whether they should remain on the Vermont border to execute the flank attack originally planned by Schuyler and advocated by Washington, Stark, and the Vermont Council. Within this week Stark arrived at Manchester, assumed command of his brigade and marched to Bennington; with the aid of the Vermont Committee of Safety, he convinced Schuyler and Lincoln that the militia should not march directly to Stillwater, but should rather prepare for the attack on the enemy's flank; therefore on the 13th of August, Stark was "on the spot" and ready to begin this attack when Baum appeared eighteen miles from Bennington. This question and its settlement are manifestly of supreme importance. Yet with all its importance the question of the plans and movements of all three generals has never been set forth with completeness in any one of the many accounts of the battle or the campaign. This can now be done in the light of documents recently printed or discovered.

By the 12th of August Schuyler appears reconverted to his original plan of attacking the enemy's flank and rear. The following explanation of the change is given in a sketch of Stark published the year of his death, in Farmer and Moore's Collections. This sketch of Stark was based on an account by Stark's son-in-law in N. H. Patriot, May 15, 1810, and on particulars given by Stark's oldest son Caleb, who had been an adjutant in the Northern army, and who after the battle had carried to his father a message from General Gates.



"General Schuyler opened a correspondence with Stark, and endeavored to prevail on him to come to the Sprouts. The latter gave him a detail of his intended operations, viz., to fall upon the rear of Burgoyne, to harrass and cut off his supplies. General Schuyler approved the plan and offered to furnish him with five or six hundred men more to carry it into execution."

The correspondence substantiates this statement; and indicates that Lincoln aided in bringing Stark and Schuyler into agreement on the basis of the original plan of a flank movement. From the 7th to the 10th of August, Lincoln was with Stark at Manchester and Bennington and corresponding with Schuyler. On the 12th, Lincoln was with Schuvler at Stillwater and wrote to Washington: "I am to return with the militia from the Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and the Grants, to the Northward, with a design to fall into the rear of Burgoyne." On the 14th, Lincoln wrote Stark from Half Moon, a few miles below Stillwater: "Your favor of yesterday's date, per express, I received on the road to this place. As the troops were not on the march, I am glad you detained them in Bennington. Our plan is adopted. I will bring with me camp kettles, Axes, ammunition and flints . . . You will please ts meet us, as proposed, on the morning of the 18th. If the enemy shall have possession of that place, and in your opinion it becomes improper for us to rendezvous there, you will be so good as to appoint another, and advise me of the place. . . ."

Finally, the statements of the Patriot article of 1810, and of Farmer and Moore's Sketch of 1822 are fully confirmed by the Trumbull Papers, published in 1902, and by an unprinted letter discovered in the present investigation. Schuyler transmitted to Lincoln on the 15th of August a letter received from Stark and added this endorsement: "You will see his determination and regulate yourself accordingly." "Gen. Lincoln is moved this day, with about 5 or 600 from our little army to fall in and co-oper-



ate with Starks," wrote Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., from Albany, on the 17th of August.

This plan of attacking Burgoyne's rear and flank from Vermont must have been discussed by Stark and Lincoln when they were together between the 7th and 10th of August. Schuyler's letters show that he reverted to this original plan between the 9th and 12th of August. Now this is just the time when Lincoln and Stark at Bennington were corresponding with Schuyler, and when Lincoln went in person from Stark to Schuyler. On the 12th of August, then, while Schuyler and Lincoln were together at Stillwater, Schuyler wrote to Warner a letter marked "secret":

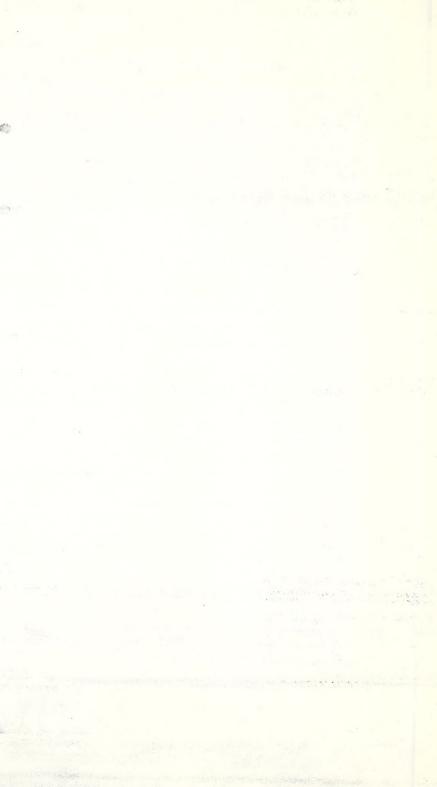
"A movement is intended from here with part of the Army to fall in the enemy's rear. You will therefore march your regiment and such of the militia and ranging Companies as you can speedily collect to the Northern part of the Cambridge District in this state where the troops from hence will be there to join you, so as to be there on the 18th at farthest."

This gives the details of the plan which, as we have seen above, Lincoln communicated to Washington on the same day and from the same place. Further details of the same plan are given in Schuyler's letter of the following day, the 13th of August, to Lincoln:

"You will please to take command of the Troops that are now on the way from Bennington and march them to the East Side of Hudson's River to the Northern parts of Cambridge, where Col. Warner has orders to join you. Should you on your arrival at that place find it practicable, by coup de main, to make an Impression on any post the Enemy may occupy, you will, if there is a prospect of success, make the attempt."

To this same plan of a combined flank attack, Lincoln evidently referred in his letter of the 14th of August, quoted above, in which he wrote Stark:

(To be continued in the July number.)



The Battle of Bennington

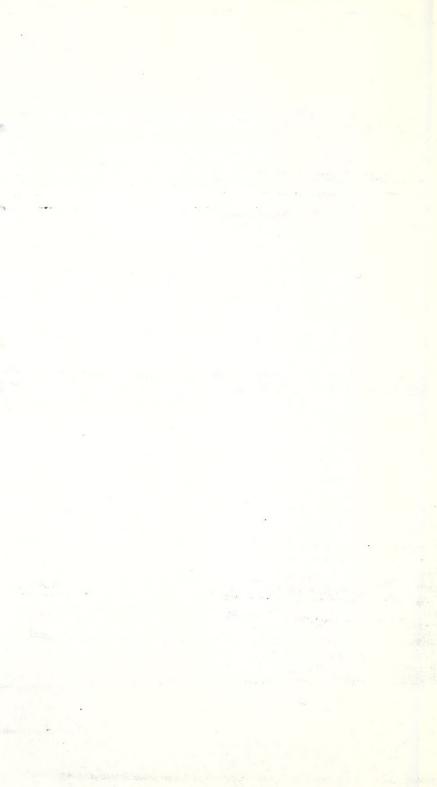
By Dr. WILLIAM O. STILLMAN

The following extracts are taken from an address delivered by Dr. Stillman before the New York Historical Association at its annual meeting in the court house at Lake George, August 16, 1904. The parts omitted consist mainly of his plea for a monument in New York state to commemorate the battle.—Editor.

O-DAY is the anniversary of an heroic battle of the American Revolution, which marked the turning point in that memorable contest which has stood for so much in the annals of the world. For the first time the untried and untrained settlers, fighting for home and liberty, prevailed decisively against the veteran legions of Europe. Hitherto this had been deemed an impossibility. It is the conquering of such impossibilities which always brings glory.

As the result of the bloody conflict on the banks of the Walloomsac on that "memorable day," the Americans captured according to the statement of General Stark, their commander, in his report to General Gates, dated August 22, 1777, seven hundred prisoners (including the wounded) and counted two hundred and seven of enemy dead on the field of battle. Stark stated his own losses to have been "about forty wounded and thirty killed."

When we consider that Burgoyne gave one thousand and fifty as the total British force engaged in this battle under Cols. Baum and Brayman, and that the Americans captured or killed over nine hundred men, and seized several hundred muskets and all the British cannon, the overwhelming character of the victory is apparent. Its importance was, however, greater in its moral than in its immediate physical effects.



Lord George Germain, the British Minister in charge of the war in the States, characterized Burgovne's raid toward Bennington as "fatal" to the English and pronounced it as "the cause of all the subsequent misfortunes." General Burgovne, in his review of the evidence produced at at the inquiry before the House of Commons (see A State of the Expedition from Canada, as laid before the House of Commons, by Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, published London, 1780, page 108) indignantly denies the force of this charge, saying that in was "a common accident of war, independent of any general action, unattended by any loss that could affect the main strength of the army, and little more than a miscarriage of a foraging party." He scouts the idea that it could "have been fatal to a whole campaign." General Burgovne seems to have forgotten that he had written to Lord George Germain, long before, a letter marked "private," from his camp at Saratoga, under date of August 20, 1777, in which he said, "In regard to the affair of Saintcoick (Walloomsac), ... Had I succeeded, 1 should have affected a junction with St. Leger, and been now before Albany. . . . Had my instructions been followed . . . success would probably have ensued, misfortune would certainly have been avoided. I did not think it prudent, in the present crisis, to mark these circumstances to the public so strongly as I do in confidence to your Lordship." There is more to the same effect.

If this stroke of fortune brought consternation to the English it brought hope and happiness to the Colonists. "One more such stroke," said Washington when informed of the defeat of the royalists, "and we shall have no great cause for anxiety as to the future designs of Britain." In writing Putnam he expressed the hope that New England would rise and crush Burgoyne's entire army. It is a curious instance of Washington's almost prophetic instinct that he had been longing for just this sort of a misfortune to seize the enemy, for on July 22, 1777, he had written to General Schuyler: "Could we be so happy as to cut off



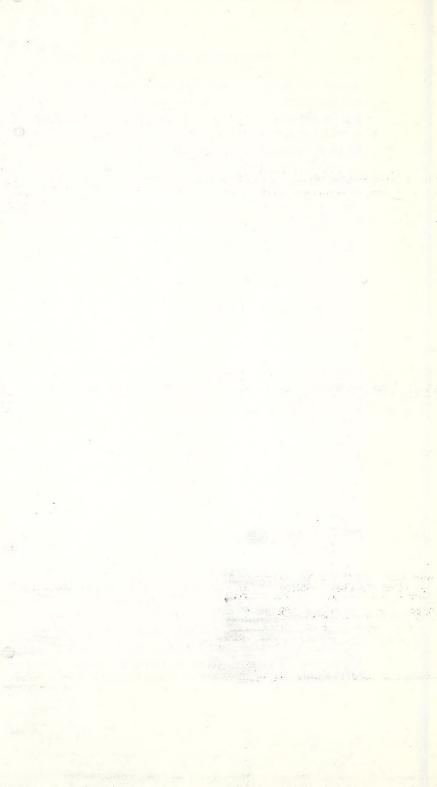
one of his (Burgoyne's) detachments, supposing it should not exceed four, five or six hundred men, it would inspirit the people and do away much of their present anxiety. In such an event they would lose sight of past misfortunes, fly to arms and afford every aid in their power."

The battle on the Walloomsac aroused a patriotic furor throughout the states. Jefferson called it "the first link in the chain of successes which issued in the surrender

at Saratoga."

Within three days General Schuyler wrote Stark: "The signal victory you have gained, and the severe loss the enemy have received, cannot fail of producing the most salutary results." Within a week the bells were ringing in Boston and Philadelphia, and the whole people devoutly gave thanks for this interposition of Divine protection. St. Leger, the British general beleaguering Fort Stanwix on the far off Mohawk, also heard of it, and in spite of his bloody victory at Oriskany Creek, slunk off to the St. Lawrence. His dream of conquest and of the occupancy of Albany was ended. The gifted Baroness Riedesel, in Burgoyne's camp wrote: "This unfortunate event paralyzed at once our operations."

The effect of this great victory, on the Continental soldiers, was marvelous. The brave and daring Vermont troops, under Cols. Warner and Herrick, were emboldened to attack the royalists at Lake George Landing, with the result that the vessels were captured which might have afforded Burgovne's army escape to Canada. Recruits began to flock to the Federal army on the upper Hudson. The New England troops soon joined them. The British depots of supplies of provisions were sought out and raided. Gradually the condition of the king's army grew more and more desperate. A thousand men lost at Walloomsac reduced their forces from 7,000 to 6,000, and the 4,000 Continental soldiers facing them was rapidly increased under the benign influences of success to nearly 17,000 men (16,942 as given in General Gates' statement of October 16, 1777).

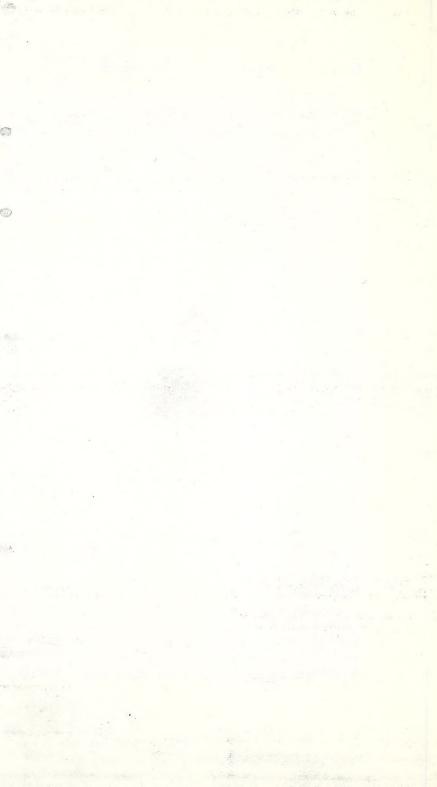


It will thus be seen that the battle on the Walloomsac was undoubtedly the turning point of British success in America. It gave the prestige and caused the delay of a month in Burgoyne's movements, which were necessary to make Gates' army strong enough to resist him. It made possible the great victory at Saratoga which determined the destinies of a continent and is ranked along with Marathon and Hastings as one of the fifteen great battles of the world.

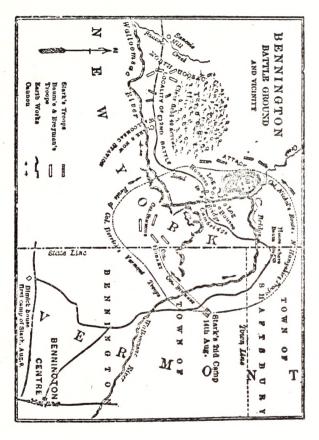
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The naming of battles goes largely, like the naming of babies, by favor and accident. At the Bennington anniversary on the year following the contest, the occurrence was referred to by the secretary of the celebration as the "battle at Bennington," and it soon passed into history as such. Bennington was the nearest large settlement and the plans for defense centered there. There were no large towns near at hand in New York. Had a celebration been held near the scene of the strife in this state soon after this event, I doubt not it would have been christened the Battle of Walloomsac," just as Oriskany was named after the adjacent stream and Saratoga after the village close to which that fight occurred. It is a curious thing that neither Stark nor Burgoyne were accustomed to refer to the battle as that of Bennington. Stark several times characterized it, as I have indicated in the title selected for this address, as the "battle at Walloomsac," and Burgoyne more than once has referred to it as the "affair at Saint Coicks Mill," or plain "Saint Coicks," which was the spot where the first skirmish began and last fight ended.

While New Hampshire furnished the commanding general, the sagacious and brave Stark, and more than half the troops, Massachusetts and Vermont divided the remaining part not so very unequally between them. New York furnished the battle field and a very considerable



sprinkling of men besides. It should be borne in mind that every available man from that part of New York State was with the main American army before Burgoyne. Poor New York at this period was distracted. She was



being ground between the upper and nether millstones at Saratoga and New York. King George III, on July 20, 1764, by royal decree had declared that what is now Vermont was part of the Province of New York. Before that it had been by common consent considered a part of New



Hampshire. From 1765 to 1777 there had been a most bitter legal war, oftentimes threatening serious bloodshed, between the people of this section and the authorities in New York, who regarded the revolt against the King's grant as unwarranted. It was a sadly mixed quarrel with varying right and wrong on our part.*

On January 15, 1777, Vermont declared her independence and soon after adopted her present name, having first chosen New Connecticut, which was soon abandoned. She was therefore in a state of open rebellion against New York, and had declared herself a fourteenth State, which was not, however, as yet recognized by the other thirteen of the United States.

In spite of this New York treated her with marked consideration. Colonel Warner and his regiment of Vermonters, which were a regular part of the Continental army, were ordered by General Schuyler, of New York, to protect his home territory, in an order previous to July 14. 1777. On July 15, General Schuyler sent to Colonel Warner an order for clothing for his troops in Vermont, of which they were very much in need, and also \$4,000 for their pay, which was all he could spare from his depleted treasury. On July 16, General Schuyler in writing Ira Allen, Secretary of the Vermont Council of Safety, stated that he had ordered Colonel Simmonds (who had some 400 or 500 men under him) from Massachusetts to his assistance. On the same date General Schuyler wrote to Colonel Warner, "I am this moment informed by Captain Fitch that the New Hampshire militia are marching to join me. It is (not) my intention, much as I am in want of troops, that they should come hither, as it would expose the country in that quarter to the depredations of the enemy. I therefore enclose you an order for them to join you." Thus the gallant Stark, whose name was even then a thing to conjure with, through

^{*}See Vermont Grants, Vol. 5 of Granite State Magazine.



the generosity of New York's wise General, the noble Philip Schuyler, came to the rescue of Vermont and saved the day at Walloomsac. Local differences were forgotten in the desire for the common good. Stark and Warner soon after the battle joined the main continental army on the Hudson, The services of Col. John Williams and his party, from New York State, who offered their services to Vermont at the time of the fight should not be forgotten.

I have ventured to devote some little attention to the relation of New York to this famous battle, with an explanation of conditions which should make clearer the important part she played and the powerful forces which controlled and limited her action. Her position has been at times misunderstood if not misrepresented.

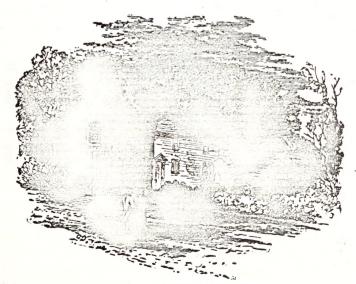
These were truly times which tried men's souls. The territory involved in the war was honeycombed with treachery and defection. A straw was liable to turn the tide either way at this pivotal moment. If Baum had retired on his reserves at the proper time it is doubtful whether Stark's forces could have overcome the enemy before Burgoyne had given reinforcements in force as promised.

If Baum's expedition had been delayed two or three days, Stark would in all probability have joined Schuyler and success would have crowned the British efforts. If Baum had pushed rapidly forward two days sooner, he would have found the patriots unprepared, have secured his provisions, and have completed his raid to Connecticut and Albany with success. St. Leger would not have been frightened off on the Mohawk, and Burgoyne would have forced his victorious march to Albany as anticipated. The destinies of a Continent were in the balance, and fortune and chance were playing a desperate game. Conditions were so bad that when the Vermont Council made its appeal to New Hampshire for assistance there was a perceptible chance of the entire state going over to the royalists. The Vermont Council used these significant



words: "Our good disposition to defend ourselves and make a frontier for your State with our own cannot be carried into execution without your assistance. Should you send immediate assistance we can help you, and should you neglect till we are put to the necessity of taking protection (from the King's government) you readily know it is in a moment out of our power to assist you." The die would have been cast. Vermont would have been obliged to have sworn allegiance to the English king or have been given over as the spoils of war to plunder. Sections had already accepted such protection.

Such was the condition of things when the battle on the Walloomsac was fought. Truly great events turn on small hinges. Shall we, the inheritors of the benefactions of these auspicious happenings, refuse to erect a monument in gratitude and patriotism to mark the spot where despotism in this favored land received a fatal blow and liberty became for our valiant sires something more than a hopeless dream.



CATAMOUNT TAVERN



Major John Moor

The Knight of Derryfield

A Fugitive Paper by Hon. Albert Moore Spear, Great-greatgrandson of Major John Moor. Contributed by Mrs. Lina Moore McKenny.

The following excellent article, reprinted from "The Journal of American History," possesses especial interest to all descendants of the first families in our state.—*Editor*.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim;
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.

"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmnred Warren's name.

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold, But what is richer still, I leave you, mark me, mark me now, The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep that sword,"—his accents broke— A smile and he was dead; But his withered hand still grasped the blade Upon that dying bed.

The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless that sire
And the sword of Bunker Hill.



IVING as we do, surrounded by a mighty civilization, occupying mountain, valley, hill and plain from sea to sea; traversing space with the speed of the winds; spanning the oceans with the palaces of the deep; sending messages with lightning; living amidst these glories of the twentieth century and the splendor of its opening days—little do we comprehend the sorrows and the woes of the dark days when homes were the clearings in the forest; sustenance the caprice of the season; music the bay of the roaming beasts; safety the mercy of the Indian's knife; hope the return of their patriotic brave.

It is of one who knew these hardships that I here relate-Major John Moor, whose bravery in the American Revolution won him promotion, and who as a captain in many battles in the French and Indian War blazed the path for civilization. The Moor family, of which Major John was a member, migrated from Scotland to Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, about the year 1616. From there they came to this country in 1718, and settled in New Hampshire. The "Town Papers of New Hampshire," volume 12, page 429, show that on June 21, 1722, John Moor and one hundred and seventeen others were granted a township which they had incorporated by the name of Londonderry, in honor of the county in Ireland from which they had emigrated. In religious belief they were Scotch Presbyterians. The name was originally spelled Moor, the letter e being omitted, but later generations adopted the present spelling.

The first record of the name is of one Samuel Moor, who married Deborah Butterfield and settled in Litchfield, then called Naticott, New Hampshire. They had six children, the second of whom was John. He was born November 28, 1731. He married Margaret (Peggy) Goffe, and settled in Manchester, New Hampshire, then called Derryfield. The family of Deborah Butterfield, the mother of our John Moor, came from a distinguished Norman family that arrived in England in the twelfth century, the head of the family being Robert de Buterville.



During the French and Indian War, when Colonel Johnson led 6,000 men against the French, New Hampshire furnished 500, one company being under Captain John Moor of Derryfield. On the twenty-sixth of August they arrived at Fort Edward, where Colonel Blanchard, with a regiment from New Hampshire, was left in charge of the fort. After this came the Battle of Lake George, in which the New England sharpshooters did valiant service. In the French and Indian War he won a reputation for courage and energy. After the conquest of Canada, he quietly settled down upon his farm at Cohas Brook.

When the alarm came in 1775, Captain John Moor of Derryfield led a company of forty-five men to Lexington. Upon arriving there he found that the British had retired into Boston. He marched to Cambridge, and on April twenty-fourth was commissioned by the Massachusetts Committee of Safety a captain in Stark's regiment.

John Moor's bravery at Bunker Hill makes him a hero whose name should be illuminated on the rolls of American chivalry. It was he who, with a few New Hampshire farmers, faced the Welsh Fusileers, the flower of the British Army, and the famous regiment that had fought with distinction at Minden, gaining the title of the "Prince of Wales Regiment."

It was on the morning of June 17, 1775. The American Revolutionists were inviting the king's soldiers to a test of arms, and, with the spectacular manœuvering of the Old World military pageants, the British warrors, veterans of many gallantly won battle-days, moved toward the audacious Yankee farmers with the precision and coolness of a dress parade, and with the confidence and fearlessness born of conflict with greater and more learned enemies, the grenadiers and light infantry marching in single file, twelve feet apart, the artillery advancing and thundering as it advanced, while five battalions, moving more slowly, approached the fence, breastwork, and redoubt, forming an oblique line. The best troops of Eng-



land assailed the New Hampshire line, doubtless expecting those half-armed provincials in home-spun clothes would fly before the nodding plumes and burnished arms of the light infantry and before the flashing bayonets and tall caps of the grenadiers.

Behind the fence, upon which they had placed grass to conceal themselves, lay, still as death, Captain John Moor and his men from Amoskeag, New Hampshire.

Now and then came a challenging shot from the brilliant British pageant, singing over their heads and cutting the boughs of the apple trees behind them.

Colonel Stark had planted a stake about eighty yards from the wall and fence, and had given orders to his men not to fire until the advancing line of the enemy should reach the stake.

On came the Welsh Fusileers, haughty and defiant. Still there came no response from the Yankee farmers.

Bang! Bang! The dead line had been crossed! Like a storm of thunder and lightning and lead there burst across their vision a mass of death-dealing flame, so intense, so continuous, so staggering, that the flower of England wavered, recoiled, and fell back repulsed.

Again and again they rallied to the attack, only to again and again back fall blinded, wounded and depleted. One by one the brave grenadiers and light infantry fell before the Amoskeag farmers. One by one the gallant officers staggered to the earth, until broken in heart the living broke ranks and fled in dismay before the musketry of the hunters from the New Hampshire forests.

And when the smoke had cleared, ninety-six lifeless red-coats lay before the feet of Captain John Moor and his daring patriots, and nearly every officer and aid of General Howe lay wounded or dead. It is not too much to assume that if the rest of the American lines had been defended with equal success the entire British force would have been driven from the hill or annihilated.



When the dead were counted, after the battle-day at Bunker Hill, Major McClary was among the lifeless, and Captain John Moor was called to the rank of major. He remained with the army for a few months, when the state of his wife's health obliged him to return to his farm. In the spring of 1777 Major Moor again enlisted among those of Derryfield, and retired from the army in 1778, when he removed to Norridgewock, at which place and North Anson, Me., he passed the remainder of his life.

Goffe Moor, son of John Moor, was also at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and was a drummer boy in his father's company. He was also a member of Captain Thomas Mc-Laughlin's company in Stark's regiment, in October, 1775.

An examination of the New Hampshire records discloses that Major Moor was a man who stood well among his neighbors as a civilian. I find that he filled nearly all of the municipal and parish offices in the gift of his people before he left New Hampshire. As to his career after he came to Maine, I quote from "Allen's History of Norridgewock": "In 1780, Major John Moor, who had been an officer in the army, came to this place in his uniform with epaulettes and insignia of rank, and excited considerable attention by his dress and address. He had four sons, who came with him. Having lost his wife, he married Mrs. Eunice Weston (Eunice Farnsworth), the widow of Joseph Weston, the first settler in Canaan. He was a man of more than ordinary talents, was respected for his intelligence and activity, and was a useful citizen. A financial report of the town affairs, in 1791, was drawn up by him in a correct and business-like manner, and remains (1849) in the files of the town papers. When the militia in the vicinity was reorganized, he was chosen colonel, and was esteemed as an officer and gentleman. He was granted a large lot, on which North Anson Village is now situated, and died there in 1809."

Major Moor had no children from his second marriage. The tenderness of Major Moor is a prominent feature of the traditions concerning him.

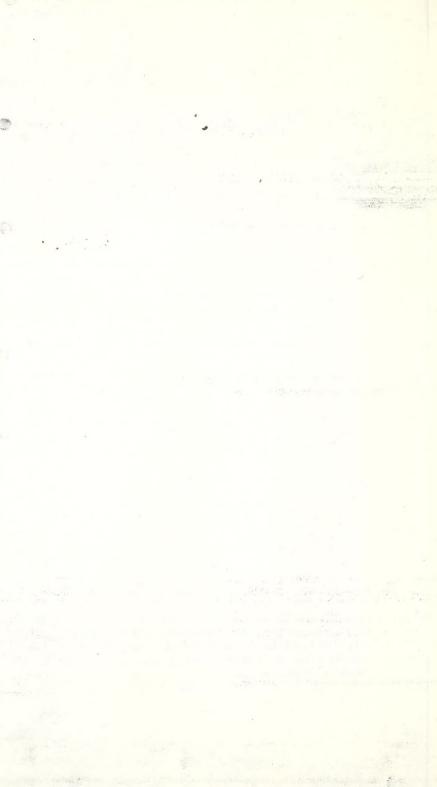


The Editor's Window

The Keturn of the Fleet

The recent home-coming fleet, and its parade at Hampton Roads on Washington's birthday, marks the closing scene of one of the most notable achievements in the peaceful annals of the navy. The Congregationalist, in commenting upon the popular enthusiasm awakened by this great pageant, says, aptly:

We are proud of the peaceful and peacemaking voyage and reassured by demonstrated efficiency. For the admirals and captains who carried their ships without mishap around the globe, for the sailors who did their full duty on shipboard and raised the standard of respect for the character of Americans on shore, we have only the warmest congratulations aud good wishes. The long voyage has shown discipline and morale of a high order aboard our ships. It has given valuable training in fleet maneuvers and target practice. It has vindicated our shipbuilders. Foreign observers believed it perilous to take such intricate machines so far from the repair shops. Yet not a ship was docked in the whole forty-two thousand miles, and the fleet's own artificers have taken care of all repairs. We do not wonder that the President came to the review in a mood of joyous congratulation, or that the nation feels itself honored by the fleet. But at this moment of self-congratulation there are sobering thoughts. We have warships, but no merchant marine. The ports that welcomed the battleships seldom see an American flag. Our fleet was dependent all through the voyage on foreign colliers. In war time, a voyage from Hampton to Manila would be nearly impossible. Then, too, as President Roosevelt told the men of the fleet, the last word of drill and gun practice has not yet been spoken. Efficiency must be continually increased. Worst of all, there are divided counsels among those who are responsible for the navy, and charges that the work of the yards is badly supervised and done at an exorbitant cost. The American people want an efficient and economical administration as well as effective fighting ships. We are not in the least afraid that an effective navy will hasten the coming of war. But we do fear that popular enthusiasm may condone official bickering, waste and incapacity.



Che Hunter's Moon

This is a term applied to the luminary following the lunations of the harvest moon. As it does in the earlier period, the moon rises at the same hour for three or four days, owing to the reduced angle made by its orbit with the horizon. Coming when the crops have been harvested, and there is greater leisure for the sportsman to pursue his game, it has been given this name.

The Eagle in Americam history

Mr. George E. Foster, in his admirable work upon the "Story of the Cherokee Bible," relates the following interesting incidents regarding the first appearance of the eagle in the history of our country, which happened over half a century before that bird become our national emblem:

It was in one of the mother towns, in 1730, that the Cherokees made their first alliance with the English. It was brought about by one Alexander Cumming, who had traveled extensively among the southern Indians. Just how he won over the Indians to his project is misty history, but on the day when the Cherokees swore allegiance to Great Britain, there was a mighty gathering of Cherokees in one of the mother towns, and at last they seated Sir Alexander Cumming on a stump that was well covered with fur, and then, with the same number of eagles' tails as there are stripes to-day on the American flag, they began to stroke Sir Alexander, and their singers sang about him from morning to night, when all the warriors of the Cherokees bowed on their knees and declared themselves to be dutiful subjects of King George, and called upon all that was terrible and that they might become as no people, if they in any way violated their promise of obedience.

Now this marching, and this stroking Sir Alexander Cumming with those thirteen eagles' tails, I am convinced, was the first appearance of the American eagle in politics in America, notwithstanding the historians say that it was not in 1730 but in 1785 that the American eagle became our national emblem.



Scottish Thrift

Scotsmen are noted for their thriftiness, and a story told by a Lancashire commercial traveler, who was up in Aberdeen a few days ago, shows that the men beyond the Tweed are still worthily upholding their reputation. The traveller in question was asked by a prospective buyer to subscribe to the prize fund for the local golf tournament. He parted with five shillings, and as he was interested in golf he remarked that he would like to be kept informed of the progress of the tournament so that he could look out for the result.

"Oh," said the customer as he picked up the five shillings and placed it securely in his pocket, "ye needna dae that. The tournament was held last Saturday." This was rather a staggerer for the latest contributor to the prize fund, but he retained curiosity enough to inquire who had proved the happy winner. The guileless solicitor for subscriptions was quite undaunted, however. "The winner?" he said coyly. "Oh, just mesel'."

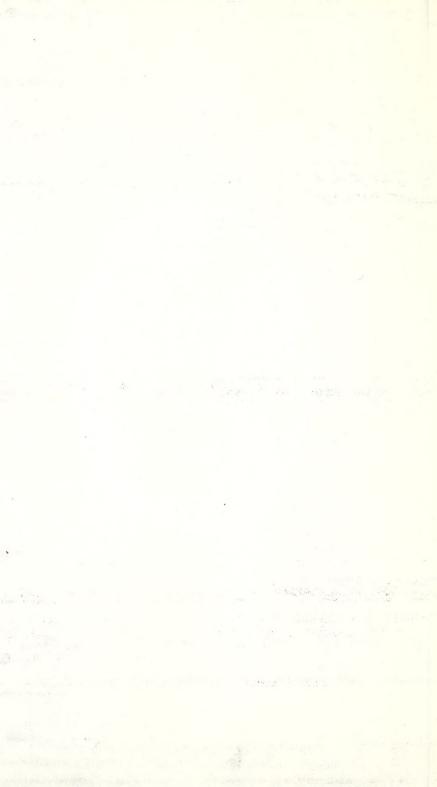
A Prophecy

A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be amazed that such a thing could ever have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, will be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean;—exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industries, their arts, their genius,—clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers,—the fraternity of men and the power of God.—Victor Hugo, at the Peace Congress at Paris in 1849.





GEORGE H. BROWN, Mayor of Lowell



Men of the Hour

Hon. George H. Brown, Mayor of Lowell

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

URING the last twenty years many striking changes have been enacted in different localities regarding local government. So far has this been carried in some sections that the battle-cry has become, "No politics in municipal affairs." In too frequent instances grievous wrongs have been perpetrated in the name of party, until the great industrial body politic, silent and inactive until awakened by some real or fancied oppression, rises in its might and crushes the giant octopus of greed and graft. In every case of this kind, a leader, usually from the rank and file of the force he represents, comes to the front with the courage to meet the enemy hand to hand and the personal magnetism to rally around his standard the disaffected crowd. It is no ordinary man who can do this, as it is no ordinary occasion that allures him from other pursuits to fight for what he believes a principle. He generally wins, for men of his stamina are born to rule. Frequent examples of this kind are cited in the West, where more is expected of a man than in the East. But New England has her champions of human rights and her men who have made their mark, and made it deep, in cause of reform. One of the most notable careers of this stamp is to be found in Lowell, Mass. Here the silent majority began to find reason for unrest. Here, of a certainty, was found the man. Rather, the man found and improved the opportunity.

Municipal affairs in the Spindle City were moving along with the smoothness that comes from the well-oiled machine. The general citizen saw nothing of a disturbing



nature and he paid his taxes, if they were high and climbed yet higher, and went his way thoughtless of the morrow. In the midst of this quiet, a man on the police force suddenly sounded the alarm by declaring that fraud and undue expenditure of money was going on all through the city government. He even went another step and declared himself the champion of the common people and a candidate for the office of chief executive against the men who were in control of the government, experienced in political work, backed by the press and years of prestige. He was an amateur in politics, and to-day, with the signal victory that he won against such odds as must have discouraged a less sanguine man, he denies that he is a politician. More than that, he lacked the financial backing that is supposed to be all-potent in politics.

In place he had an issue, and the courage to fight for that end, and the ability te carry out his purpose.

Little wonder, then, that the story of his success contains many interesting features; that the history of this man reads like a romance.

Mayor Brown was born in Waterville, Me., May 22, 1877. While he was still a youngster he came to Lowell. He received all the schooling he has ever acquired in the public schools of Lowell, and even during the time he was attending the schools he peddled newspapers on the streets of the city. Later he earned his living as a mill operative and as a farmer. He became a member of Company M of the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, receiving an honorable discharge, by reason of expiration of service, November 26, 1898.

He took the police examination, passed it with high honors, and was slated for appointment to the police force, when, in response to the call of President McKinley, he re-enlisted in the Twenty-Sixth Regiment, United States Volunteers, and served for two years as duty sergeant in the Philippine campaign. The history of the old Twenty-Sixth relates that the regiment saw plenty of fighting during the Philippine War. Sergeant Brown and his men had



their own interesting experiences at the battle of Belantang in Jaro, Panay Island. In charge of three squads of men, Sergeant Brown was sent, on November 7, 1899, to perform important work in the construction of a barricade. They acquitted themselves with great credit, in spite of the fact that the work was performed under heavy fire. This incident showed the stamina of Brown and his comrades, and the results were of great value to the American forces at that time.

Brown returned to Lowell and was appointed to the police force in 1901. After serving for a time as patrolman, he was made a liquor inspector, and his two years' service in that department gave him a splendid insight into the manner in which the liquor laws had been administered by the police and license commission. He was later returned to duty as a regular patrolman, but secured leave of absence November 5, 1908, to make the run for mayor of the city.

The campaign that was fought from beginning to finish was in keeping with the unique leader championing what he sincerely believed to be the cause of the common people. Morning, noon and night the young, fearless advocate of good government met his enemies, speaking now before the ward room door to a handful of surprised listeners; then at the mill gate, as the crowd of busy workers from the great hives of industry paused to hear his impassioned words; anon in the big hall, addressing the aroused mob that listened, first with curiosity, then with wonder, to finally drink in every word with deep satisfaction. Those who had at first looked upon the audacious actions of the young man from the police force as a joke began soon to realize that there was something serious about the case. Old politicians, unused to such opposition, became alarmed. Every means at their command, and these were many, were resorted to that the new rival might be crushed.

Their efforts proved in vain. Given a man with a cause, the courage of his convictions and the confidence of his followers, and he rides on a tide that cannot be



stemmed. George H. Brown has these three elements and, it is needless to say, he won one of the fiercest contested and most surprising political fights ever waged in the Spindle City.

At the end of his first year at the head of the municipal government, a candidate for re-election, it becomes pertinent to ask if he has kept the faith of his followers by keeping his promises made in the heat and anxiety of the campaign. His supporters unhesitatingly declare in vehement terms that he has. His rivals acknowledge that he has come nearer to keeping his pledges than any of his predecessors have dared to attempt. The last reply is sufficient to prove his fidelity. In his great civic fight he has shown the same determined purpose and undaunted front that he displayed as soldier in the Philippines.

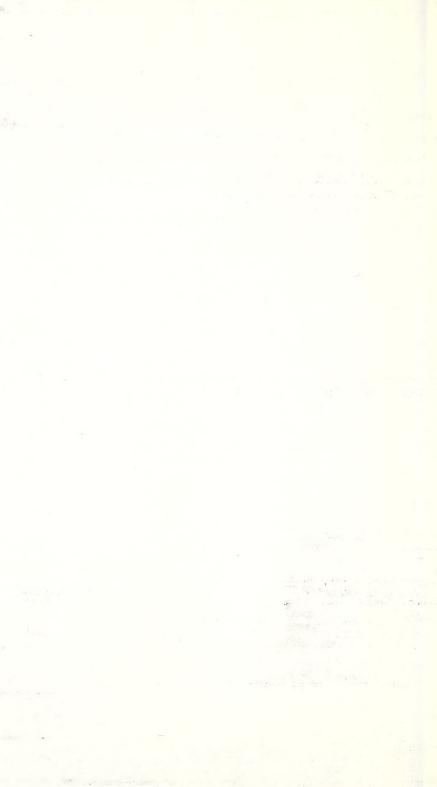
He first turned his attention to the board of health, believing there had been too much political favoritism in this important part of city management. Though of the same political faith, he removed those officials and placed new men in charge of affairs, to the satisfaction of all but those immediately concerned. Then he looked to the license commission, whose work was so familiar to him. He had already made his charges against that body, and now he was ready to prove his statements. In spite of the protests of that body, in defiance of a long legal contest, he showed that he had the same moral courage after election that he had before. Calmly, with unswerving determination, he went forward in the path he had marked out, and the city has come through the ordeal purer, better and stronger for the year's trial.

Mayor Brown has another quality underneath his stern, unswerving manner of dealing with the current affairs that has endeared him to the masses and won for him many ardent supporters. He has shown an unfailing sympathy for those in unfortunate circumstances, an everready willingness to help raise up a needy brother or sister. He is pre-eminently the friend of the laboring class, as he is the staunch upholder of good government.



CHARACTER SKETCHES No. VII

"THE COUNTRY DOCTOR"





From Rogers' Group of Statuary
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR



Character Sketches

"The Country Doctor"

MONG the old school of professional men no one stands out with clearer outline than the country doctor. His austerity was second only to the stern dignity of the Orthodox parson, and his

iron rule was felt by all who came within his touch. And at sometime or other, in youth or old age, one and all felt that touch. He was at the bedside of the new-born infant; he was at the bedside of him who closed his eyes in that long sleep which knows no awakening; he was the faithful guardian, the keeper of the many secrets of all within the radius of a day's hard drive.

His horse and chaise were easily distinguished at a distance. for every one knew the color of the first and the style of the second. With a serenity that no one in different walks of life could ever hope to equal, he sat in his high-backed seat, and with one elbow resting on his right knee, occasionally jerking the reins by way of remembrance that he was at one end, the docile old Dobbin knowing by long experience that this meant nothing serious. Like its master the animal never seemed in a hurry, but jogged along the country roads at a moderate trot.

In the case depicted by our artist he has selected a charity patient for the care of the man of medicine, but his weather-beaten countenance displays the same concern, the same anxiety it might show were the one treated a person of means. He may have accumulated a goodly competence, for his day, and most of his calling did so, but in his kindly heart there was love and sincerity of purpose which lifted him



above the commercial line. He had a mission to follow, and he did not fail to accomplish his work.

How well do we remember our family physician, his dark-red horse that never seemed to get beyond a certain jog trot, even as its master never broke from that short-pace with which he walked. The old silk hat, the broadcloth coat with its long skirts, the red handkerchief about his neck, his evenly trimmed whiskers, his white teeth that were the most marked feature of his genial countenance, his sturdy figure, his deliberate gait and erect form.

As he counted the pulse, looked at the coated tongue and marked the state of the disease upon the countenance, he told some pleasing incident or anecdote in his quaint, quiet way, more helpful, perhaps, than his pills that he rolled out between his fingers and cut up with his big, old-fashioned jack-knife. Then there were the powders and drops, some dark, some light, some harmless, some helpful it must have been, all to be taken in regular order and at stated intervals. Fortunately our memory does not run back to the days when bleeding was the frequent remedy for almost every ailment.

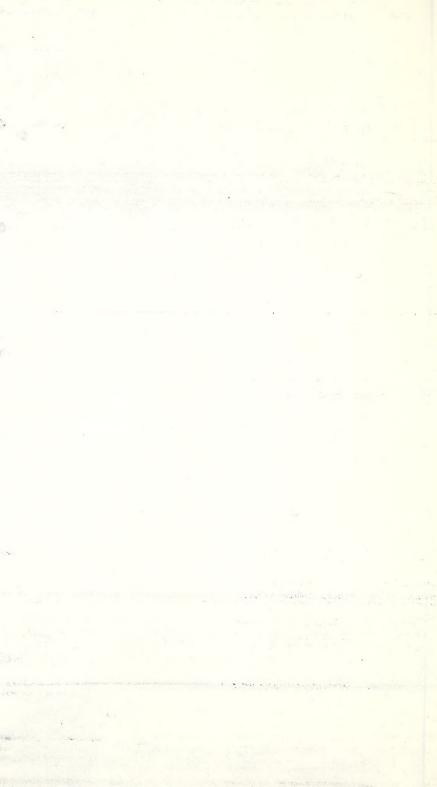
His skill was mainly what he had obtained from his practice and native good judgment, and there is no better school than the school of experience, so we must acknowledge that our country doctor was a physician of many virtues, not the least among them being his inherited honesty. No doubt there are doctors of to-day who have the skill to have saved some that he lost, but people come and people go very much as they did in those years. There comes the day and the hour when more than mortal skill is required to save us from the enveloping shadows of the other life.







JACOB KNUPP
Owner of San Marcial Plantation, Mexico



Mexico

The Land of Promise

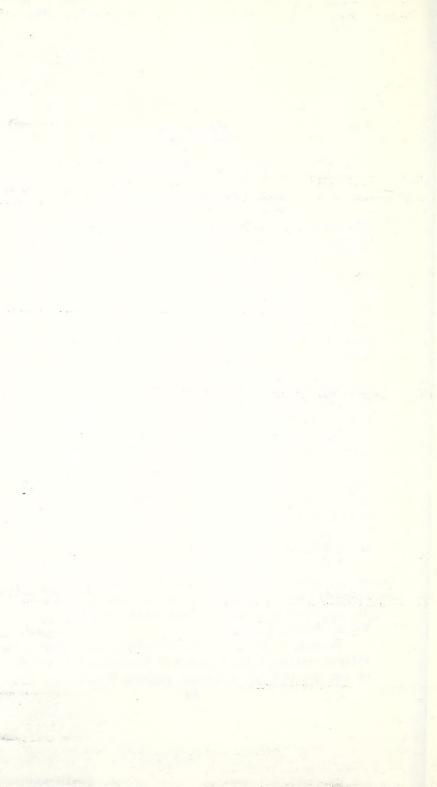
By A New Englander

HERE is a fascination in the mere utterance of the word "travel," and with it we immediately associate the wonders and beauties of a land far distant. Let that spot be ever so barren of even commonplace attractions, and the thought that it lies beyond our reach causes us to encircle it with a halo of many colors and mysteries. In this simple fact we see verified the truth of the old saying, "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Thus those who seek the pleasures of new scenes leave our own country to go abroad to satisfy their desires for sight seeing, forgetting or ignoring the fact that we have equal, and often superior, attractions nearer home. How many of them realize that within three days' ride lies a land with as foreign an atmosphere as is to be found in Europe; a land richer in ruins than Egypt; a land with a people more picturesque than any race of the Old World; with a soil more bountiful than the Black Lands of Russia; mineral resources greater than the output of the mines of Golconda; a climate that will compare favorably with that of the Paradise of the Pacific?

This is Mexico. Now you may exclaim at once that we are—well, enthusiastic beyond reason, to put your thoughts in as mild a form as is possible. That is, you may say this if you have not been there. If you have, you will understand the truth.

Tourists in Mexico are apt to look for the ancient and antique, reveling in the romance of lost races, the downfall of the greatest of American princes, Montezuma, the



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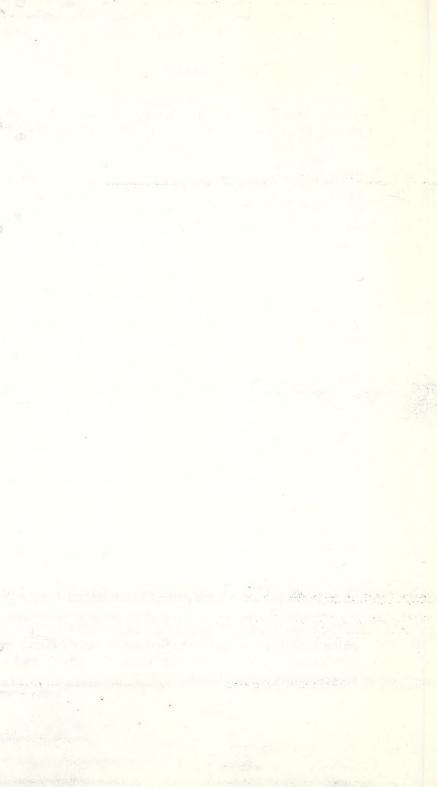
conquest of that Spanish adventurer, Cortes, while they descant upon the ruins of a civilization older and more advanced it may be than those of the land of the pyramids, unmindful of its living attractions, its present offerings.

There is good reason for this interest, as its historian Prescott has truthfully said: "Of all that extensive empire which once acknowledged the authority of Spain in the New World, no portion for interest and importance can be compared to Mexico; and this equally, whether we consider the variety of its soil and climate; the inexhaustible stores of its mineral wealth; its scenery, grand and picturesque beyond example; or the character of its inhabitants." But it is not ancient Mexico, with its ruins that surpass the primitive civilization of Egypt or Hindustan; its romance of conquest and adventure that outvie Norman tradition or the chivalry of Italian bards, but its modern phases of life and scenery, its variety of climate, its resources and its modern people that interest us most.

As infrequently as it is mentioned, Mexico is to-day in reality a progressive country. It has passed its eras of conquests and revolutions, and entered that stage of action where union of sentiment and concentration of powers of development are to be seen and felt. So, in the midst of ruins and romance, there is a living example of a living people, hoping, striving, vieing, one with another, in their

upbuilding.

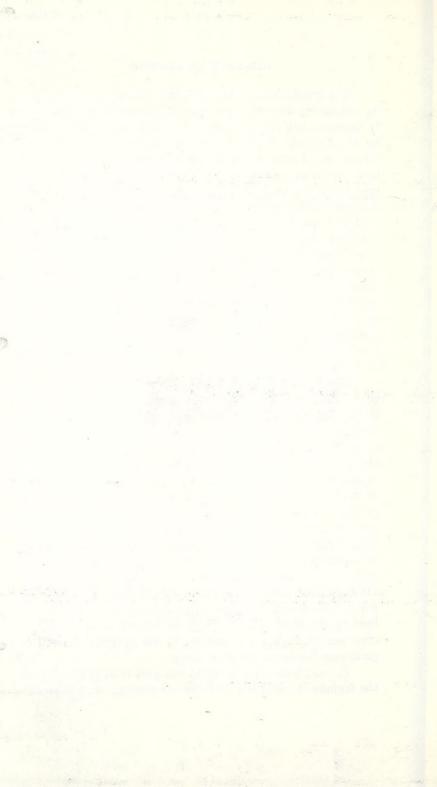
A writer of the country, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, not frequently given to rapture in his descriptions, declares "It is a land of white sunshine, redolent with flowers; a land of gay costumes, crumbling churches and old convents; a land of kindly greetings, of extreme courtesy, of open, broad hospitality. To revel in an Italian sun, lighting up a semi-tropical land; to look up to white-capped peaks, towering into blue; to catch the sparkle of miniature cities, jewelled here and there in oases of olive and orange is to realize that Mexico is the most marvelously picturesque country under the sun."



It is impossible to describe the climate of Mexico or its resources with the description of any single locality. It has in reality three distinct grades or kinds, determined by the altitude of that particular section or some local influence. Those regions, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, are known as the cold lands, though this term must not be understood to correspond with our New England cold. In fact, the mean temperature here does not vary much from that of Spain. Below this belt, and reaching down to about three thousand feet above sea level, are the temperate lands, affording a most delightful semi-tropical climate, where vegetation peculiar to this clime flourishes in abundance. The third belt, coming down to the level of the sea and narrower than either of the others, is called the hot land Here a tropical growth springs up in dense masses, overtopped with huge trees that rise like lofty giants above the labyrinth of thickets at their base.

Passing down through the country of Mexico by rail, one comes to that ancient and historic city by the sea, Vera Cruz. It was here that grizzled Spanish veteran of conquest, Hernando Cortes, landed on April 21, 1519, and, burning his ships behind him, began that march of conquest, which ended only at Mexico, which was then the capital of the Aztecs, as it became the seat of government of their conqueror and his descendants. With a background of mysterious tradition, the history from that eventful day to the present prosperous condition of the United States of Mexico is one of the most interesting to be found in the world. From the mists and clouds of war rise some chivalrous figures, including such names as Hidalgo, the father of Mexican independence; Jaurez, the patriot of reform; Morelos, the parish priest, who did not hesitate to resort to arms when the liberty of his countrymen was at stake; and others, to the present master of good government, President Diaz.

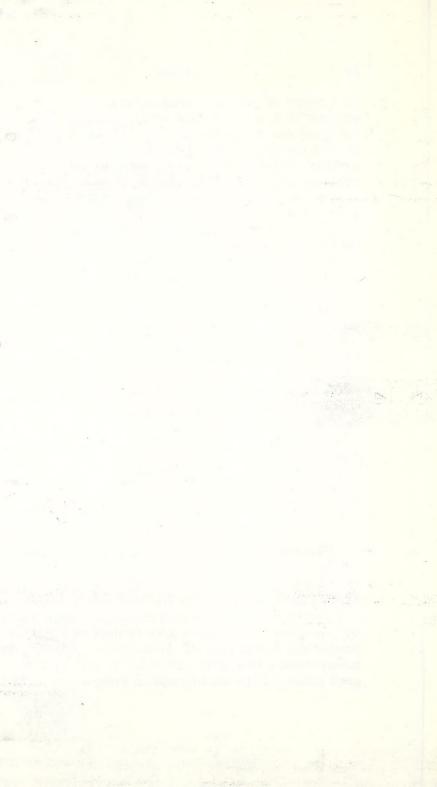
To-day, Vera Cruz is again the port from which march the legions of conquest, but the conquerors are the peace-



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ful laborers of the landowners of this region, and the conquest that of the tropical crops springing from the fertile soil with each rolling season. A leader in this progressive movement is Mr. Jacob Knupp of Boston, Mass., who has become the owner of the old and exceedingly rich plantation known as the San Marcial. This estate of about 4,333 acres is located on the east bank of the Tezechouan River, about 9 miles by wagon road up the river from Terez-the Vera Cruz and Pacific Railroad crossing of the river about four miles from Isla railway station. This tract fronts for a distance of about two miles on a navigable river, and has a fine steamboat landing. They have no swamps, no high hills, every acre can be tilled, only a few acres of this whole tract has been known to overflow, perhaps for a day at a time of extreme high water, best of transportation by river transportation, at all seasons of the year to the Gulf of Alvardo, and by rail to the markets of the world. The soil is a rich vegetable "humus" of inexhaustible fertility, as shown by the tropical jungle now covering the unimproved parts, while on the improved portions crops can be seen growing at all seasons. Four crops can be produced on the same ground a year. The rich valley lands are especially adapted to the growth of all tropical products such as vegetables, citrous fruits, pineapples, sugar cane, rubber, coceanuts, peanuts, bananas, broom corn, castor beans, watermelons, oranges, lemons, etc., para grass and other fattening grasses, as well as corn, and other grains.

There are 1,250 acres under cultivation and enclosed with barbed wire fences, a fair-sized orchard of all tropical fruits; 400 acres is now producing corn, rice, tobacco, beans, sugar cane, etc. Over 800 acres are in para grass and native grass, grazing lands to pasture 100 head of cattle the year around. The above goes to show that anything planted and looked after will grow continuously, all good money crops, with a ready market for all that is raised at good prices. There are fifty tobacco barns for storing and



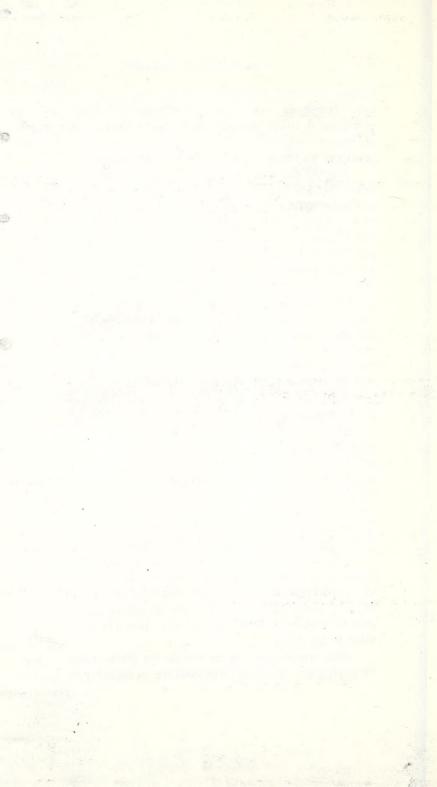
curing the crops, about 60 laborers' houses, very comfortable "Hacienda" buildings for manager's residence, stables, corrals and other needed buildings. There are enough natives on land to furnish all the labor required. Wages run from 50 cents to \$1.00 (silver Mexican money).

Sugar cane will yield at least \$50 per acre net in the field. It can be sold, the same as fruit crops in the North. in the orchard. Tobacco will yield 500 pounds per acre, 25 cents per pound, or \$125 per acre, net \$75 per acre. Rice, 1,250 pounds per acre, retail 8 cents per pound, \$100 per acre, net \$50 per acre. Castor beans, 1,250 pounds per acre, 5 cents per pound, \$62.50 per acre net; and other crops bring revenues in like proportion and larger returns and four crops a year. The above are the lowest net prices and can be depended upon as low figures. No irrigation is needed, which makes any of this improved cleared land worth as much as land that requires irrigation and is valued at \$300 to \$1,000 per acre, and the land in Mexico will produce equally as good crops. Net present revenues on plantation, \$15,000 per year, and can be doubled by proper management.

For an investment of \$250, Mr. Knupp is offering ten acres of good, productive land from the unimproved part of the San Marcial plantation, where there is ample rainfall, no droughts, no irrigation required, no frosts, a healthful and equable climate, a locality destined to be known in the near future as "The Tropical Garden of the World." These ten-acre tracts are properly surveyed and numbered from I to 200, making a total of 2,000 acres.

Within easy reach of a good market, only a short distance from the railroad, with a soil that is not only capable of producing four crops a year, but is actually better to be kept in constant cultivation than to allow the rank weed crop to take possession half of the time, the above statement is no dream.

The investment can be bought on the instalment plan, by paying \$25 down and the balance in monthly payments,



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or all cash, in either event if person or investor desires to make a contract for the improving of any 10-acre tract for a period of 3 years or more, it is agreed that we will take charge of same and guarantee 25 per cent net profit on the investment pro rata on each acre, put in cultivation and crop, or, in other words, agree to pay about 25 per cent net on each acre as said acre is productive; party to reserve the right at any time after first year's crop to take full charge of said land and operate same by any arrangements he may desire to make, it being understood, however, that in three years' time the entire tract so purchased be placed in cultivation and in crop, and bringing a revenue equal to 25 per cent or more net on the \$250 investment, if left in our control.

A 10-year 5 per cent bond will be delivered on the payment of \$250, which is secured by deed of trust of the improved part of the plantation; also on improved income property in Massachusetts, which is exchangeable on or before one year for 10 acres of land as outlined, and a contract made on the payment of part or all cash. At any time 5 investors of \$250 each desire to select one party to inspect the land and select their 10 acres, one free round trip ticket is given to the party selected. The bond is issued to protect the investor against any loss for his investment, till such time as the land is surveyed off, inspected and selected by the investor or his representative.

All details will be fully described to interested parties, with full description of the plantation, plans of operation furnished, describing Mexico plantation investments and the raising of sugar cane and all tropical products, by applying to Mr. Jacob Knupp, 131 Kimball Building, Boston, or Room 214 Industrial Trust Building, Providence, R. I.

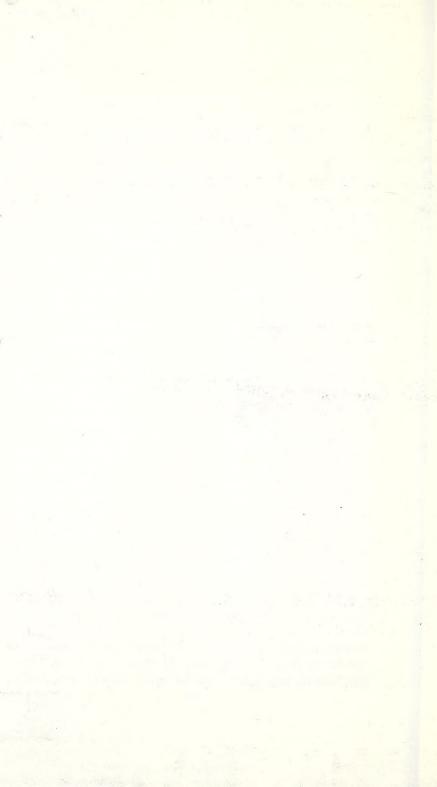


A Frontier Heroine

By REV. GRANT POWERS

ICHARD WALLACE settled in the west part of Thetford, Vt. He was at Charlestown, N. H., in the summer of 1777, when a report came that the British and Tories were to attack Royalton, Charlestown and Newbury, in three divisions. Wallace made all speed for Thetford. He met, near where the meeting-house now stands, men, women and children, some in carts, some on sleds and in sleighs (in midsummre), and some on foot, hurrying to a place of safety. But his wife was not with them. Wallace put spurs to his steed and soon arrived at his hut, where he found her sticking by the stuff. They carried their household goods into the woods and covered them with bushes, but next day got a team and removed them to settlements near the river. Wallace then enlisted to go in pursuit of Burgoyne and his army.

Mrs. Wallace deserves distinct notice in this place. At the time of the alarm, Wallace had corn, oats and potatoes growing on his newly cleared land. After he had gone and the alarm had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Wallace travelled out six miles to see the crops. She found the oats ripe for harvesting, and many of them lodged. She was all alone, and no man could be procured to assist her in gathering them, for all that could be spared had gone to the field of battle. Nothing daunted at this, she took a scythe and mowed them, dried them, raked them into bunches, bound them, and stacked them in good style. She then took an axe, cut poles, fenced them about, and then went back to the river. When her corn stalks were ripe for cutting, she went out, cut them, bound them, and put them on top of her stack of oats. In like manner she



went out and gathered the corn, and dug the potatoes, and secured both. She then went to work at clearing some ground that had been felled, and was burned over the year before; and when her husband returned from the army, she had cleared and sown one acre of wheat; and during his absence she had travelled, in going to and from the river, seventy-two miles.

Contrasts in Geography

By MARVIN DANA

EW YORK is usually thought of as being directly West from London. It is, however, despite its far more rigorous climate, nine hundred miles nearer the equator than is the British capital. The bleak coast of Labrador is directly west of London. The same line passes the southern part of Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg; on the other side of the continent, it touches the southern extremity of Alaska, and continues through the center of the Isthmus of Kamchatka, and Siberia and Russia, to Hamburg.

It is astonishing, too, to reflect on the fact that Montreal, with its winters of extraordinary severity, is three hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator than is London. Montreal, indeed, is on the same degree of latitude as Venice.

Another illustration of the unexpected in contrasts is found in a comparison of St. Johns, Newfoundland, with Paris. Paris has a winter of comparative mildness, while St. Johns is a region of bitter cold and fogs, with drifting icebergs along its coast. Yet St. Johns is one hundred miles nearer the equator.



Stark's Independent Command at Bennington

By Herbert C. Foster, with the Collaboration of Thomas W. Streeter

(Conclusion)

UR plan is adopted . . . meet us as proposed. . . .

If the enemy shall have possession of that place
. . . appoint another."

Finally, the agreement of the three generals on the plan is indicated in Schuyler's letter on the day of the battle of Bennington, the 16th day of August, to the Massachusetts council:

"Lincoln . . . was at ten this Morning at Half Moon . . . and is by my orders,—going to join General Stark and try to make a diversion and draw off the Attention of the enemy by marching to the Northern parts of Cambridge, Vt. [New York] . . . Happily I have assurances from General Stark that he will not hesitate to do what is required."

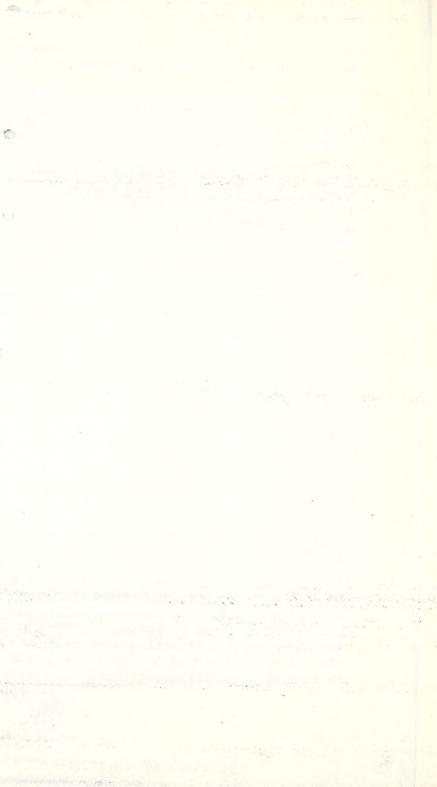
Unfortunately Schuyler and Lincoln agreed upon this flank attack too late to aid Stark in its execution. On the 16th of August they were still twenty miles away, on the banks of the Hudson, Schuyler planning "to make a Diversion and draw off the Attention of the enemy," and Lincoln just starting with 500 or 600 men—on the very day when Stark won the battle of Bennington, before reinforcements from the Continental army on the Hudson could reach him."

On the 9th of August, Stark marched to Bennington instead of proceeding directly to Stillwater. On the same day Burgoyne played into his hands by detaching Baum on



the expedition toward Bennington to "try the affection of the Country; to disconcert the Councils of the Enemy . . . and obtain large supplies of Cattle, Horses & Carriages." On the day he received these instructions from Burgoyne, Baum marched from Fort Edward southward Fort Miller. Two days later he set out from Fort Miller to Saratoga. The 12th, he moved from Saratoga to Battenkill, on the east side of the Hudson, and here halted to receive fresh instructions from Burgovne. On the 13th, Baum slowly marched sixteen miles in twelve hours from Battenkill to Cambridge, which was on the direct road to Bennington and only eighteen miles distant from it. On this day, "thirty provincials and fifty savages" of Baum's force came into collision with two small bodies of Amer-'cans and so gave warning of the nearness of the British. 'Long before sunrise on the 14th," Baum's "little corps was under arms" with the "intention to march at once upon Bennington"; but he was delayed "at the farm . . . of Sankoik" on "the northern branch of the Hosac," where the retreating Americans had broken down the bridge. He therefore "bivouacked at the farm of Walamscott, about four miles from Sankoick, and three from Bennington." On the 15th, Baum finding his outposts again attacked, sent back for reinforcemeuts, and fortified a position on a height to the left of "the farm of Walamscott." A few sentences from the stirring "Account of the Battle of Bennington," by Glich, give a clear-cut picture of the engagement as viewed by the Germans from their intrenchments:

"The morning of the sixteenth rose beautifully serene... Colonel Baume... some how or other persuaded to believe, that the armed bands, of whose approach he was warned, were loyalists... found himself attacked in front and flanked by thrice his number... whilst the very persons in whom he had trusted, and to whom he had given arms, lost no time in turuing them against him.... When the heads of the columns began to show themselves in rear



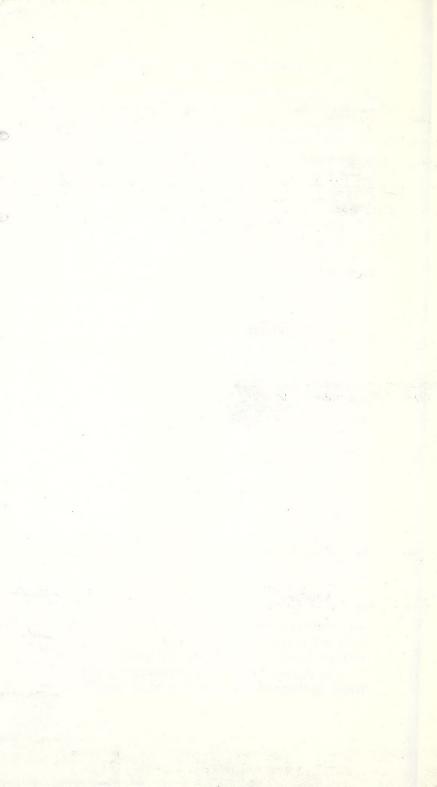
of our right and left . . . the Indians . . . lost all confidence and fled . . . leaving us more than ever exposed . . . An accident . . . exposed us, almost defenceless, to our fate. The solitary tumbril, which contained the whole of our spare ammunition, became ignited, and blew up. For a few seconds the scene which ensued defies all power of language to describe. The bayonet, the butt of the rifle, the sabre, the pike, were in full play, and men fell as they rarely fall in modern warfare, under the direct blows of their enemies. . . . Col. Baume, shot through the body by a rifle ball, fell mortally wounded, and all order and discipline being lost, flight or submission was alone thought of."

From the letters of Baum and the picturesque account of Glich, we must turn, for the American story, to the terse dispatch of Stark to the New Hampshire authorities, written two days after the battle:

"The 13th I was inform'd that a party of Indians were at Cambridge . . . I detached Colo Gregg with 200 men under his command to stop their march. In the evening I had information by express that there was a large body of the enemy on their way with their field pieces. . . . The 14th I marched with my Brigade & a few of this States' Militia, to oppose them and to cover Gregg's retreat. . . About four miles from the Town [Bennington] I accordingly met him on his return, and the Enemy in close pursuit of him, within half a mile of his rear. . . . I drew up my little army on an eminence in open view of their encampments, but could not bring them to an engagement. I marched back about a mile, and there encamp'd. . . . The 15th it rain'd all day; I sent out parties to harrass them.

"The 16th I was join'd by this States' Militia and those of Berkshire County; I divided my army into three Divisions, and sent Col. Nichols with 250 men on their rear of their left wing; Colo. Hendrick in the Rear of their right, with 300 men, order'd when join'd to attack the same.

"In the mean time I sent 300 men to oppose the Enemy's front, to draw their attention that way; Soon after I



detach'd the Colonels Hubbart & Stickney on their right. wing with 200 men to attack that part, all which plans had their desired effect. Colo Nichols sent me word that he stood in need of a reinforcement, which I readily granted, consisting of 100 men, at which time he commenced the attack precisely at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which was followed by all the rest. I pushed forward the remainder with all speed; our people behaved with the greatest spirit & bravery imaginable: Had they been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better. The action lasted two hours. . . . I recd intelligence that there was a large reinforcement within two miles of us. on their march, which occasion'd us to renew our attack. But luckily for us Colo Warner's Regiment came up, which put a stop to their career. . . . We used their own cannon against them. . . . At Sunset we obliged them to beat a second retreat. . . .

"I have I Lieut. Colo since dead, I major, 7 Captains, 14 Lieuts 4 Ensigns, 2 Cornets, I Judge advocate, I Barron, 2 Canadian officers, 6 sergeants, I Aid-de-camp & seven hundred prisoners;—I almost forgot I Hessian Chaplain."

In his tactics on the battle field, Stark showed the same qualities he had displayed in the general strategy of the campaign—quick insight and decision, followed by deliberate and stubborn action. At Bennington, just as at Bunker Hill and Trenton, Stark was quick to see the importance of flank movements, and cool in carrying them out. He was "as active in attack as he had then been obstinate in defense." Because he had insisted on the plan of a flank movement in the campaign preceding the battle, Stark had a force on the spot ready to oppose Baum and "check Burgoyne."

The battle of Bennington was won by the militia of New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, under the command of Stark. As we have already seen, Lincoln was at Half Moon on the Hudson the day of the battle,



and was not in time, therefore, to return and co-operate with Stark and Warner. Stark and his troops would likewise have been unable to return to Bennington, had he allowed them on the 7th of August to march to Stillwater as they had been ordered to do before he arrived at Manchester and "chose to command himself." That there was any respectable force at Bennington capable of offering resistance to Baum is due to the resolute good sense of Stark and of the Vermont Council of Safety, and to the terms of the independent command given Stark by the State of New Hampshire. Had Schuyler's orders of the 4th and 9th of August to Lincoln and the Vermont Council been carried out, the militia would have been on the Hudson more than twenty miles away, when Baum approached Bennington. The facts, then, as told by the participants fully substantiate the statement of Josiah Bartlett quoted at the beginning of this paper:

"Had Gen¹ Starks gone to Stillwater agreable to orders; there would have been none to oppose Col. Baum in carrying Gen¹ Burgoyne's orders into Execution."

It is evident that Stark's fellow citizens and fellow soldiers of New Hampshire and Vermont understood the situation and had some substantial reasons for feeling that the independent command was justified both by the conditions which preceded it and by the results which followed.

The unfavorable judgment of General Lincoln and of the Continental Congress remains to be discussed. The usual statement is that Stark, on his arrival at Manchester, was ordered by Schuyler to march to Stillwatet and refused to do so. Two facts which seem to have escaped notice show this statement to be a somewhat misleading half-truth. In the first place, Schuyler's orders were not to Stark; they were transmitted directly by Lincoln to Stark's brigade of milita without Stark's knowledge. Second Stark eventually acted in harmony with Schuyler; he started to march to the appointed rendezvous at Cambridge on the 13th when he received word that the enemy were



already there; and on the 16th of September he did march to Stillwater, but he marched via Bennington, and after carrying out the flank attack desired by both Schuyler and Washington.

Of the relations betweed Lincoln and Stark at Manchester, Vermont, on the 7th of August, we have three accounts: one by Lincoln in a letter to Schuyler transmitted by the latter to Congress; one in a letter by Captain Peter Clark of Stark's brigade; and a newspaper account, which appeared in Stark's lifetime, "collected from the papers and conversations of the General by his son-in-law, B. F. Stickney, Esq." Stark's own account, contained in a letter written the 7th of August and acknowledged on the 12th by the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, cannot now be found. The nearest approach to Stark's story is therefore the version which appears to have been given by Stark to his family and published by his son-inlaw in the Concord Patriot, May 15, 1810, twelve years before the general's death. This is also quoted verbatim in the "Biographical Sketch" published in the year of Stark's death in "Farmer and Moore's Collections," and stated by them to be based on particulars given by Stark's oldest son Caleb and his son-in-law, Stickney. This contemporary family account is as follows:

"He [Stark] found the advantage of his independent command immediately upon his arrival at Manchester, for the packs of his men were paraded as for a march. He enquired for the cause, and was informed Gen. Lincoln had been there and had ordered them off to the Sprouts, at the mouth of Mohawk river. He sought for, and found Lincoln, and demanded of him his authority for undertaking the command of his men. Lincoln said it was by order of General Schuyler. Stark desired him to tell Gen. Schuyler that he considered himself adequate to the command of his own men, and gave him copies of his commission and

orders."



This family version is corroborated by the testimony of one of Stark's captains, Peter Clark, of Lyndeboro, New Hampshire, who wrote his wife as follows:

"Manchester [Vt.], August 6, 1777.

... We have made us tents with boards but this moment we have had orders to march for Bennington and leave them, and from thence we are to march for Albany to join the Continental Army, and try to stop Burgoyne in his career. . . .

August 7, 1777.

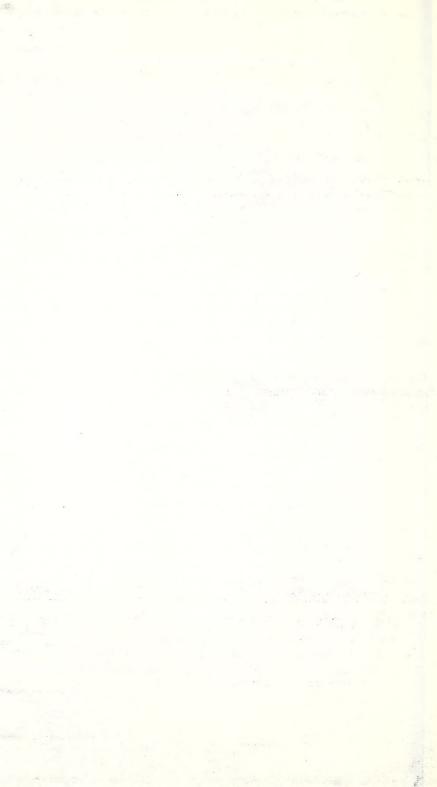
A few minutes after I finished my letter there was a considerable turn in affairs by reason of Gen. Stark arriving in town. The orders we had for marching was given by General Lincoln—what passed between Lincoln and Stark is not known but by what we can gather together, Stark chooses to command himself. I expect we shall march for Bennington next Sabbath and where we shall go to from there I cannot tell."

It was entirely natural for Stark to "choose to command himself" the brigade which he had raised, and which he had been commissioned to command. It was also inevitable that the sturdy and quick tempered old Indian fighter should have felt affronted, when he found that his volunteer militia had been ordered off without his knowledge, and moreover that the order had been given by one of the men who had been made a major-general when Stark was passed over, the previous February, by Congress. Consequently, a strong personal feeling inevitably cropped out in the conversation between Lincoln and Stark; and this personal element was naturally emphasized in the following account sent by Lincoln to Schuyler.

"Bennington, Aug. st 8.th 1777.

Dear General

Yesterday Gen.¹ Stark from New Hampshire came into camp at Manchester—by his Instructions from that



State It is at his option to Act in Conjunction with the Continental Armey or not. He seems to be exceedingly soured and thinks he hath been neglected and hath not had Justice done him by Congress-he is determined not to join the Continental Armey untill the Congress give him his Rank therein—his Claim is to command all the Officers he Commanded last Year as also all those who joined the Armev after him. Whether he will march his Troops to Stillwater or not I am quite at a loss to know but It he doth it is a fixed point with him to act there as a Seperate Chor and take no orders from any officer in the Northern Department saving your Honour for he saith they all were Either Commanded by him the last year or joined the Armey after him Its very unhappy that this matter by him is carried to so great a length especially at at (sic) time when Every exertion for our Common Safety is so absolutely Necessary I have Good Reason to believe if the State of New Hampshire were Informed of the Matter they would give New and Very different Instructions to Gen.1 Starkes. The Troops from the Massachusetts are Collecting here I don't know what Number may be Expected. I suppose the Rear will be up tomorrow night at farthest I am Dear Sir with Regard and Esteam your most Obed. Humble Servt B. Lincoln."

To Lincoln's letter Schuyler made immediate and tactful reply. "You will please to assure General Stark that I have acquainted Congress of his situation, and that I trust and entreat he will, on the present and alarming crisis, waive his right, as the greater the sacrifice he makes to his feelings, the greater will be the honor due to him." Lincoln forwarded this letter to Stark with the generous endorsement: "I can only subjoin my entreaties to his that you will not now, when every exertion for the common safety is necessary, suffer any consideration to prevent your affording him all the succour in your power."

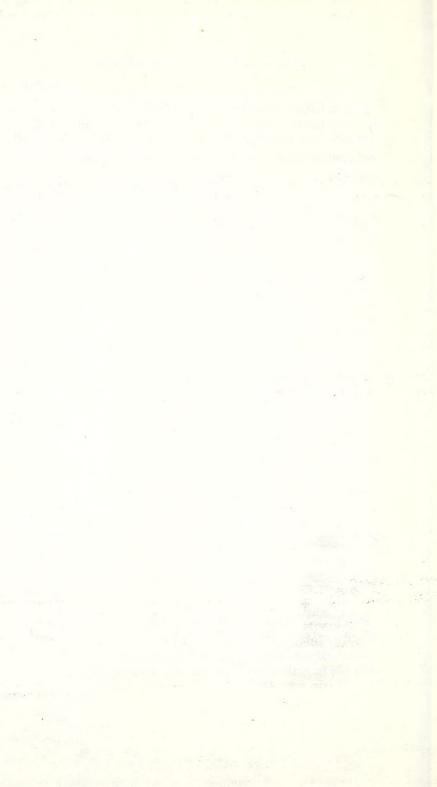
These three letters of Lincoln and Schuyler constitute the evidence left by them as to any lack of harmony



with Stark. There is no reference to it by Schuyler in his defence before the court martial; none by Stark after the missing letter of the 7th of August; and none by Washington in his correspondence. Stark and Schuyler knew and valued each other, and Lincoln acted honorably and tactfully.

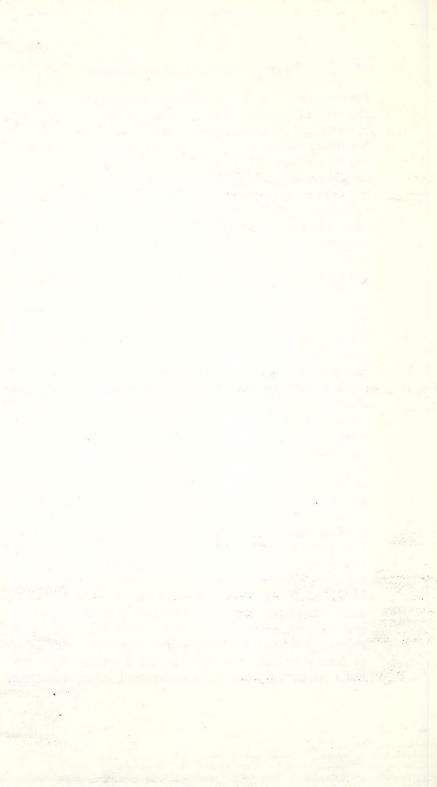
We have already seen that Schuyler was reconverted to the plan of a flank attack and planned to send Lincoln to aid Stark in carrying it out. Stark also on his part shared the readiness to co-operate with Lincoln and Schuyler in a flank movement toward the Hudson. He began his march before the battle of Bennington and completed it after winning the victory. On the 8th of August, Stark advanced half way to Stillwater, marching some twenty miles southwest from Manchester, Vermont, to Bennington. On the 13th, Stark was preparing to continue his march, apparently to Cambridge in pursuance of the plan agreed upon with Lincoln, when news came of the approach of Baum. On the 13th, says Captain Peter Clark, "the whole Brigade was paraded to march to Still Water and while under arms the General, received intelligence that there was a large body of the Enemy coming to destroy the stores at Bennington, whereupon the Brigade was dismissed." On receipt of Stark's letter of the same day, Lincoln replied: "As the troops were not on the march, I am glad you detained them in Bennington. . . . If the enemy have possession of that place . . . [i. e. Cambridge] appoint another." The credit for this wise delay at Bennington Stark generously gave to the Vermont Council of Safety, with whom he evidently acted in fullest harmony. Two days after the battle, he wrote to the Hartford Courant as follows:

"I received orders to march to Manchester and act in conjunction with Col. Warner. After my arrival at that place I received orders from Major General Lincoln pursuant to orders from General Schuyler, to march my whole brigade to Stillwater, and join the main army then under



his command. At the same time requested the whole of the militia (by Gen. Schuyler's order) of the State of Vermont to join him and march to Stillwater as aforesaid. In obedience thereto I marched with my brigade to Bennington on my way to join him, leaving that part of the country almost naked to the ravage of the enemy. The Honorable the Council then sitting at Bennington were much against my marching with my Brigade, as it was raised on their request, they apprehending great danger of the enemy's approaching to that place, which afterwards we found truly to be the case. They happily agreed to postpone giving orders to the militia to march."

Congress was not so well informed of the situation as were Schuyler and Lincoln and the Vermont Council. The action of Congress was therefore neither particularly intelligent nor timely. The letter of the 8th of August from Lincoln to Schuyler describing his meeting with Stark, already quoted above, was forwarded by Schuyler to Congress. Upon that body it made naturally an impression that was both unfavorable and false. impression was unfavorable, since the letter so strongly emphasized the personal grievances of Stark and his criticism of Congress. The impression was false, because, while not stating definitely the reasons for the actions of of New Hampshire, the letter would give the casual or prejudiced reader the false idea that New Hampshire gave Stark the independent command because he felt he "hath not had justice done him by Congress." In justice to Lincoln it should be remembered that he wrote under personally irritating circumstances a personal letter intended for Schuyler and not for Congress. A more careful perusal of Lincoln's letter shows that it gives merely Stark's personal attitude; it was not intended to give and it did not give any indication of the reasons which led New Hampshire to give Stark his independent command. The cause of New Hampshire's action was not a private grievance, but a public necessity. To understand it we must turn



from the personal grievance described by Lincoln to the facts testified to by Josiah Bartlett and now printed for the first time. Unfortunately it was upon Lincoln's letter that contemporary judgment of New Hampshire's action was based, and later writers have started from this false basis. The impression which that letter made upon a New Hampshire delegate in Congress is shown in the following shrewd comments appended by George Frost to a copy of Lincoln's letter which he forwarded to the New Hampshire authorties.

"The foregoing letter was Sent by Gen.1 Lincoln to Gen. 1 Schoyler and by P. Schoyler to Congress which is Very alarming to Congress that Gen. 1 Starkes should take Occasion to Resent any Supposed Affrunt by Congress to him when his Country lays at Stake. at the same time would take notis that we shall loos the benifet of our troops being put in the Continentall pay Except the Measures are alterd, and woud also observe he don't refuse to put himselfe under Gen.1 Schoyler who is Recarled from that command and Congress has given the Command of the Armey to Gen. Gates, weh I suppose Gel. Starkes knew not of at that time, as to the promotion of Officers in the Armey the Congress went on a new plan agreaed on in Baltimore (at the Raising the as it Called Standing Armey) that Every State Should in Some measure have their proportion of Gen. 1 Officers according to the Troops they Raised by which Reason som officers was superseded or as they call affronted "

Under the misleading impression derived from Lincoln's letter to Schuyler, Congress on the 19th of August, three days after Stark's indendent instructions had enabled him to render effective aid "to the common cause," passed the following vote of censure, in complete ignorance of the victory at Bennington:

"Resolved, That a copy of general Lincoln's letter be forthwith transmitted to the council of New-Hampshire, and that they be informed, that the instructions which gen-

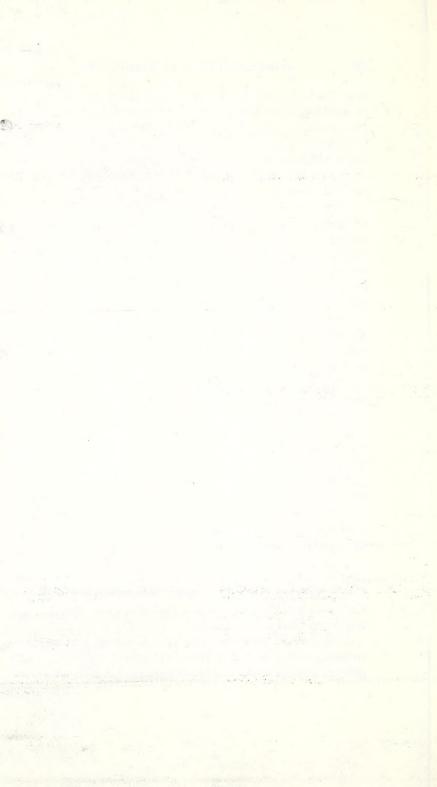


eral Stark says he has received from them are destructive of military subordination and highly prejudicial to the common cause at this crisis; and therefore that they be desired to instruct general Stark to conform himself to the same rules which other general officers of the militia are subject to whenever they are called out at the expence of the United States."

In the debate on this resolution, the New Hampshire delegates defended her action, on the basis of reasons contained in a letter from Josiah Bartlett. "The militia of that State had lost all confidence in the General Officers who had the command at Tyconderoga . . . they would not turn out nor be commanded by such officers; the preservation of the lives of the inhabitants on our frontiers . . . made such orders at that critical time absolutely necessary; we were not about to justify General Stark for making a demand of rank in the army at that critical time, but we well knew he had a great deal to say for himself on that head, and had . . . distinguished himself, while others were advanced over his head. . . . We informed Congress that we had not the least doubt but the first battle they heard of from the North would be fought by Stark and the troops commanded by him. . . . Judge of our feelings, when the very next day we had a confirmation of what we had asserted by an express from General Schuyler giving an Account of the victory obtained by General Stark and the troops under his command. We believe this circumstance only will make those easy who have been trying to raise a dust in Congress."

The vote of censure by Congress was certainly illtimed; probably it would have never been proposed had Congress waited one day longer. On the 4th of October, Congress was better informed and passed a vote that was more generous and more just.

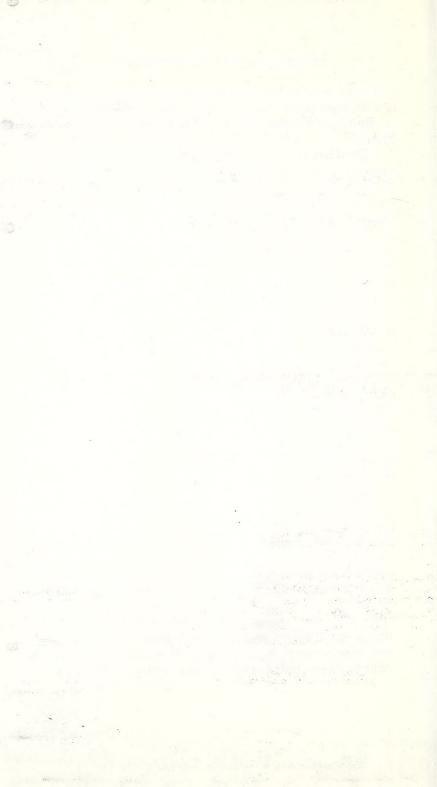
"Resolved, That the thanks of Congress be presented to general Stark of the New-Hampshire militia, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and



successful attack upon, and signal victory over, the enemy in their lines at Bennington; and that brigadier Stark be appointed a brigadier general in the army of the United States."

The New Hampshire instructions to Stark were doubtless in theory "destructive of military subordination"; but "military subordination" had to yield to the more imperative necessity of a military force capable of "the preservation of the lives of the inhabitants on our frontiers." At that memorable three days' session in July, 1777, the members of the New Hampshire General Court and of the Committee of Safety were confronted, not with a question of rank, but with the far more vital one of self-preservation. They knew that a brigade could not be raised in face of the universal loss of confidence in the generals of the Northern Department, and of the fear that any militia would be called to the "southward," away from the threatened frontier. They had been summoned in extra session not in response to calls for continental troops but to answer the cry of distress from their Vermont neighbors. They knew that men would volunteer promptly to serve under Stark and that he was admirably fitted by nature and experience to manage such a volunteer militia unhampered by restrictions. They therefore left it to his discretion whether he should join with continental troops or not.

The peculiar instructions giving Stark an independent command seem admirably adapted to meet the peculiar exigencies of the situation. That they were so adapted is proven by the results which followed. Stark's independent command enabled him, first, to recruit a brigade of 1,492 officers and men in six days, and to move forward at once, knowing his volunteers would follow without hesitation; second, to insist on a flank attack, based on sound strategy; third, to reconvert Schuyler to this sound strategy; fourth, to co-operate with militia from Vermont and Massachusetts in retaining at Bennington a force sufficient to check Baum and win the battle of Bennington;

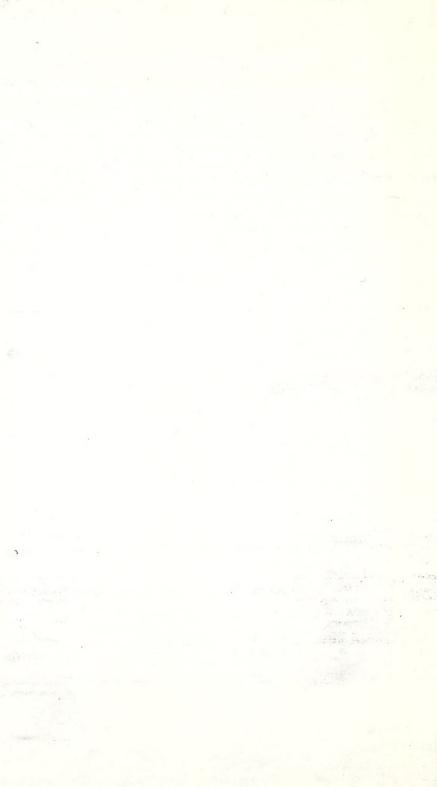


and finally to restore confidence and then to march with victorious troops to Stillwater and Saratoga.

Without the independent command, the presence of Stark and his brigade at Bennington was an impossibility. Without Stark and his brigade, the victory at Bennington was impossible. Without Bennington, who can say what a difference there might have been at Saratoga? It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the importance of the Battle of Bennington; it has been recognized from that day to this by both American and British contestants and historians. It is enough to refer to Washington's estimate of what he called "the great stroke struck by Gen. Stark near Bennington"; and to the judgment of the latest and most epigrammatic of the English historians of the Revolution: "Bennington . . . proved to be the turning point of the Saratoga campaign which was the turning point of the war." To one who examines carefully the records of that day or the judgments of this, Stark's independent command appears a turning point not only in a decisive battle, but also in a decisive campaign, and in an epoch-making movement. To the sober second thought of his day or of ours, Stark's independent command seems warranted by its deep-seated causes and justified by its far-reaching results.

We have followed the story of Stark's campaign as told by participants and contemporaries. It is a tale of swift preparation, strategic delay, and intrepid attack.

Stark "chose to command himself" the army which he had raised himself; but he felt he acted in accord with Schuyler, as well as in fulfillment of the terms of his independent command. The responsibility for granting that command must be shared by the public sentiment which demanded it, the General Court which voted it, and the general who accepted it. The credit for the sound judgment which led to the wise delay at Bennington must be given to Stark and the Vermont Council of Safety. The final accord in plans is due to the wise and eventually harmoni-



ous action of Schuyler of New York, and Lincoln of Massachusetts, as well as of Stark of New Hampshire and Warner of Vermont. Schuyler and Stark supplemented each other admirably both in personal characteristics and in manner of conducting a campaign; Lincoln helped to prevent a rupture between them; the Berkshire militia and Parson Allen were just in time for the fighting on which they insisted; Warner and the Vermont men and supplies and especially the timely reinforcements against Breyman were essential to both the campaign and the final engagement. The final result was so creditable that there was credit enough for all concerned. The plans and preparations of Schuyler and the Vermont Council were essential to Stark's opportunity; Stark's power to take advantage of that opportunity was due to his independent command.

Stark's independent command was in historic harmony with the unfortunate but inevitable conditions which he had to meet; with the task he had to perform; and with the characteristics of the man and his contemporaries. Personal independence and self-assertiveness were the distinguishing characteristics of the frontiersman and Indian fighter, and of his troops whom he so aptly described as "undisciplined freemen . . . men that had not learned the art of submission, nor had they been trained to the art of war." These were also the distinctive characteristics of the frontier life of colonial New Hampshire and Vermont, and of the period of the Revolution. The conditions which necessitated the independent command are much to be regretted; but so also are the conditions which necessitated the Revolution.

The Bennington campaign brings out sharply the strength and weakness of the Revolutionary era, when the newly born American nation was passionately devoted to the idea of liberty, but had not yet learned to understand and love the idea of union. It was in the next generation that a son of one of Stark's captains knit the two ideas



together and kindled men's imaginations with the conception of "liberty and union."

In its illustration of the temper of the Revolution lies perhaps the chief value of this story, told by the men of that day, of their month of swift and triumphant compaign, from the 18th of July at Exeter when Speaker John Langdon gave his pledge and prophecy, to the 16th of August when General John Stark fulfilled the prophecy and "checked Burgovne."

Cloudland Faces

By EMORY CHARLES BEAN

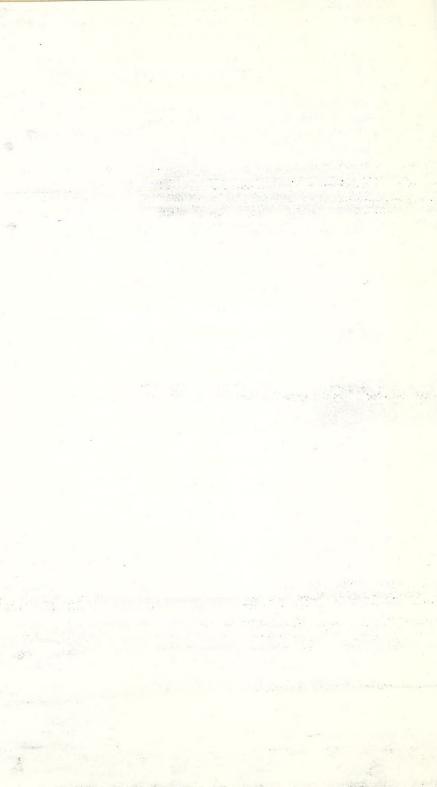
I sit at my western window
As the sun sinks down to rest,
And I see in the clouds the faces
Of those that I love best.
And those faces they all seem
Like the faces in a dream.

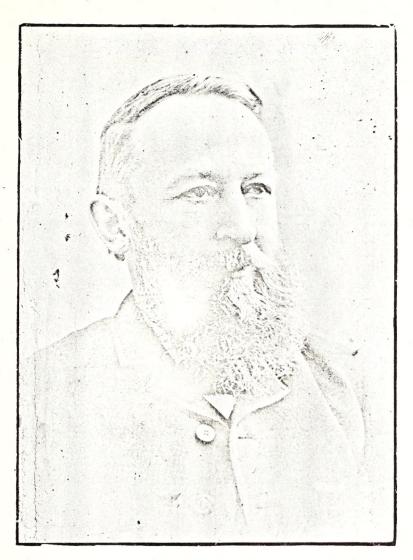
And so I sit and ponder,
And watch them come and go;
Some are young and handsome,
And some are white as snow.
And those faces they all seem
Like the faces in a dream

Now what think you of those faces, As they pass in the western sky? Do you believe that we'll meet them In the happy bye and bye?

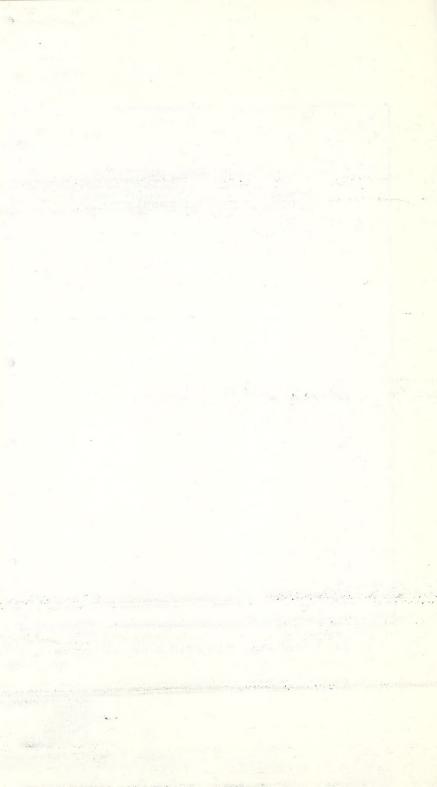
Oh, yes; I think that we'll meet them And pass in grand review Before our friends on earth As they are wont to do.

MANCHESTER, N. H., December 25, 1907.





GEN. JONATHAN PRINCE CILLEY



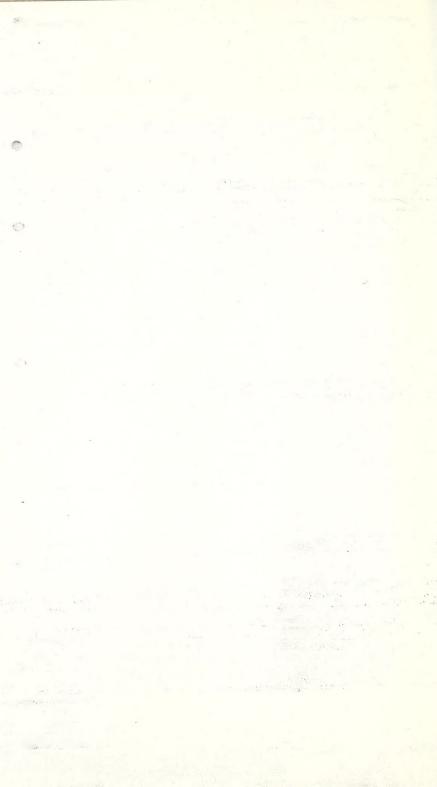
General Joseph Cilley

III

By JOHN SCALES, A. B., A. M.

HE duel was fought on the 24th of February. Hon. John Fairfield, congressman from York county. Me., at once introduced a resolution in the house, calling for the appointment of a committee to investigate the affair and report whether there had been any breach of the privileges of the house. That committee reported on the 21st of April, 1838, that "It is a breach of the highest privilege of the house, and of the most sacred rights of the people, in the person of their representative, to demand, in a hostile manner, an explanation of words spoken in debate." The report was accompanied by resolutions for the expulsion of Graves, Wise and Jones. A long debate followed, in which the sentiments expressed in favor of duelling seem most ridiculous now. Finally they were saved from expulsion by a vote of 102 to 76, but this did not end the excitement and indignation outside of the house, and James Watson Webb, the New York editor, was denounced as equally guilty with Graves. The following session of congress enacted the law, which now stands, forever forbidding duelling by congresssmen for words spoken in debate. Party feeling then ran high, but party lines were abolished in the manifestation of indignation. It was denounced as "a dastardly murder," "a cold blooded assasination." Mr. Cilley himself believed that the challenge was the fruit of a desire to take his life. Mr. Cilley said to his friends on the morning of the encounter:

"I am driven to this meeting by a positive compulsion. I have done all that an honorable man could to avert it. Why should I acknowledge that man (Webb) to be a gen-



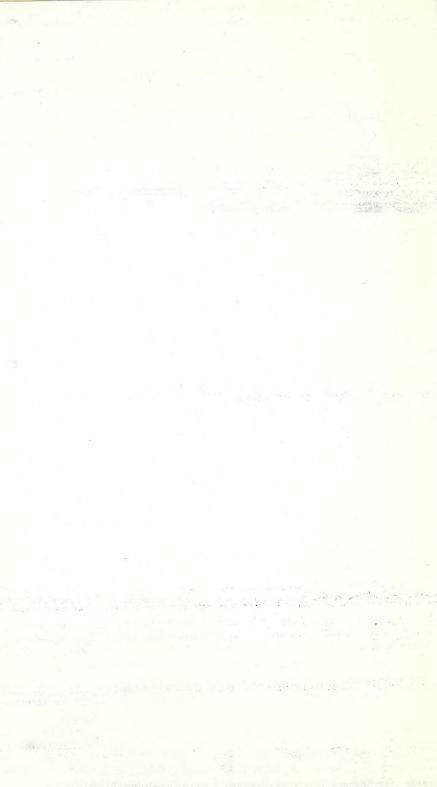
tleman and a man of honor? In truth and conscience I could not do so; and still less can I have it so unreasonably extorted from me by force and threat. I have no ill will or disrespect towards Mr. Graves. He knows it, and I have repeatedly expressed it. I abhor the idea of taking his life, and I will do nothing not forced upon me in self-defense. The pretext of the challenge is absurd. I understand the conspiracy to destroy me as a public man. But New England must not be trampled upon; my name must not be disgraced; and I go to this field sustained by as high a motive of patriotism as ever led my grandfather or my brother to battle; as an unhappy duty, not to be shrunk from, to my honor, my principles and my country."

Mr. Cilley's college classmate and lifelong friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, said of this duel, soon after it occurred: "A challenge was never given on a more shadowy pretext; a duel was never pressed to a fatal close in the face of such open kindness as was expressed by Mr. Cilley; and the conclusion is inevitable that Mr. Graves and his principal second, Mr. Wise, have gone further than their own dreadful code will warrant them, and overstepped the imaginary distinction, which, on their own principles, separates manslaughter from murder."

Mr. Hawthorne further said: "As a young man he was of a quick and powerful intellect, endowed with sagacity and tact, yet frank and free in his mode of action; ambitious of good influence, earnest, active and persevering, with an elasticity and cheerful strength of mind, which made difficulties easy and the struggles with them a pleasure. He was the kindliest and gentlest of human beings, with a constant and happy flow of animal spirits, and the innocence of a child; while at the same time as independent, courageous and firm in his purpose as he was clear in his judgment and upright in his every thought."

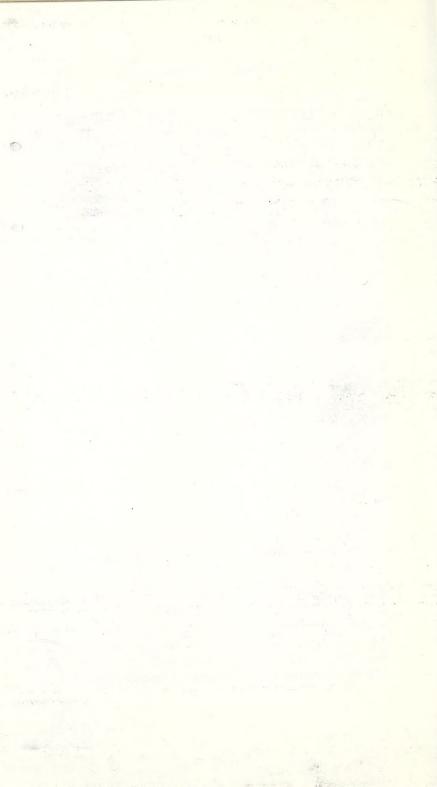
GEN. JONATHAN PRINCE CILLEY

In this connection it seems proper to give a brief mention of Congressman Cilley's son, Gen. Jonathan Prince



Cilley of Thomaston, Me., who was two years old when his father was killed in the duel. General Cilley graduated at Bowdoin College in 1858; studied law with A. P. Gould of Thomaston, Me., and after admission to the bar practised his profession in that city. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted 150 men for a light field battery; but that arm of the service not being required, he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry and was commissioned captain. During the retreat of General Banks from the Shenandoah Valley, he was wounded and made prisoner at Middletown, May 24, 1862. Subsequently he was promoted to be major and was assigned to duty as judge advocate and examining officer at the central guard house in Washington, D. C. In 1863 he rejoined his regiment, although his severe wound had not completely healed; in 1864 he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and placed in command of a regiment. which position he held till the close of the war; when he was mustered out, in 1865, he was brevetted brigadier-general, for distinguished services at Five Forks, Farmville and Appomattox court house. His regiment was the banner regiment of Maine, and bears the names of three more battles upon its standard than any other regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and on the standard General Cilley is designated as "the first man who enlisted, the first man wounded, and nearly the last man mustered out." It is officially stated that his regiment had ten more men and one more officer than any other cavalry regiment in the United States' service.

After the war, General Cilley resumed his law practice in Rockland, Me., and has been much honored by his state. He has been a member of the legislature, deputy collector of customs, adjutant-general of the state, commissioner of the United States circuit court. He is an active member of the Maine Historical Society, corresponding member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, member of the New Hampshire Society of Cincinnati and of the Loyal Legion Commandery of Maine. General Cilley has no



children, having lost his only son, a very brilliant and excellent young man, a few years ago.

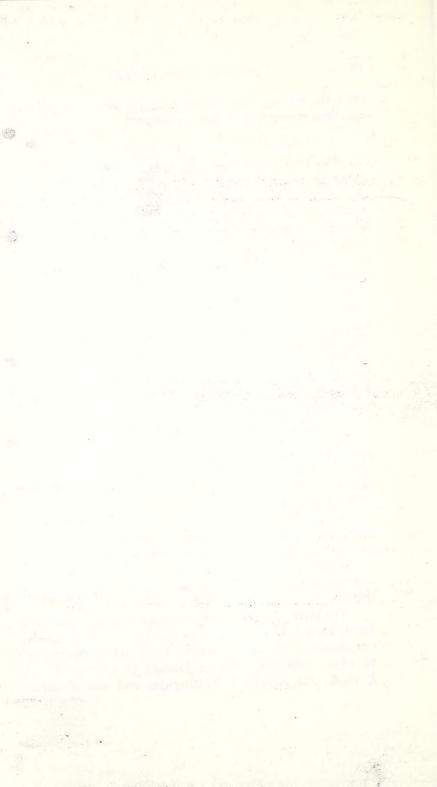
GENERAL CILLEY'S SONS CONCLUDED

The fifth son and sixth child was Daniel, born March 12, 1769; married November 7, 1790, Hannah Plumer; he died December 4, 1842. His wife was a sister of Gov. William Plumer and daughter of Samuel and Mary Dole Plumer. She died February 19, 1850. Mr. Cilley was a farmer and resided in Epsom, where he was one of the most worthy and highly respected citizens. They had seven sons and one daughter. One of the sons was Rev. Daniel Plumer Cilley, who was one of the leading clergymen of the Freewill Baptist denomination. He was born May 31, 1806, and died in Farmington, November 14, 1888. He was chaplain of the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteers during the Civil War, and had a brave record as a fighting chaplain, as well as in praying. Mrs. Adelaide Cilley Waldron, author and editor, wife of Judge John Waldron of Farmington, is his daughter.

A very large concourse of people attended his funeral: At the service, one of his fellow-ministers, the oldest among the number, who knew him in early years, arose and said: "I knew this king among men all his life. How powerfully he could preach; how fervently he prayed, and oh, how sweetly he sang."

He had a remarkably vibrant, strong and resonant, but sweet, high voice. I have seen few men so noticeable in personal port and fineness of feature. He was very dainty in his habits, clean of life and tongue, high-minded—and with all the fighting impulse of the soldierly clan of the Cilleys, on occasion.

The sixth son and eighth child of General Cilley was Jacob, born July 19, 1773; married, January 8, 1801, Harriet, daughter of General Enoch Poor. He died January 22, 1831. His wife was born January 31, 1780; died June 7, 1838, He resided in Nottingham and was known as

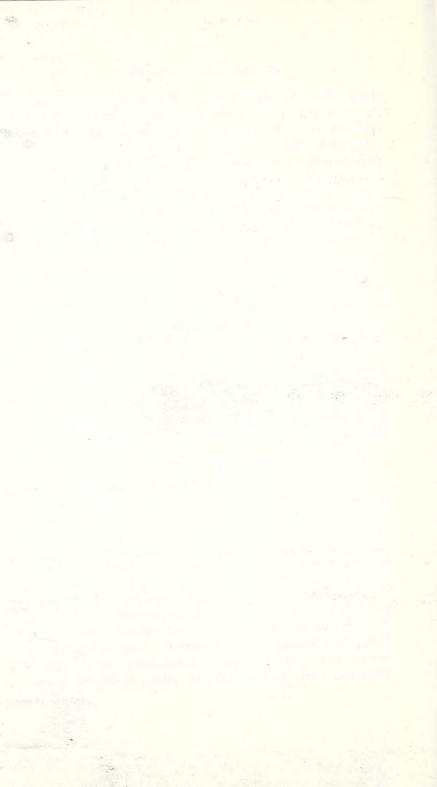


Major Cilley, having held that office in the state militia. He was also a justice of the peace many years and representative from Nottingham in the legislature for 1802, 1803, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1810, 1812 and 1813. One of his grandsons was Prof. Bradbury Longfellow Cilley, who was for forty years professor of Greek in Phillips Exeter Academy. Another grandson is Gen. Harry B. Cilley of Manchester, whose father was Jacob Green Cilley and whose mother (Martha Cilley Bouton) is granddaughter of Horatio Gates Cilley, and great-granddaughter of Gen. Joseph Cilley.

Horatio Gates Cilley, the seventh son and youngest child of Gen. Joseph Cilley, was born December 23, 1777; married November 17, 1802, Sally Jenness; she was born in Deerfield, August 4, 1782; he died November 26, 1837; she died November 11, 1865. He was a farmer and resided in Deerfield. He was an extensive land owner, a man of great energy of character, a safe counsellor, a good advocate, generous and humane. His only son, Horatio Gates Cilley, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1827, and was a prominent lawyer of Lewiston, Me. A grandson, Horatio Gates Cilley, graduated from Dartmouth in 1863

HIS MILITARY RECORD

Gen. Joseph Cilley was a representative from Nottingham in the Provincial Congress of New Hampshire, which was held at Exeter in June, 1775. His most conspicuous service in that Congress was his appointment as one of a committee to go to Portsmouth for the money belonging to the Province, then in the hands of the treasurer, George Jeffreys, Esq. The treasurer was unwilling to give it to the committee, but finally complied with the request. The money was taken to Exeter and deposited in a safe in the old Gilman house, which house is now owned by the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati. General Cilley was one of the original members of this society, and his greatgrandson, Gen. Jonathan Prince Cilley, of Maine, is the



present lineal representative. Six months before that, December 15, 1774, General Cilley was one of the party with Gen. John Sullivan of Durham, who took the cannon and other implements of war from Fort William and Mary. now Fort Constitution, and carried them up the river to Durham, with the powder, one hundred barrels or more. which had been captured and taken from the fort on the afternoon of the day before, December 14, by a party of Portsmouth men, led by Capt. John Langdon. This was done on the suggestion of Paul Revere, who came to that town from Boston with the information that no more powder was to be imported, and that the British would probably remove any found from the fort if the people of Portsmouth did not make the first move and take it. From Durham the powder and cannon were distributed inland, in various towns, for safe keeping. The Pascataqua River was free of ice up to its head, the entrance to Little Bay at Fox Point, and the mouth of the Oyster River.

The river and bay were frozen over, and it took a crew of men two days to break the ice and get the powder and cannon up to the head of tide water, a distance of two miles, to the old meeting-house, near General Sullivan's house. General Cilley and General Sullivan worked with the big crew of men until the powder was stored temporarily under the meeting-house. That transaction was the first act of war in the Revolution; the conflict at Lexington and Concord was four months later. It was very fortunate that the powder and cannon were removed from the fort on December 14 and 15, for a day or two afterwards the British frigate "Scarboro" and the sloop "Canseau" arrived at Portsmouth with several companies of soldiers, who took possession of the fort and of the heavy cannon which Sullivan and his men had not been able to remove. Paul Revere's ride to Portsmouth on December 13, 1774, was no less important, though not quite so exciting and picturesque, as his ride from Charlestown to Lexington and Concord, four months later. On

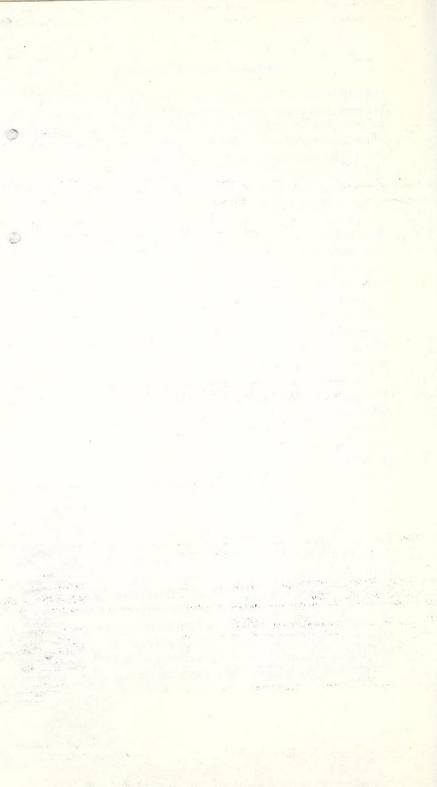


the afternoon of December 14, Capt. John Langdon and his men had taken out of the fort one hundred barrels of powder, and he sent word to Sullivan at Durham to come down and take it up to that town, hence Sullivan and Cilley and Bartlett and a big crew of men went to Portsmouth and took charge of it. Sullivan thinking it better to go to the fort and finish the job which the Portsmouth men had so successfully begun.

"I went down (December 15) with a large number of men and in the night (December 15-16) went in person with gundalos, took possession of the fort, brought away the remainder of the powder, the small arms, bayonets, and cartouch boxes, together with the cannon and ordinance stores; I was out all night (very cold) and returned to Portsmouth next day. The gundalos, with the stores, were brought to Durham, after several days spent in cutting ice, the Durham river being then frozen over; the cannon; etc., was then deposited in places of security."

Those "places of security" were in the towns around Durham; one place was on Nottingham Square, where General Cilley lived; another place was in Madbury, where Major John Demerritt built a storage cellar under his barn and concealed several barrels; some of that powder he carried to Medford in January and February and it was used by Stark and Reed's regiments at the battle of Bunker Hill, as Major Demeritt himself has stated. Later some of it was used in the siege of Boston.

After the battle of Bunker Hill, General Cilley did not participate in civil affairs to any extent; he had a natural taste for military affairs and his time was taken up in the performance of duties assigned him in that line of work by the Colonial authorities. Soon after the battles of Lexington and Concord the Massachusetts Committee of Safety organized the New Hampshire troops into two regiments, appointing John Stark colonel of the First, and James Reid, colonel of the second; soon after that the Congress of New Hampshire gave its formal approval of



the action of the Massachusetts Committee in appointing Stark and Reid, and also organized a Third Regiment, appointing Enoch Poor, colonel, and Joseph Cilley, major, and assigned this regiment to coast guard duty, from Kittery to Salisbury, Mass., thus commenced the work of putting Portsmouth in order of defense against expected attacks from the British fleet. They were engaged in this work until the battle of Bunker Hill: after that battle Colonel Poor's regiment was ordered to Cambridge to engage in the Siege of Boston, and a new regiment under command of Col. Joshua Wingate was placed in charge of Portsmouth, and the New Hampshire coast in general. This work became very active after the burning of Falmouth (Portland) in October, 1775, when it was daily expected that the British fleet would attack the New Hampshire seaport, and burn it. As a matter of fact, it was the most exciting period of. the war, as far as New Hampshire was concerned, though it was never in danger of invasion after December, 1775.

At Winter Hill, August 5, 1775, General Sullivan wrote to the Committee of Safety that the army then was short of powder, to the great amazement of General Washington, when it was found that they had not a half pound to a man, exclusive of what they had in their powder horns. General Sullivan appointed Major Cilley as a special messenger to carry his letter to Exeter. Arriving there August 6, on August 7 the Committe of Safety gave him the following order:

In Committee of Safety August 7, 1775

To Major Joseph Cilley:

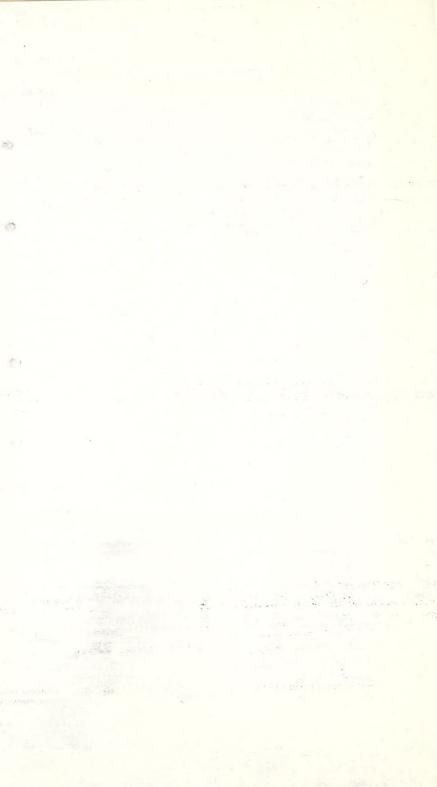
You are desired as soon as possible to apply to the Selectmen of the Several Towns in this Colony with whom was lodged the powder taken last winter from Fort William and Mary; take an account of what is in their custody respectively and request of them forth with to convey the whole of it to Col. Nicholas Gilman at Exeter.

By Order of the Committee,

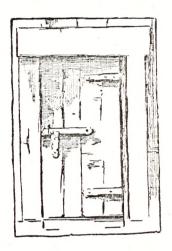
Indorsed "To Major Cilley"

August 7th 1775

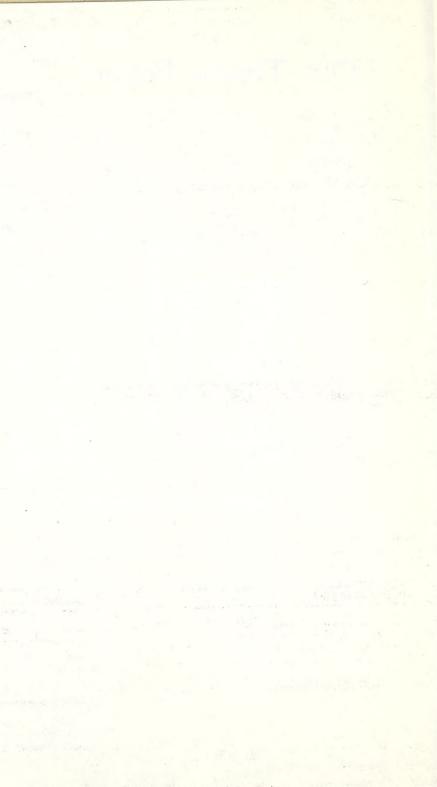
(To be continued)



Old Theme Poems



"The Old Leather Latch-String"



The Old Leather Latch-String

By HELEN WHITNEY CLARK

The following poem, so suggestive of "The Old Oaken Bucket" in its trend of expression, calls to mind a scene of bygone days that has vanished save in memory. As in the poem, the lean-to kitchen and e'en the cabin itself has fallen and faded away from all the homesteads of New England. So also has departed very much of the old-time hospitality and the good cheer of the ancestral rooftree. In the days of the latch-string the incomer did not even stop to knock, knowing that he was always welcome. And this confidence was seldom, if ever, misplaced. To-day this spirit only lingers like a guest who is late to the feast of good things. In place of the knock we hear the ting-a-ling of the electric bell, and in place of the latch-string, we resort to the speaking tube. Truly customs have changed, and people, too.—Editor.



OW DEAR to my heart is the home of my childhood,

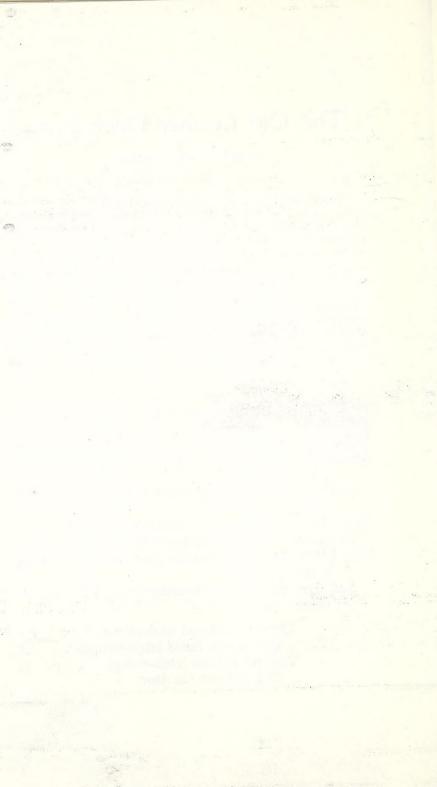
A lonely log cabin, half-hidden from view; Where I grew, like a weed, springing up in the wild-wood.

And loved the rude home which had sprung up there, too.

The old lean-to kitchen, the smoke-house beside it;
The straw stack, with shelter of thatch covered o'er;
The ash-hopper near, where the wood-shed could hide it:

And e'en the rude latch-string which hung on the door.

The old-fashioned latch-string,
The brown, faded latch-string;
The long leather latch-string,
That hung on the door.



That latch-string, how often, when hungry and jaded, I grasped it quite carefully, lest it should catch; For I knew it was tender, as well as much faded, So I pulled it down gently to lift up the latch. The noon meal, when ready, how quickly I seized it—A bowlful of mush, with sweet milk brimming o'er; Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, When I pulled the old latch-string to open the door.

The old-fashioned latch-string,
The brown, faded latch-string;
The long leather latch-string,
That hung on the door.

The shot-pouch I carried, methinks I still see it;
And the same striped squirrel that pestered my soul;
When I shouldered my flint-lock and hastened to tree it—
Alas! it fled from me and hid in a hole.

The weedy old cow-yard, still fondly I view it,

And the path with the tall horse-nettles thickly grown o'er;

How I scratched my bare feet every time I ran through it,

To reach the old latch-string that hung on the door.

The old-fashioned latch-string,
The brown, faded latch-string;
The long leather latch-string,
That hung on the door.

And when far away I had strayed from that dwelling, Returning, I hailed it with many a shout;

For I knew at a glance—'twas a signal unfailing—
The folks were at home when the latch-string was out!
But they long since have faded, those dreams that I

cherished,
When harefeet I remped on the old nu

When barefoot I romped on the old puncheon floor;



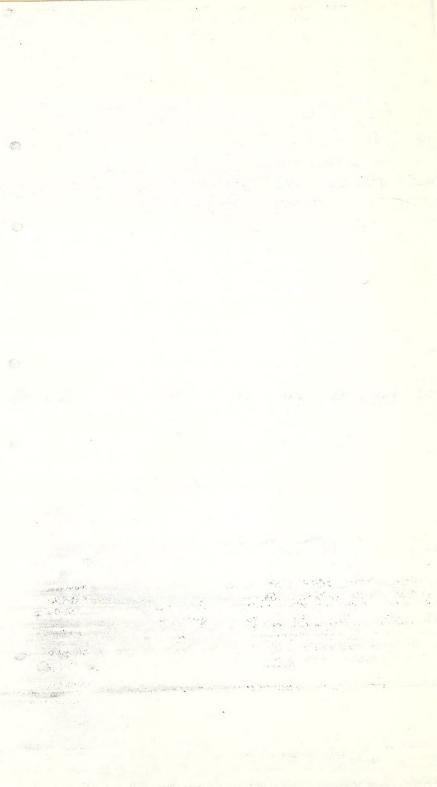
And the clap-board roofed cabin itself, too, has vanished, As well as the latch-string which hung on the door.

The old-fashioned latch-string,
The brown, faded latch-string;
The long leather latch-string,
That hung on the door.

The spring branch still runs at the foot of the meadow, Where we cut the tall clover and pastured our flocks; But that summer time flung over my young life a shadow, For I hated to cradle and pile up the shocks. But now, when removed from that loved situation, The tears of regret will intrusively pour; When fancy reverts to that loved habitation, And sighs for the latch-string that hung on the door.

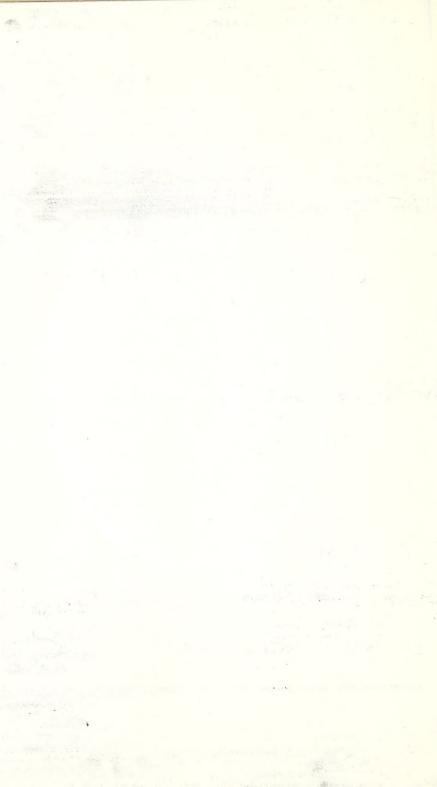
The old-fashioned latch-string,
The brown, faded latch-string;
The long leather latch-string,
That hung on the door.







ARTHUR G. WHITTEMORE



New Hampshire Kailroads

By GRAY FAIRLEE

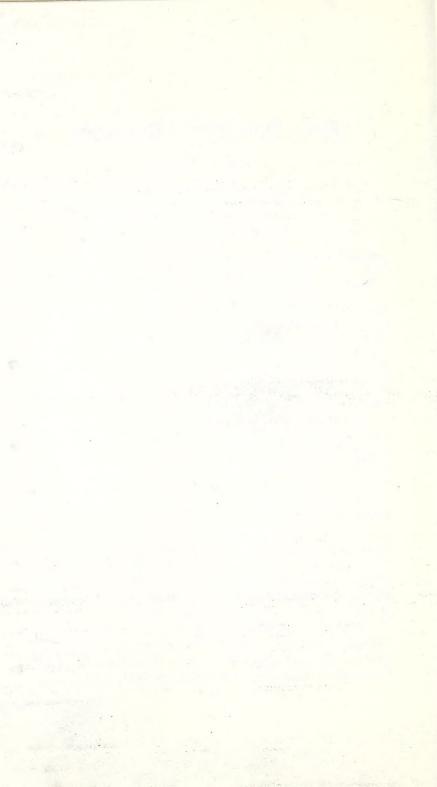
"The old turnpike is a pike no more
Wide open stands the gate,
We've built us a road for our horses to stride,
And we ride at a flying rate."

HE half century following the close of the war for merican Independence may be called the stage-coach era, and the ever popular and prominent question before the people was the building of new roads and the improvement of the facility for travel and moving of merchandise. The waterways, the aboriginal courses of travel, naturally became the maritime ways of transportation, but these served their purpose only in certain sections. Their lines of transit were too arbitrary to meet the needs of the public at large.

In the closing years of the 18th century four great state roads known as "turnpikes" were chartered and built at considerable expense. These were satisfactory as far as had been expected of them, but with all the outlay and endeavor the journey to Boston, or any of the sea-port towns then the magnet of business, was a tedious and expensive undertaking.

In the midst of these earnest efforts toward benefiting the inhabitants of the Granite State, a strange whistle awoke the silence of the Merrimack valley and proclaimed the coming of a new power which was to relegate the jaded stage horse to the more peaceful pursuits of life. The newcomer was the iron horse.

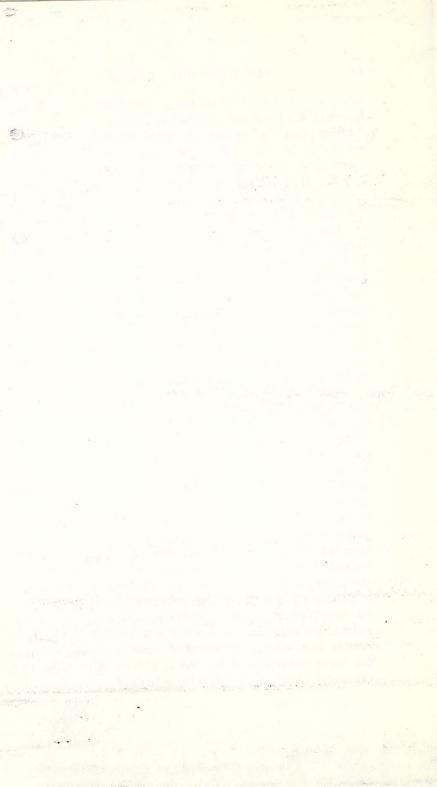
The first charter for a railway granted by the state was that of the Boston & Ontario Railroad Company, January 1, 1833, for a road starting from a point at or near the line north of Dunstable and to run northerly and westerly



to the valley of the Connecticut. The Nashua and Lowell Railroad Corporation obtained a charter June 23, 1835, running from the state line in the Merrimack valley northwardly to Nashua. The same session of the legislature granted the Concord Railroad Corporation the right of way for a railroad from Nashua, or any other southern point, to connect the previous road with Concord, N. H. Two other charters were granted on the same day, one to the Keene Railroad Company to connect that town with Rindge or Fitzwilliam in the direction of Worcester, Mass. The third charter was for the Boston & Maine to cross the state from the state line at Haverhill, Mass., to the Maine border at South Berwick. Other grants followed these rapidly, so it was not many years before the state was crossed and cris-crossed with twin bands of iron.

There are now being operated in the state 1,190 miles of railroad, all but 152 miles of which are under the management of the Boston & Maine system.

The importance of the railroads in New Hampshire cannot be fully estimated in considering the many forms of developments that have fallen to its material progress. Their influence has been felt in every section. they have found their way population has gravitated. Towns and villages that were few in the number of their inhabitants and meagre in their usefulness have become centers of industries. While wealth, like the currents of our rivers, is attracted to the waterfalls, the source of power, it was left for the railroads to foster the hum of spindles, the rumble of looms, the tap of hammers, each and all symbols of public prosperity. Where the iron steed has not penetrated silence has fallen on the scene and natural resources are left to waste. And not only do our manufacturing and business interests depend on the railroad for their welfare, but the portable mill of the most remote lumberman, the summer home in the mountains, the many industries of the state, all are affected by the railroads. Nor are the advantages limited to the industrial



world, for the moral and intellectual prosperity of a people is governed largely by the methods employed to reach the inhabitants, and from them come the modifications and beauties of social life. So, with the changes that a little over fifty years have wrought we cannot fail to appreciate the prophecy of the poet when he exclaimed:

"The sunset of life gave him mystical lore, And coming events cast their shadows before."

In some respects the conduct of the railroad management is the most rigid of any corporation in existence. No other is required to make such frequent and exact returns, and neither is there equal rigid censorship over any other body. The annual reports of the railroad commissioners cover the history of the subject for the year. It contains in carefully prepared statements the expenses and receipts, the improvements and changes made, the volume of business and the sources from whence it came, the assets and liabilities, together with any other information a credulous or curious person might desire to know. The law governing the present board of commissioners was enacted at the session of the legislature in 1883 and was framed in the interest and prosperity of the state as far as effected by the railroads.

The first railroad commissioner in the state was Hon. Charles J. Fox of Nashua, appointed by the governor in 1838. He served in that capacity for five years, until he was stricken with that illness which resulted in his death. Commissioners continued to be appointed by the governor and council to 1854, three each year after 1843. Beginning with 1855 one commissioner was elected each year by the people for a term of three years, until 1878, when they were again appointed by the state executive for a term of two years. In 1883 the term of office was extended to three years, one member being appointed each year.

During the seventy-two years the commission has existed it has been represented by sixty men. These have



been among the ablest in the state and very little criticism has been made against the work performed by the various boards. At the present time the members of the board are all lawyers of acknowledged ability and honesty of purpose. It would indeed be difficult to select three men better fitted for the duties of this important service. It has been the practice to have the minority party represented by one member, and this rule maintains now.

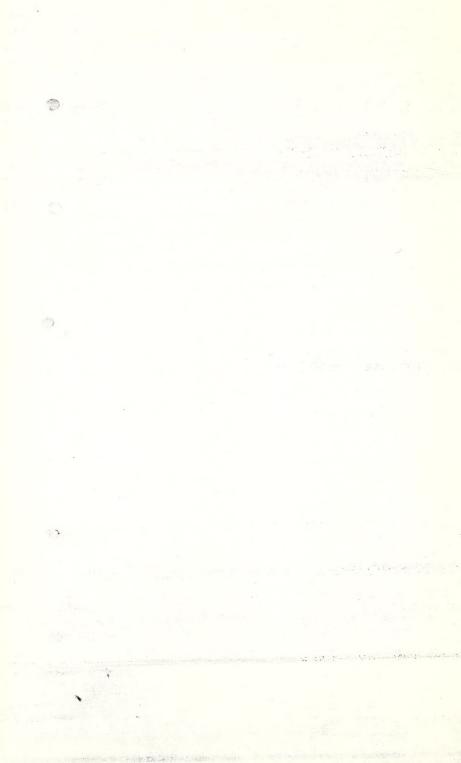
The oldest in point of service and the present chairman is

ARTHUR G. WHITTEMORE

Arthur Gilman Whittemore was born in Pembroke, July 26, 1856, the son of Hon. Aaron and Ariannah (Barstow) Whittemore. He was a great great grandson of Rev. Aaron Whittemore, the first settled minister of the Congregational church in Pembroke, who was ordained March 1, 1737. His great grandfather, Aaron Whittemore, was a soldier of the revolutionary war, and his father and grandfather were associate justices in the court of common pleas for Merrimack county.

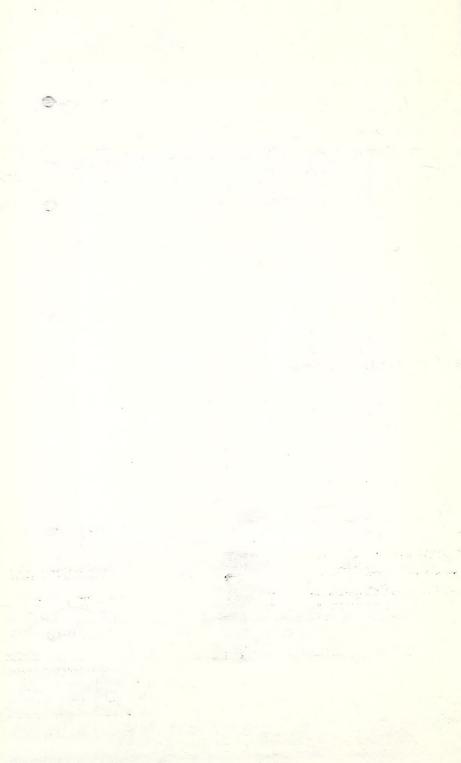
On his mother's side he is a lineal descendant of Elder William Brewster, one of the Mayflower Pilgrims. Mr. Whittemore was educated at Pembroke academy and the Harvard law school and was admitted to the bar in March, 1879. He soon afterward became a law partner with Judge C. W. Woodman of Dover, the partnership continuing until Judge Woodman's death in 1888, since which time he has practiced alone with marked success.

In 1895 he was appointed by the comptroller of the currency receiver of the Dover National Bank, which was wrecked by the defalcation of cashier Isaac F. Abbott, and he so successfully liquidated the assets as to pay the depositors in full, with interest, and a substantial dividend to the stockholders. After the defalcation of Fred M. Varney, cashier of the Somersworth National Bank, last



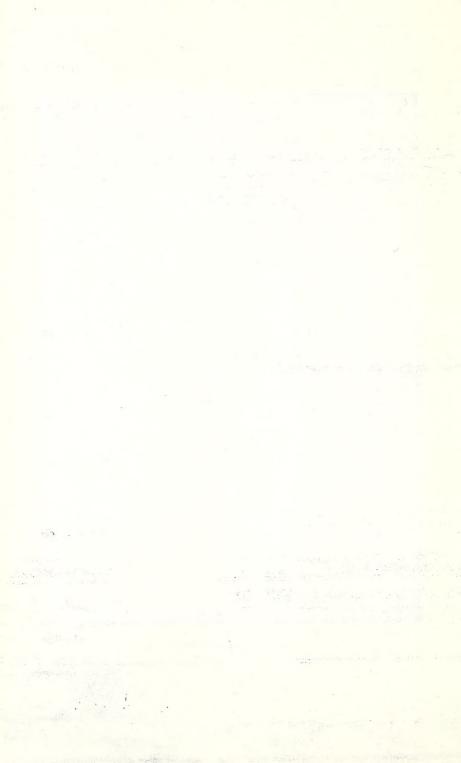


GEORGE E. BALES





OSCAR L. YOUNG



December, he assisted the stockholders in successfully reorganizing the bank. He has long been a director and a trustee respectively of the StraffordNational and Strafford Savings Banks.

Mr. Whittemore has been identified with all the public enterprises promoting the welfare of his home city during the past quarter of a century. When the city established its system of water works, in 1887, he was elected a water commissioner, and he was chairman of the board several years, holding the position until his election, in 1900, as mayor of Dover. His three successive terms as mayor were epoch-making, in that they marked the establishment, chiefly through his influence, of some of the most substantial industries, and the securing of gifts from Andrew Carnegie of a library building and from the Franklin academy trustees of adjoining sites for the library and present new high school building. He was a member of the legislature in 1903 and took an active part in its deliberations and was a member of the judiciary committee.

In May, 1903, he was appointed a member of the New Hampshire Railroad Commission, succeeding the late Francis Faulkner of Keene, and in August last he was appointed chairman of the Commission, succeeding the late Henry M. Putney.

Mr. Whittemore married, June 27, 1887, Caroline B. Rundlett of this city. They have two children, Manvel, who is a sophomore at Dartmouth, and Caroline. Mrs. Whittemore is prominent in local society having served two years as president of the Dover Woman's Club.

GEORGE E. BALES

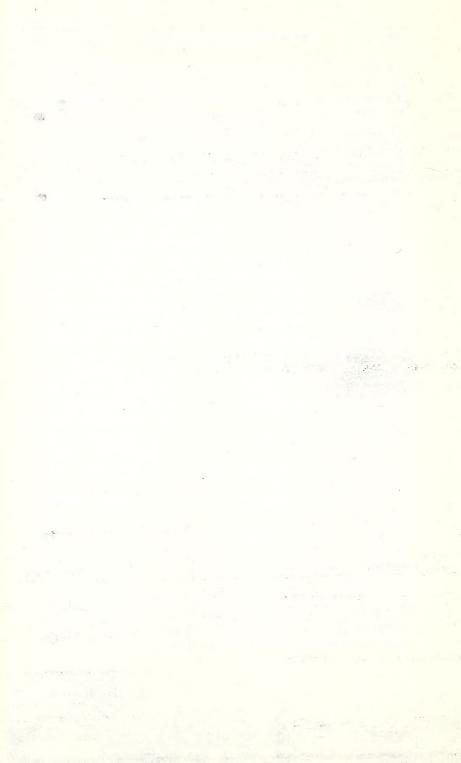
The second member of the board who was first appointed to succeed Edward B. S. Sanborn, of Franklin, November 30, 1903, and whose term will expire January 1, 1910, is George Edward Bales, the only child of Charles A. and Frances M. (Hardy) Bales, was born in Wilton, September



14, 1862. His education was acquired in the public schools of his native town, Francestown Academy and Phillips Exeter Academy, graduating from the latter with the class of 1883. Following a special course of one year at Harvard University, he attended the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated in 1888. He was admitted to the bar in July, and immediately entered upon the practice of his chosen profession in Wilton, where he has continued to the present time with a marked degree of success.

Besides in his law practice he has been active in town affairs, and held many positions of trust and honor. He has been town treasurer and tax collector, a trustee of Willton Public library, a moderator for twenty years, and was a member of the school board for ten years. At the present time he is police judge. Though a democrat in a town that has a republican majority he was elected a representative to the state legislature in 1895 and 1897, the last term his party's candidate for speaker of the house. He had the distinction of being the only democrat on the judiciary committee during the session, and his able leadership of his party won for him its confidence and support so that he became the democratic nominee for congress at the following national election. He was appointed a member of the forestry commission, June 30, 1899, and re-appointed for a second term, but declined the office, his appointment upon the board of railroad commissioners coming to him the succeeding November.

He is an attendant at the Unitarian Church, and is one of its executive committee. He is a Mason, is past master of Clinton Lodge, No. 52, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, of Wilton; is past high priest of King Solomon Royal Arch Chapter, No. 17, of Milford; a member of Israel Hunt Council, No. 8, Royal and Select Masters of Nashua; and of St. George Commandery, Knights Templar, of Nashua, and Bektash Temple, Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Concord. He is now junior deacon of the Grand Lodge of the State of



New Hampshire. He is a past grand patron of the Order of the Eastern Star. He is also a member of Loyal Lodge, No. 78, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of Wilton and of the Prospect Hill Encampment, No. 21, of Milford. Also a member of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association.

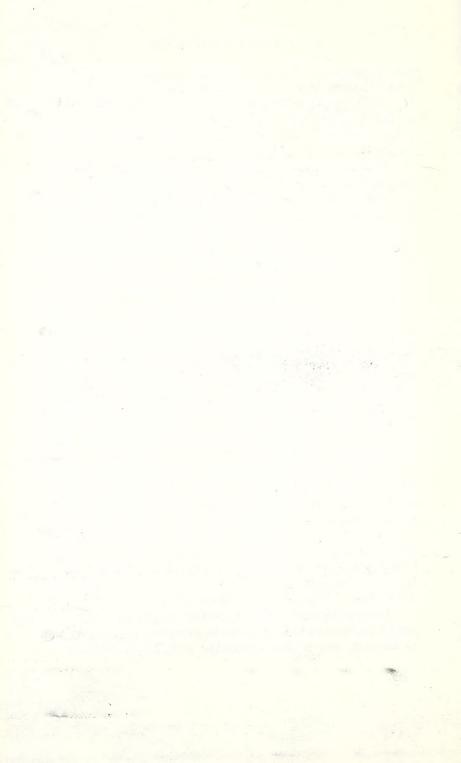
Mr. Bales married, October 16, 1889, Abbie M. French, born in Wilton, March 16, 1865, daughter of Francis B. and Frances C. (Howard) French, of Wilton. She is prominent in social circles, and is vice-president of the Woman's Alliance and past grand matron of the state, Order of the Eastern Star. They have one child, Milly Frances Bales, born February 6, 1893.

OSCAR L. YOUNG

The youngest member of the board, both in years and point of service, who received his appointment at a meeting of the governor and council, August 5, 1909, is Judge Oscar L. Young, of Laconia. He was born in Ossipee, September 11, 1874, the son of Timothy B. and Sarah I. (Buzzell) Young. He attended the public schools of Ossipee and Effingham, N. H., from which he went to Brewster Free Academy, in Wolfboro, N. H., where he was graduated in 1895.

At the close of his academical course he entered the law office of Judge Sewell W. Abbott, of Wolfboro, applying himself industriously in his preparation for the career he had mapped out for himself. In October, 1898, he entered the Boston University Law School, where he was graduated in June, 1900, with the degree of LL.B. Before completing his work at the university, he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in March, of that year, and opened a law office in Wolfboro the following July.

He continued his practice in Wolfboro a year. Believing he could improve his chances in a larger place, he moved to Laconia, and became associated with Edwin H. Shan-



non, of that city. In 1903 he continued the practice alone, rapidly building up a large and lucrative law business. In September, 1903, he was appointed judge of the Laconia police court.

Always believing that a good citizen should take an interest in political affairs, he rose rapidly in the confidence and support of his party, and during the Campaign of 1908 he was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, proving by his earnest and skillful management that he was worthy of the trust.

During the hearing of the charges against the express company in this state last year, when Mr. Putney, who had served as chairman so long, was declared disqualified on account of personal interests, Judge Young acted as a substitute on the board, showing by his conduct then his fitness for the permanent position which came to him soon after.

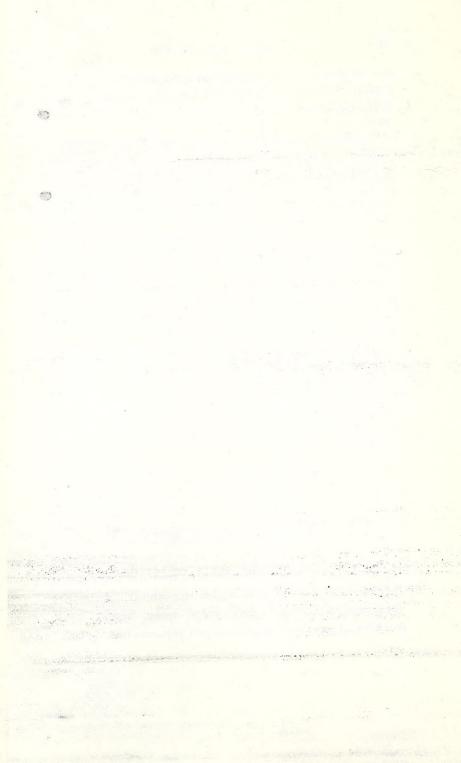
Judge Young has been active in fraternal circles, and is a member of the Morning Star Lodge, No. 17, A. F. and A. M., Wolfboro; Fidelity Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Wolfboro; Laconia Grange, Myrtle Rebekah Lodge, Wolfboro, and Mount Washington Chapter, O. E. S., Laconia.

He was married July 11, 1909, to Miss Anna M. Paris of Wolfboro.

Roses and Thorns

The merriest heart that ever throbbed beats sometimes sorrow's strain,
The merriest lips that ever smiled are sometimes curved in pain;
The sunniest life that man can live a cloud will sometimes pall,

And brightest hopes, like autumn leaves, will sometimes fade and fall.

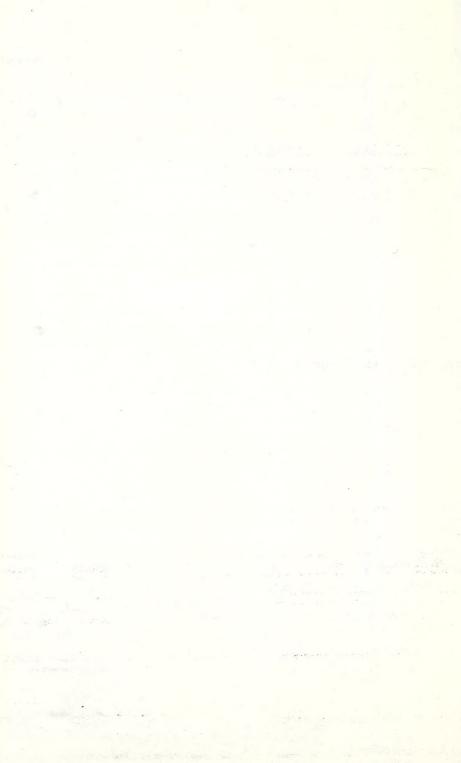


Old Theme Poems

11

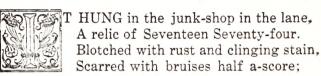


"The Old Rifle"



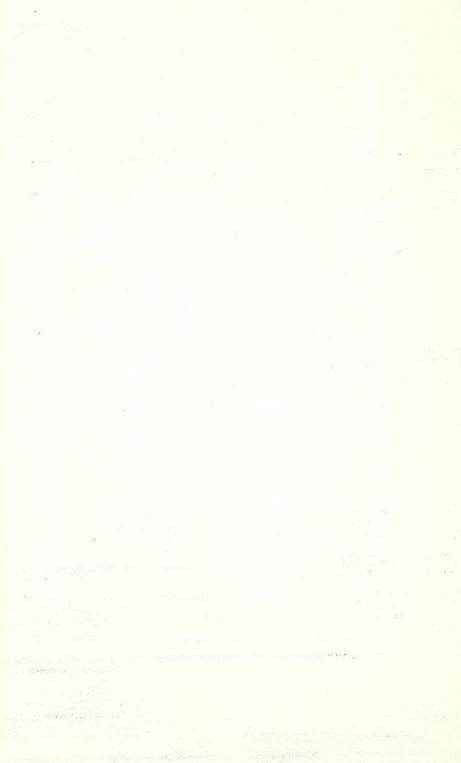
The Old Rifle

By JAMES BUCKHAM



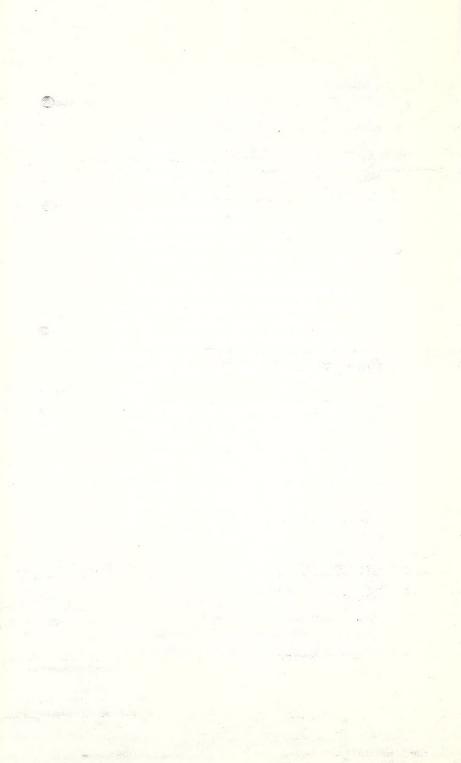
Full many a cruel knock, 'twas plain, Had tried its stuff in days of vore. Quaintly-patterned the well-worn stock,— Best of grain from some rare old block. -Curved at the butt like a crescent moon. And silver-tipt like a kobold's shoon. Shining patch-box of welded brass: Trigger-guard worn smooth as glass: Hammer wrought of the truest steel Etched as fine as the hair-like mass That floats away from a spider's reel. Long of barrel, this ancient gun, Smoothly bored for its ounce of lead. -Threaded steel by a master spun, Fired, and fined, till the maker said. "Good! 'twill do for the King's own son. Or best of rank that was ever bred." Sighted well, with a silver bead Lined to the clover-notch below: Rifle fit for a prince indeed. Pride of its maker, years ago!

Standing there, while the sunlight streamed Over the sunlight on the wall—



Rare old gentleman, so he seemed. Sadly out of his place withal-Was it fancy, or was it fact. That I heard him, sighing, say With a mellow voice, but a trifle cracked:-"I know what your pitying looks convey— A strange place this, and a mournful day, For an old-time swell of my calibre—eh? Ah, too true! In the olden time Praised and prized with the best was I. Wiped with silk when they laid me by, Polished down like a poet's rhyme! Better score at the range was none. True as star to its patch of sky, Straight as sunbeam from the sun, Sped my ball to the target's eye. Many the leaping stag I slew. Hurled him down to the grassy wold Headlong, drenched with the morning dew, Antlers ploughing the turf and mold.

"Then they carried me over the sea, Brought me here to this goodly land, Free as the air of heav'n is free. Fairest isle by the Maker planned. Foremost I in the line that stood. Grim and staunch as a mountain wood. Down by the Concord bridge, that day, When the British soldiers turned away. Under one of those mossy stones Lies my ball in a Redcoat's bones! Grander triumph, keener thrill, Over those mounds at Bunker Hill! How I flashed on that awful day! Not a bullet I threw away. Loud and clear from my master's cheek, Death was the only word I'd speak.



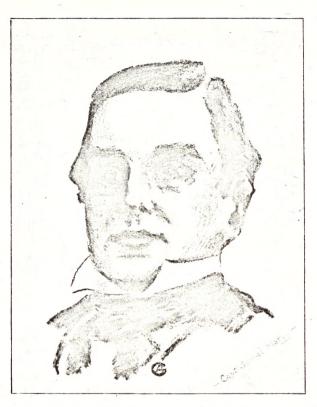
Oh, 'twas glorious, till found
Fate had left us without a round!
Oft again did I shout and blaze
Freedom's name, in those stirring days.
Fame and honor enough, say I—
Would that a gun for a cause could die!''

Here he stopped and looked sadly round, Looked at the scraps of brass and tin. Pails from their rusty hoops unbound, Kegs and tubs that had fallen in,— All the worn-out things that drop Into the grave of an old junk shop.

"Noble heirloom and rare!" cried I.

"Here no longer I'll let you lie!"
Purchased then for a goodly sum,
Proudly I carried the rifle home,
Cleaned and polished its brass and steel,
Scoured the silver on toe and heel,
Rubbed the stock till it shone as bright
As it did that day in the Concord fight.
No more battles and no more chase,
Only an honored past and place.
Leave to boast of them o'er and o'er,
While with eager and glad desire,
Like children clustered about their sire,
The modern rifles from rack and floor
List to the marvels of 'Seventy-four!

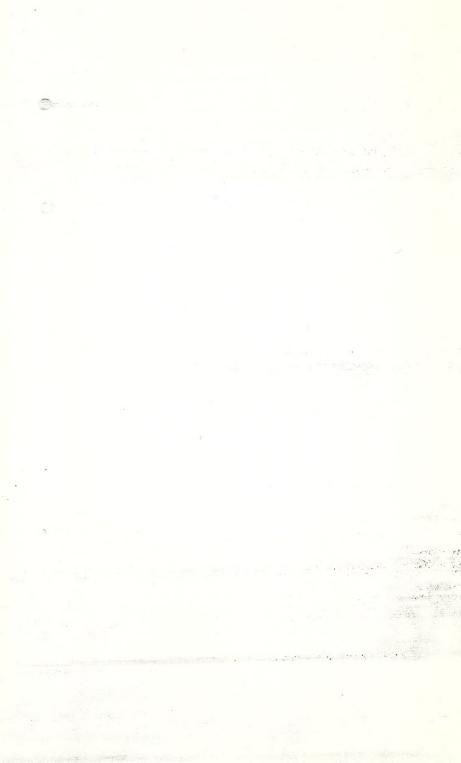




Drawn for Granite State Magazine by A. C. Gow, '09

CAPT. SAMUEL MOREY

Inventor of the Steamboat



Capt. Samuel Morey

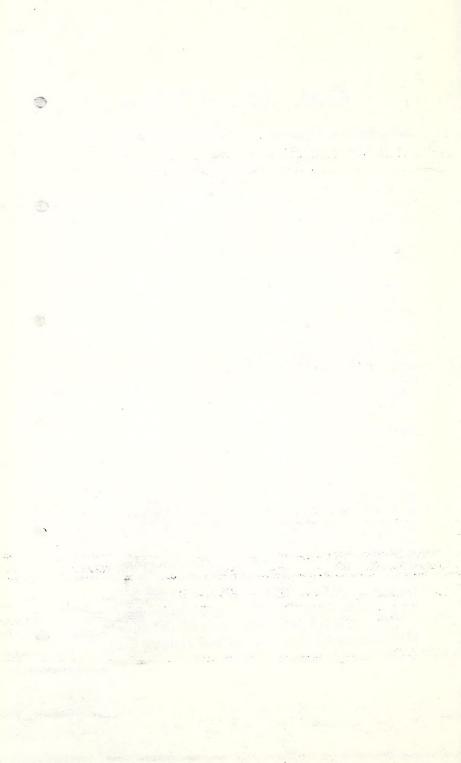
Who Built a Steamboat Fourteen Years Before Fulton

By GABRIEL FARRELL, JR.

Coming at this time, when the minds of many are filled with the admiration and applause felt for Robert Fulton as the inventor of the steamboat, the following account of a more humble, yet more deserving, inventor contains greater interest to all who have the love of the Granite State in their hearts. While we are willing that New York's mechanic—some higher title if you please—should receive a large meed of praise for his successful application of steam power in propelling his boat, the "Clermont," we do deplore the wholesale credit that his followers shower upon him without qualification. In the words of another, "Had he comprehended the value of his own invention, and had he found such a wealthy and powerful patron as Fulton found in Chancellor Livingston, Samuel Morey and not Robert Fulton would be hailed as the father of steam navigation."—Editor.

T THIS time, when NewYork is enthusiastic over the invention of the steamboat and is doing its utmost to pay tribute to Robert Fulton, whom history credits with that important invention, other experimenters in that line, aspiring to the honor of being the original inventor, come to our knowledge. From the little town of Orford, New Hampshire, comes such a claim, and it is one which appears to be sufficiently authenticated upon investigation. It is claimed that Capt. Samuel Morey ran the first steamboat upon the Connecticut River, at this point, in the year 1793, which is fourteen years before the launching of the "Clermont." Whatever may be the value of this claim, the career of Captain Morey, as one of New Hampshire's pioneer settlers, and as a man of wonderful inventive genius far beyond his time, is an interesting narrative.

The first settlers in the town of Orford were John Mann and his wife, who started from Hebron, Conn., Octo-



ber 16, 1765. They made the journey in eight days, the young wife on horseback, and her husband much of the way on foot. About three months later, these pioneers of a new settlement were followed by another family from Hebron, consisting of Col. Israel Morey, his wife and several children.

This journey of about two hundred miles was made in the dead of winter—January, 1766—with an ox team, the wife carrying in her arms an infant six months old. What a journey was that to be made at such a season, much of it through a pathless forest, an unbroken wilderness. From Charlestown to Orford, sixty miles, it is said that there were no roads, only a footpath with marked trees for guide posts.

The family settled in Orford, and during the Revolution the father was made general and commanded a body of brave men upon the frontier. He was a man of great mental force and soon became of much influence in that vicinity. Among the children of this hardy and courageous pioneer was a boy four years of age, named Samuel.

From what can be learned of the every day walks of the son Samuel, he seems to have inherited his father's general characteristics and developed into a man of equal force, of massive brain and mind, coupled with a splendid talent for mechanical ideas and pursuits. The earlier days of his life were passed within the limits of the township of Orford, but for a few years previous to his death, in 1843, he lived in Fairlee, Vt., just across the waters of the Connecticut, upon which he made his early experiments.

Morey possessed large tracts of land upon both sides of the Connecticut. Fifteen hundred acres of it lay around Fairlee pond. This tract was covered with large pines of primitive growth, towering to the sky and as yet untouched by the ax of man. He gave his attention largely to lumbering, and during the winter he employed many men and oxen, drawing this timber to the Connecticut River.



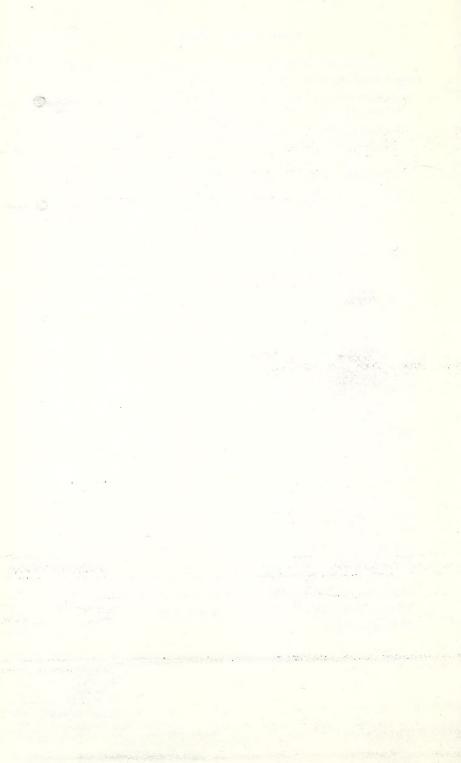
A considerable portion of this territory was inaccessible except to men. Teams were entirely out of the question, so in order to secure the timber from the remote, lofty sections, Morey constructed large log slides. Down these the great pines were shot during the winter, ever increasing in speed until they finally landed at their destination, the shore of the pond. A canal was cut from the pond to the Connecticut River, for the transfer of these logs. Portions of this slide can still be seen on some of the hillsides and traces of the canal are still visible to visitors.

Aside from his lumbering business, Captain Morey was interested in irrigation, and in the pioneer interests of the day. When the series of locks on the Connecticut River were built from Windsor, Conn., to Olcott Falls, he had charge of some of these, notably those at Bellows Falls, Vt., which were the result of his skillful planning and engineering.

About 1780 he began to devote considerable of his time to matters of steam, heat and light, continuing until 1820 or later, making many experiments, some successful and others not. As a result he invented quite early in his career an apparatus by which the steam escaping from a teakettle was made to do service in turning a spit, the appliance receiving the local name of "steam spit."

While these experiments were in progress Morey corresponded quite frequently with Professor Silliman of Yale College, contributing several articles upon the subjects uppermost in his thoughts, to the "Journal of Science and Arts." One article in particular, which appeared in the first volume of that journal, describes an apparatus for producing light and heat from steam and tar, and of this Professor Silliman says:

"The inventor, not unskilled in chemistry, and aware of the attraction of oxygen for carbon, conceived it practical to convert the constituents of water into fuel by means of its affinity."

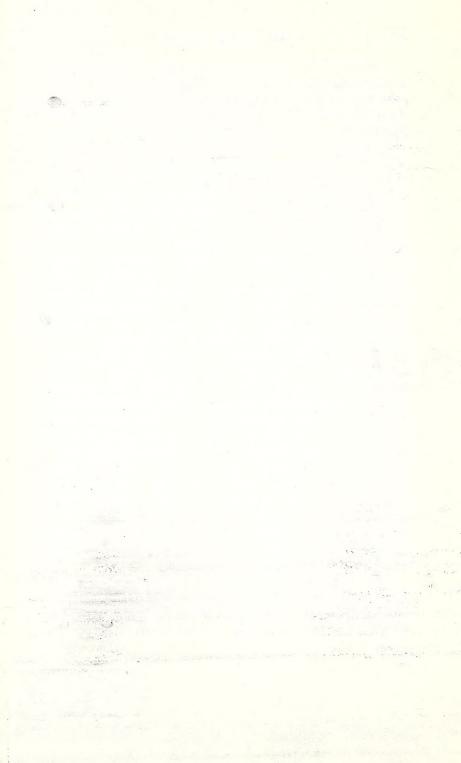


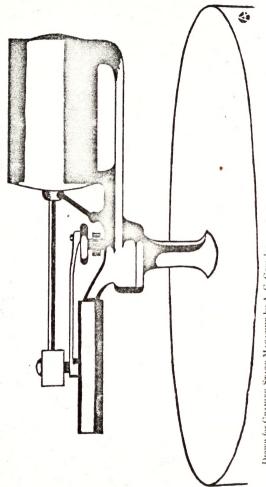
He succeeded in producing hydrogen carburetted gas, which, issuing from a pipe and being ignited, gave a blaze from the size of a candle to many hundred times larger, varying at pleasure, showing by his simple apparatus that the burning of water was no hoax, but a reality. Among many valuable papers in the possession of Mr. Leonard Willard, a great grandson of the captain, now residing in Orford, is an old paper fully describing this method of producing light by the use of water and tar. The apparatus described and the results obtained are very similar to those now common on automobile searchlights, in which calcium carbide and water are utilized.

Among these papers are many interesting business letters and documents of Captain Morey, besides a large number of family letters that give interesting descriptions of events of those early days. In possession of various members of the family are patents granted to the inventor signed by presidents from Washington to Jackson.

The first of these, dated on January 29, 1793, bears, in addition to the large, handsome flourish of the father of his country, the bold signature of Thomas Jefferson, then secretary of state. The invention was for a turning spit to be operated by steam. The next bears the signature of John Adams (1799) for an improvement of Morey's new water engine. One dated Washington, November 13, 1800, is signed by Adams and Lee. In 1815, July 14, Morey took out two patents signed by James Madison, president, and James Monroe, secretary of state, for tide and water wheels. December 11, 1817, J. Q. Adams, secretary of state, and William West, attorney-general, signed a patent for an apparatus for securing heat by burning water, called the American Waterburner.

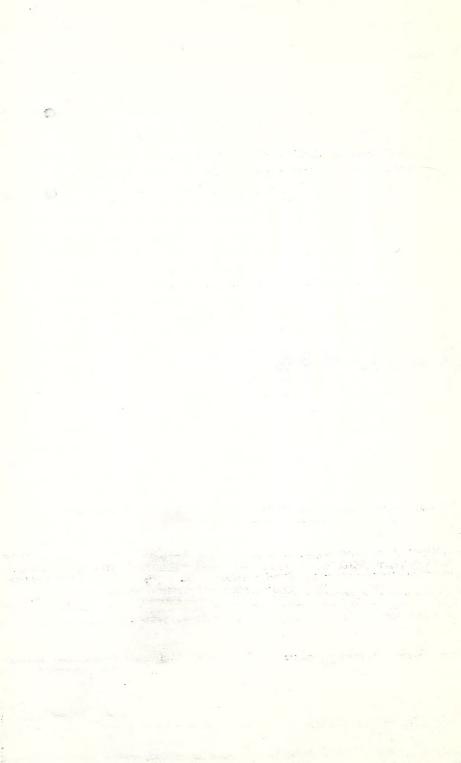
On April 1, 1826, Morey took a patent for a gas or vapor engine, signed by J. Q. Adams, with Henry Clay as secretary of state. The last of these, in 1823, was signed by Andrew Jackson. The one intended to cover his





Drawn for Granith State Magazine by A. C. Gow, '99

THE ENGINE MODEL

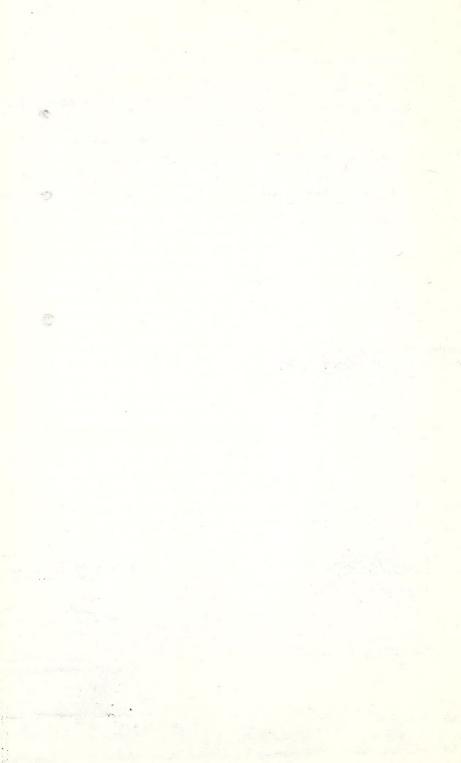


steamboat is in the rooms of the Historical Society of New Hampshire, and was issued in 1795.

Early in his experimental career, Captain Morey was persuaded that the power of steam could be applied to propelling boats by means of paddle-wheels. He therefore set himself to the task of inventing a boat to be thus propelled by steam. He made the boat, built the steam engine, put in the necessary machinery and made his first trip with complete success, running several miles from Orford up the Connecticut River and returning at the rate of four miles per hour. This was as early as 1793, at least fourteen years before Fulton's trial trip in the "Clermont" up the Hudson, and nine years before his first trial boat constructed in France.

It is doubtful whether Fulton had turned his thoughts to the subject of steamboats before this time. This very year, 1793, is the first mention of this subject in connection with Fulton that is known. Dr. Renwick, in his life of Fulton, mentions that he laid a scheme relating to steam navigation before Earl Stanhope, in a letter dated September 30, 1793. Another writer says, "Robert Fulton had thought of steam as a motive power for vessels as early as 1793." But it is very certain from all accounts that he devoted his energies to other subjects and to other plans until 1793 and later.

There is what appears to be conclusive evidence that Captain Morey, encouraged by Professor Silliman of Yale, went to New York with the model of his boat, and had frequent interviews with Fulton and Chancellor Livingston, before they had invented and put in operation the "Clermont." Morey was cordially received by them and treated with great respect and attention. While at New York they suggested to him some improvements in the construction of his boat, and it is even stated that they offered him for his invention seven thousand dollars if he would return home and make the alterations suggested, so as to operate favorably. These operations he made with entire success, and again repaired to New York, but his

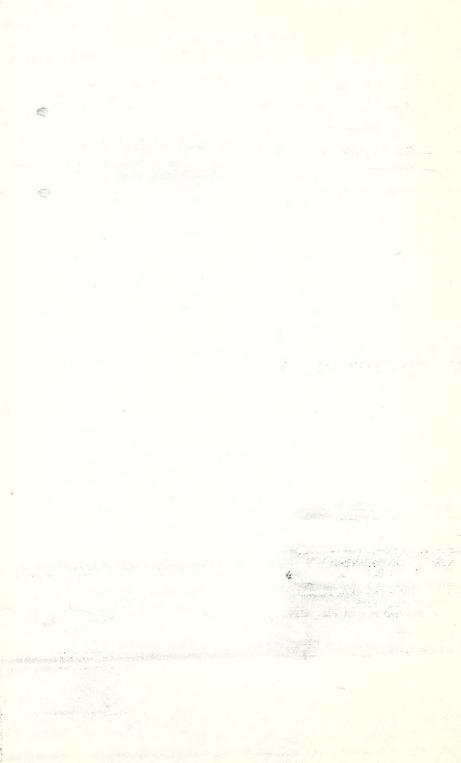


metropolitan friends treated him with such coldness and indifference as to clearly indicate that they desired no further intercourse with him. It is stated by adherents of Morey that Fulton and Livingston, seeing the model of Morey and thus acquiring his ideas, had accomplished their purpose and now were through with the backwoodsman. If these statements, made upon what appears to be competent authority, are true, his treatment by Fulton and Livingston was anything but creditable to them.

Yet the proof appears quite positive and from a variety of sources that he made frequent trips up the Connecticut in his little boat at that time. But as he was so far from leading scientific men and the best mechanical skill, the result was that Fulton, aided by the wealth of others and the influence of friends, finally succeeded in building, shortly after the captain's visit, a large boat upon the very principle of Morey's, namely, paddle-wheels. This has given him the credit of bringing into successful operation this important invention, while the real inventor being a man in obscure life and living far back from the great metropolis has passed into such obscurity as to be wholly unknown to fame.

It is only justice to Mr. Fulton to say that he was the first man, that is, in connection with Chancellor Livingston and by the aid of Livingston's money, to make a practical business success of the steamboat. He did build a boat which was successfully propelled by steam by means of paddle-wheels, and he is, perhaps, properly called the father of American steamboat navigation. But he cannot truthfully claim credit as the first man to operate a steamboat.

The original model of Morey's engine, and the one that is thought to have been shown to Fulton at this time, is in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society. The engine is in good working order, although the copper boiler, of ingenious structure, has suffered explosion. The model is a rotary engine, balanced on a disk one and one-eighth inches in diameter. The disk is attached to a tube

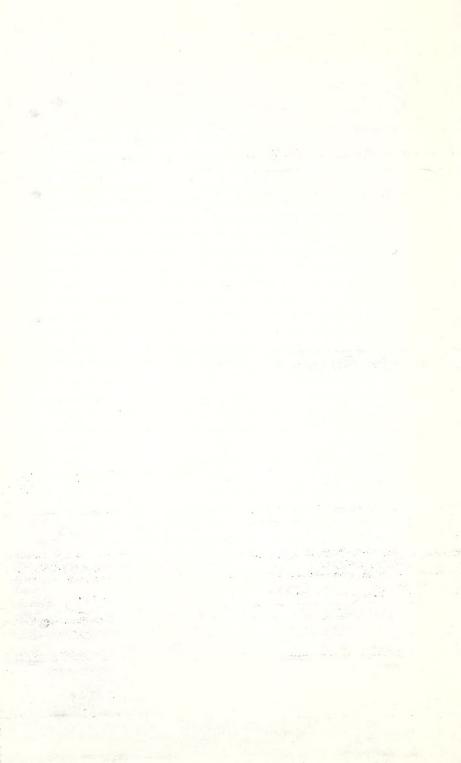


connecting the boiler, and in it are two openings, onehalf by one-eighth inch, one connected with the boiler, as mentioned above, the other opening in the air. This forms the valve seat. The valve consists of a second disk, with corresponding openings, fitting exactly upon the surface of the first disk, and from the two openings in this upper disk are tubes leading to the extremities of the cylinder. The piston rod is attached to a stationary crank in the center of the machine. The outward and inward movements of the piston cause the revolution of the upper disk, cylinder, etc., upon the lower disk; thus bringing the valves or openings in the upper disk, alternately over the steam tube and the escape opening of the lower disk. The entire length of the machine is 6 1-2 inches. The cylinder, which is of brass, is I 15-16 inches in length and I 1-2 inches in diameter. the length of stroke is 1 3-16 inches. The piston, which is of cast iron, is 1 3-8 inches in diameter, with a groove on the edge in which twine is used for packing. The piston rod plays on friction rollers.

A letter written in 1818, by Samuel Morey to William A. Duer, is most interesting, and gives Morey's own account of his experience. Mr. Duer was a prominent member of the New York legislature. The letter was called forth in connection with the grant of exclusive right to navigate the waters of New York, which was bestowed by the state on Livingston.

Among other documentary proof is a letter written about 1850 by Mr. George A. Morey of Fairlee, Vt., a gentleman of the highest respectability, and a nephew of Captain Morey, who well remembered the story, as frequently told by Captain Morey and others who saw the boat when first built. From this letter the following abstract is taken:

"It is and always has been claimed here, that he was the inventor of the steamboat instead of Fulton. Be that as it may, Fulton saw two of his models before he took a patent; and he (Morey) took two or three patents for the



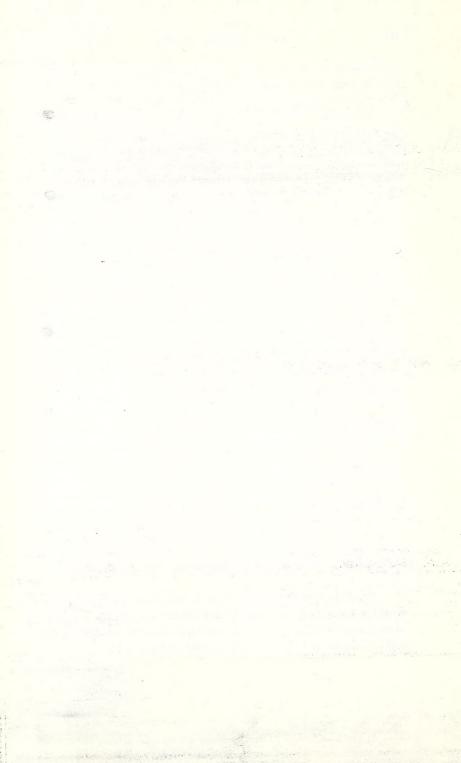
application of steam before Fulton took any. And then Fulton took one for the application of steam to boats, and that, after he had seen both models of Morey."

The most reliable account of Morey's experiments and claim to having made the first application of steam to navigation and the first practical steamboat, was made and published about 1854 by the Rev. Cyrus Mann. Rev. Mr. Mann was the son of the original settler and founder of Orford. He died in 1859 at the age of seventy-three years. Mr. Mann was an educated man, and of the strictest integrity, and is reputed to have spent considerable time and research in the investigation of the respective claims of Fulton, Morey and others, to the credit and honor of a practical success in steam navigation. The following is an abstract from his account of it:

"The credit of the original invention of the steamboat is commonly awarded to Robert Fulton, but it is believed that it belongs primarily and chiefly to a far more obscure individual. So far as it is known, the first steamboat ever seen on the waters of America was invented by Capt. Samuel Morey, of Orford, N. H. The astonishing sight of this man ascending Connecticut River, between that place and Fairlee, in a little boat just big enough to contain himself, and the rude machinery connected with the steam boiler, and a handful of wood for a fire, was witnessed by the writer in his boyhood, and by others who yet survive. This was as early as 1793 or earlier, and before Fulton's name had ever been mentioned in connection with steam navigation."

These statements are further corroborated by the Rev. Joel Mann, a brother of the writer of the above, in his centennial oration at Orford, delivered September 7, 1865. He says:

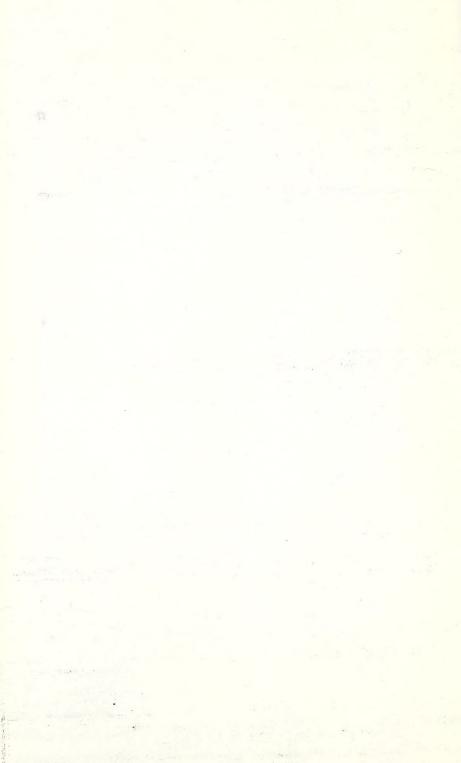
"If I am not mistaken, Fulton obtained his first idea of such a vessel from Morey, and secured a patent just as Morey had secured, or was preparing to secure, one for himself. Certain it is that the first boat moved by steam was

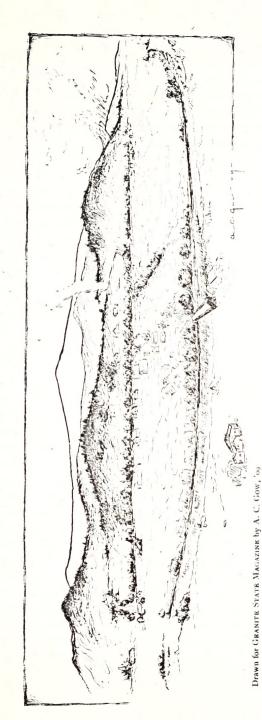




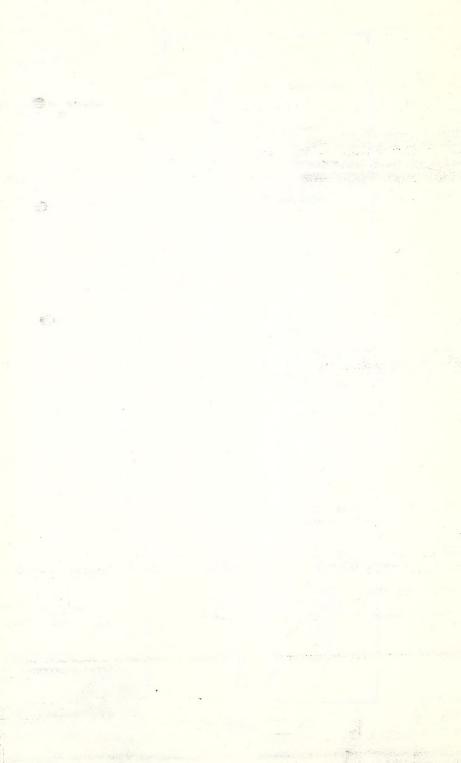
Drawn for Granite State Magazine by A. C. Gow, '09

OLD MOREY HOMESTEAD AT ORFORD





ORFORD AND THE CONNECTICUT RIVER



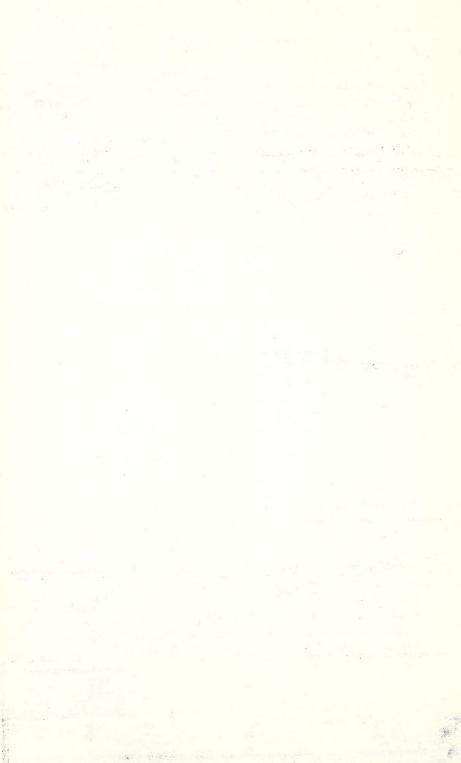
a little thing constructed by him, and its trial trip was on this river, opposite this village. The trial was made on a Sabbath, when the people were at meeting, to avoid notice, when he, with a brother of mine, passed up in it to where the bridge now is, for it was important to ascertain whether it would go against the current as well as with it:

"My brother, Cyrus, a few years ago, collected and published the proofs of the fact that Morey was the real inventor of the steamboat, so far at least as steam could be applied to the propelling of such a craft. Had our ingenious townsman lived in Boston or New York, where his facilities for constructing and making improvements would have been such as he needed, he would now probably be acknowledged as the projector of those floating palaces which are crossing the ocean and visiting the remotest portions of the world."

A letter written by a prominent gentleman in St. Johnsbury, Vt., and published in a Boston paper in 1874, says:

"I am inclined to believe that the state of New Hampshire and the town of Orford are entitled to the honor and the claim of the man who first applied steam to navigation on American waters. I remember when a boy of hearing old settlers of Orford tell about Captain Morey's steamboat and how it ran on the Connecticut River. Captain Morey was a man of remarkable inventive genius, and among other strange things, he told the good people of the town that some day he should take a ride on the river in a steamboat. They, of course, were faithless and only laughed at his project. But he persevered and constructed the first steamboat, probably, that ever rode upon river or sea. It was a rude affair for a steamboat, but it proved successful.

"Captain Morey made his first experimental trip on Sunday, during the hours of religious service, when the people were at church. He chose this time so that nobody should see him in case of failure. The people went to meeting those days. On a quiet Sunday, not far either way from 1790, this notable man with his rude craft,

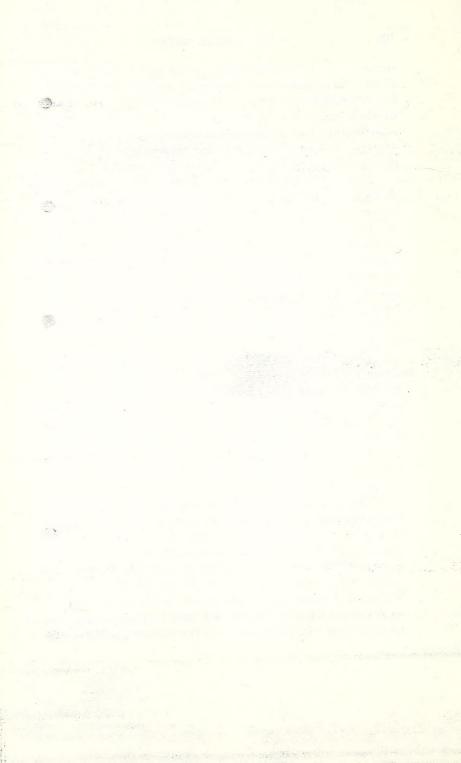


steamed up the river between Fairlee and Orford, entirely alone (this is probably a mistake), and on the following day announced his triumph to the astonished people. Honor to whom honor is due! Soon after this Fulton consulted with Morey, and so did others, and ere long a steamboat was launched on the Hudson, and steam navigation, one of the modern wonders, became a practical fact."

But this first boat in 1793 was not the only experiment of Captain Morey, for about 1820 another boat came into existence on Fairlee Lake. This, the people about there say is the original boat, but the description of it in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society hardly corresponds with that of the earlier craft. The boat is described as follows: A large boat, fully twenty feet in length, painted white, with red streak and black gunwale, called "Aunt Sally." It has also been thought that the engine propelling this boat was the original, which was copied by Fulton.

The "Aunt Sally" was sunk in 1821, by enemies of Captain Morey, it is said. Many assert that the object of this was to destroy all evidence which might point to a successful steamboat earlier than Fulton's. About 1874 the Vermont Historical Society sent a committee to Fairlee to try and find the boat and to ascertain if the engine was the original one and, if so, to preserve it as a historical relic. Owing to insufficient apparatus, their search amounted to naught.

That the ingenious inventor can also place a claim on being the first to run an internal combustion motor boat is strong in the mind of the writer. It is known that on April 1, 1826, Morey took out a patent on a gas or vapor engine. The success or failure of this has never been accounted for hitherto, but the recent discovery by the writer, of a letter, among the papers in the family possession, gives a description of a boat and its propelling power used in 1829. It also shows that the captain was not to be



satisfied with a motor boat, but had higher aspirations—to apply the power to a carriage. The letter is as follows:

Messrs. Rush and Muhlenburg:

DEAR Sir:—Perhaps I ought to have written sooner, but with all my exertions, and they have been as important as they ever were with you, I could not perfect, to my mind, the application of the "new power" to a boat until within two weeks. It will now run as regular as any that are driven with steam, and with very little expense. The boat is about nineteen feet long, 5½ wide and the engine occupies only about eighteen inches of the stern, and sometimes goes between 7 and 8 miles per hour. The same engine may unquestionably, when in better hands, be made to drive one, properly constructed, of twice the capacity, at least ten. Its application to stationary purposes I perfected last winter. Throughout the whole time I have been constantly perfecting the engine.

I expect to leave here in two or three days for home to arrange my business for winter, and if possible to collect some money for you and Mr. Garrett, as well as some for myself, which I could do were there any in the country, as I have more than \$3,000 of salable personal property and good debts. But whether I get any or not, you may expect to see me next month, if I am alive and well as usual. I have the engine already packed up to be put with the mails on board a Packet, as soon as I can get ready to start from home. Have been inclined to think I should send it to Baltimore in the first instance, but shall postpone entirely anything further. When I have the pleasure to see you I hope to learn what will be the best course to be taken.

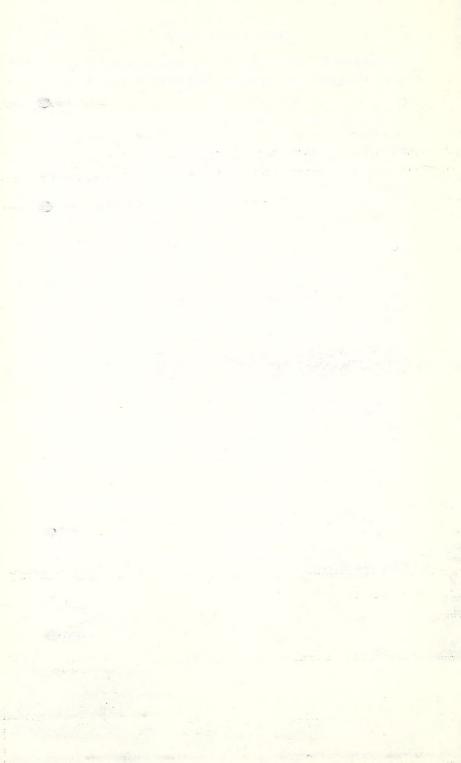
It remains for me to have the engine applied to a carriage on a rail. road, and when that is done, I should think I have done my part. I can but hope and trust the ensuing winter will see the engine well applied to a carriage on a railroad. With sentiments of the greatest esteem and friendship, I am dear Sirs, as ever,

Yours.

SAM' MOREY.

Sept., 1829.

"It now runs as regular as any that are driven with steam." Doesn't that sound like a gas engine? Boat owners will agree.



Goshen

By A. W. and W. R. NELSON

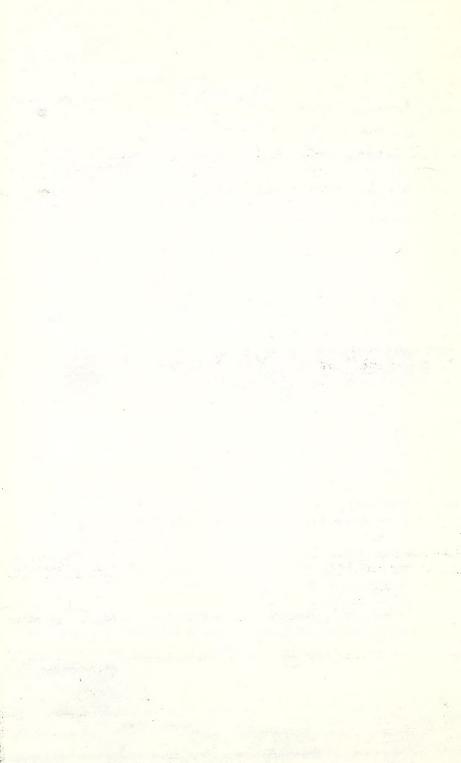
EARLY surrounded by the forest-clad mountains of Washington and Sunapee, its fields and forests divided by narrow highways and winding streams with an occasional farm-house stuck in here and there, and over all a stillness which to the city man is almost oppressive, being broken only occasionally by the far away tinkling of a cow bell, the cawing of a crow or the baying of a fox hound, lies the quiet unassuming town of Goshen, the home of true, honest, and hard working men and women, who have done much toward the making of this century. Where can we find a better type of American citizens than in our New England country towns these people whose ancestors more than one hundred and fifty years ago came up from the coast and hewed a place for themselves in the forest primeval.

EARLY SETTLEMENT

Through the years closely following 1750 a general exodus seems to have taken place from the New Hampshire tide water inland, many of the Connecticut valley towns being founded at this period.

That year three young men, Capt. Benjamin Rand, Daniel Grindle and William Lang, two of them at least unmarried, came from Portsmouth, locating on the wedge of land belonging to the grant of Sunapee the year before. So the credit of this settlement might have belonged to Sunapee, her actual founder coming from Rhode Island two years later.

From somewhat contradictory dates it appears that these three men toiled each alone in his little clearing for

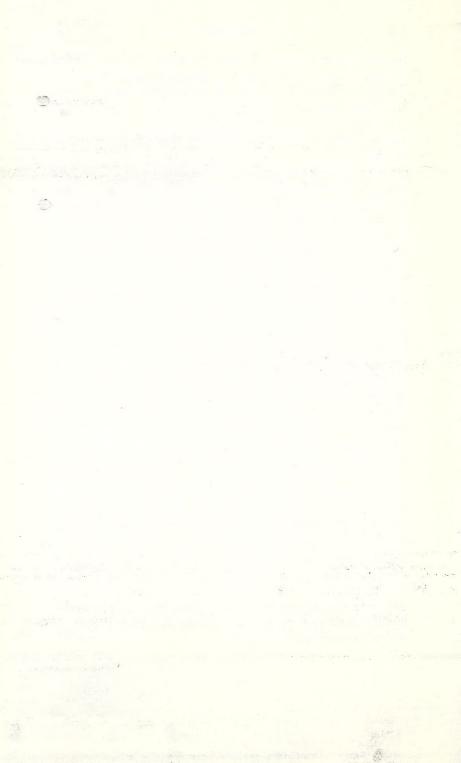


ten or fifteen years. Finally, in 1780, Daniel Grindle brought home as his bride a Kingston lady, Elizabeth Tandy, or "Aunt Betty" as she was better known. Captain Rand was evidently married some years later. By this time cabins had been built and the forest opened away around them, the settlers supposing their hardest times to be past.

The Grindles and Langs were within a short distance of each other, Grindle near Mrs. Hiram Thissell's homestead and Lang a quarter of a mile to the east. Captain Rand, however, had been at once captivated by the sparkling sheet of water now bearing his name, "Rand's Pond," and located on the hillside that slopes up from its northern shore. He chose this elevation both because of its healthfulness and the accepted fact that a hard wood clearing raised better crops than soft wood land.

The cabin of logs stood on a rounding knoll thirty rods southwest of the dwelling now occupied by Delos Jones and faced eastward. Its dimensions are still to be seen plainly marked out around a shallow, unwalled cellar by an underpinning of common field stones. A cold spring was but a few steps from the door. The barn, built after the first few years of hardship were over, stood a little way below; while at an equal distance beyond the barn, Captain Rand placed a blacksmith-shop where later his livelihood was principally made.

With families dependent upon them the tillage-plots proved frequently unequal to the burden. Because of the newness of the soil and the damp, unbroken forest surrounding, early frosts troubled the little settlement exceedingly, the crops of corn being often entirely destroyed. Nothing but blazed trails through the forest were found until near the Connecticut River. At times supplies had to be brought in on the backs of those pioneers from Walpole and Charlestown. Captain Rand, it is said, took one hundred and twenty pounds of corn at a time, a distance of from twenty to thirty miles.



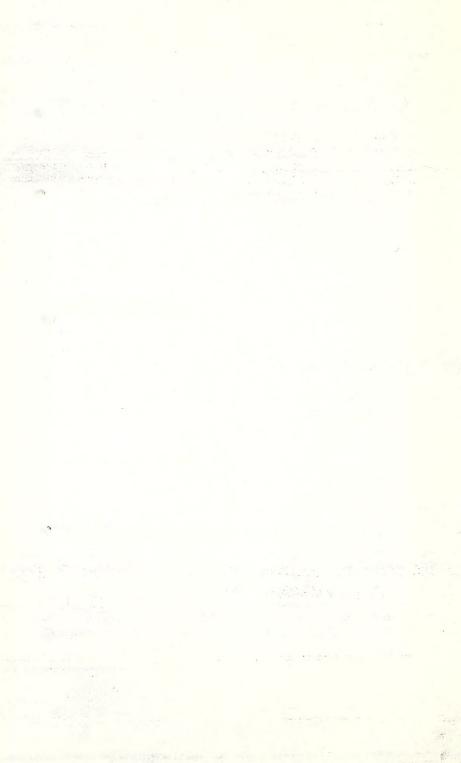
One autumn Mrs. Rand and her little boy gathered and dried a great quantity of wild woodvines upon which to feed their one cow. Aunt Betty Grindle, too, salted down three large butter-firkins of red-squirrel meat for winter use.

Daniel Grindle was a carpenter and mason by trade and, finding the means of support somewhat scanty, he returned several summers to work in Portsmouth, leaving his wife sole guardian of the clearing. Upon one of these lonely evenings, her husband being absent, a bear attempted to carry off their pig. The pig-pen, behind the cabin, was stoutly constructed and before Bruin had gained entrance Aunt Betty arrived upon the scene. She had thrown a white sheet loosely about her shoulders and with the flapping of this, aided by her lusty screams, the bear was put to sudden and complete rout.

Once more Aunt Betty had to face discomfort bravely when, alone as before, her provisions ran short. There was plenty of corn on the ear and finally, when she could put it off no longer, for she had never driven an ox-team, she loaded the ox-cart with corn, yoked a pair of wild, young steers and started for the grist-mill at Charlestown. An irregular road had been cut through by this time to Charlestown, then the county-seat. When the road was plainly defined she rode on the cart, but upon nearing open meadows or grassy stretches, she would walk along ahead of the steers, coaxing them after her with corn-nubbins given at judicious intervals. In this manner Aunt Betty passed the day and late in the evening turned in at a friend's gate.

The house was dark and without arousing its inmates she got her oxen into the barn and fed them. She slept all night upon a hay-mow. Breakfasting with her friends, in the farm-house she was soon upon her way again, reaching the mill and returning home with her grist in safety.

Despite all hardships, or because of them, Aunt Betty Grindle lived to a ripe old age of 104 years, passing away



at the home of a grandson, Samuel Burnham, at Goshen Corners. She is remembered by many as a little, old white-haired lady who saw the founding of the town.

Seven children were born to Benjamin Rand and "Temperance, his wife," the eldest, Azrien (?) Rand, being born December 23, 1789. Captain Rand died at an age of eighty years and was buried upon his own farm, on the southerly hill slope, thirty rods below the old cabin. Some twenty-five settlers had already found burial there and Mrs. Rand soon followed her husband, rough fragments of slate marking head and foot of each grave, without wording to tell who lies beneath.

A pitiable fate overtook the neighbor, William Lang. Insanity, which was continued through two generations following, appeared in a violent form and he passed his last years in close confinement, so dangerous that keepers came no nearer than to slide in food and throw him straw to sleep upon.

Mrs. Lang, too, came upon the town for support and in 1811, as the custom then was, one Robert Lear bid off the unfortunate couple at vendue, to support one year for \$79. The old man died during that year and then "the Widow Lang" was sold into service for \$1.28 a month, her one cow and the use of the farm belonging to her purchaser. Such was the irony of fate that these early pioneers should suffer an ignominious end.

THE CROYDON TURNPIKE

A corporation known as the Croydon Turnpike Co. built and maintained the highway which extended from Lebanon to Washington through Croydon, Newport and Goshen, connecting with other roads which made it the direct route from the central Connecticut valley to Boston. In the year 1802 the town of Goshen voted to take thirty shares at \$10 a share, in the Croydon turnpike if it would be built through the town; but it was not completed until 1806. Alfred Booth worked upon the turnpike at its build-



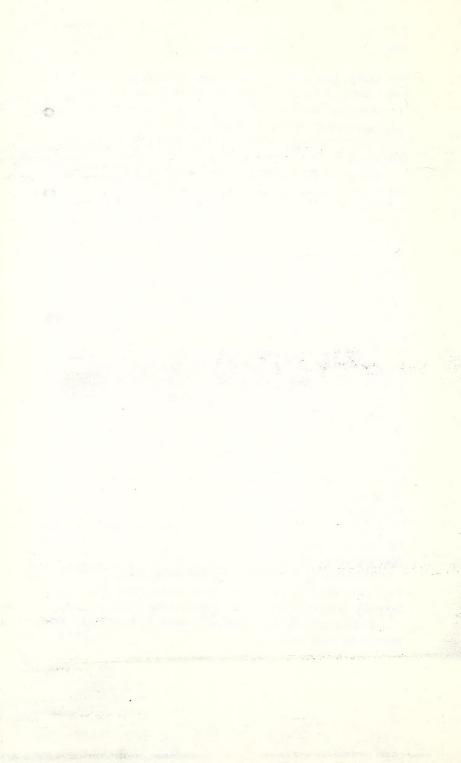
ing, being then a young man. Day after day, he said, the construction forces pushed along, grading away banks, and "corduroying" marshes with logs that have been continually appearing in the roadway since. One day he with one companion put SIXTY oxcart loads of dirt onto these felled logs within ten hours.

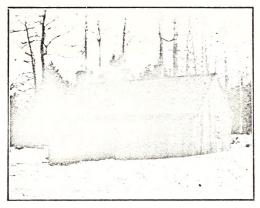
Every autumn witnessed the traffic in produce bound for Boston markets. Soon the date for starting became generally established and as the time drew near teams began their journey southward, picking up others at every branch-road until a string of twenty teams, from four to eight horse, might have been collected before reaching Goshen. Thirty teams a day were frequently counted in the early years by Grandmother McCrillis, while her husband, John, would work at his blacksmith's forge till eleven o'clock at night; then be up and at it again at two the next morning.

Toll-gates were established along the course of the turnpike to defray cost of maintenance, but naturally did not prove popular, although the toll exacted was but two cents, pedestrians free. The Goshen toll-gate was first placed on the hill above the old Allen tavern in Newport. But in 1830 it had been moved into Goshen proper to the E. S. Robinson place. Here Daniel Emerson lived and kept the gate till the overthrow of private ownership of the road. The posts of the toll-gate were frequently bored off at night and carried away bodily, and more often was the obstructing pole thrown down by indignant travelers. It is said that in the last years many light teams went up and around through East Unity and so down onto the turnpike to avoid paying toll.

Without taverns the turnpike would have been wellnigh impassable, for, it is said, more than five miles between taverns obliged teamsters to take a bottle.

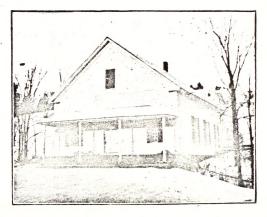
Liquor agents and taverners were appointed by the selectmen each year.



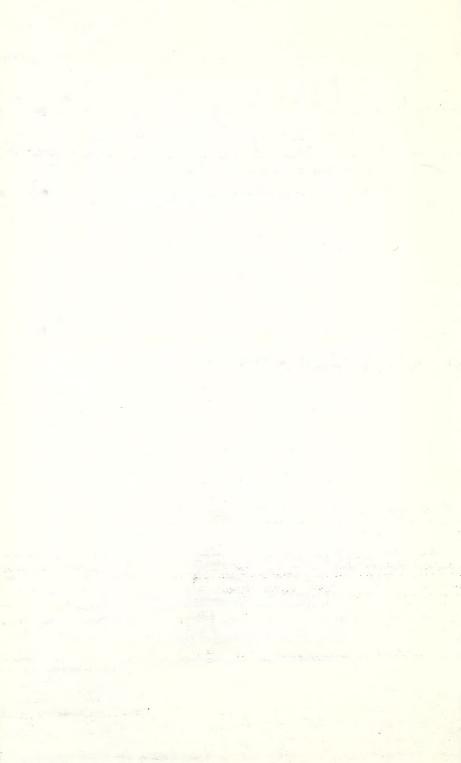


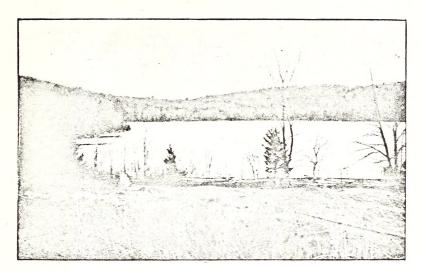
A SUGAR CAMP

VIEWS IN GOSHEN, N. H.

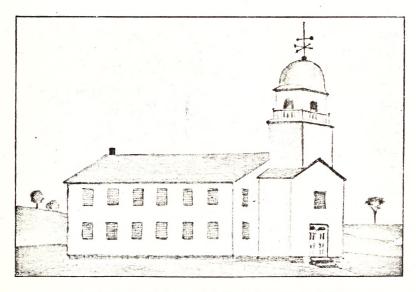


TOWN HALL, MILL VILLAGE, N. H.

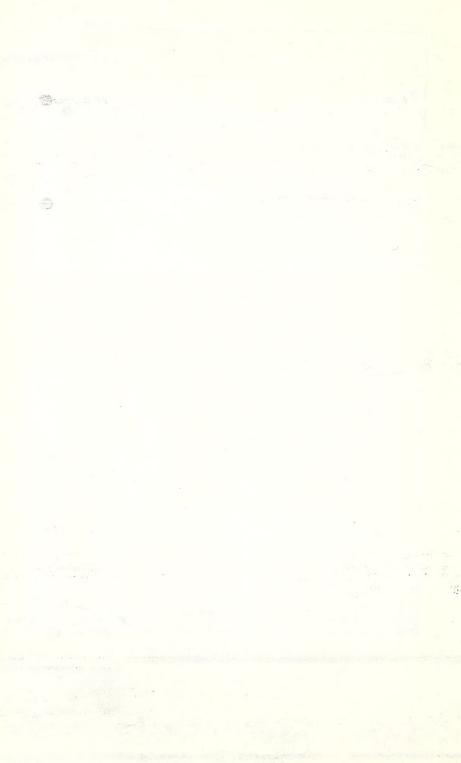


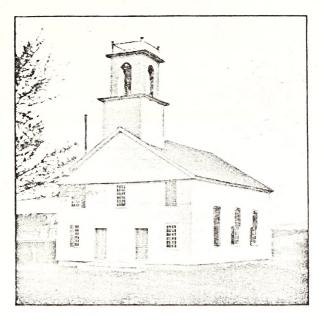


RAND'S POND

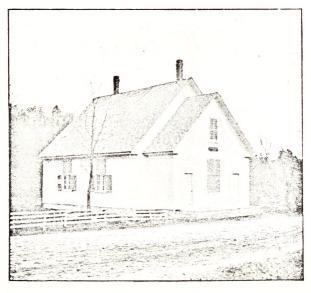


THE OLD UNION CHURCH, NOW DESTROYED

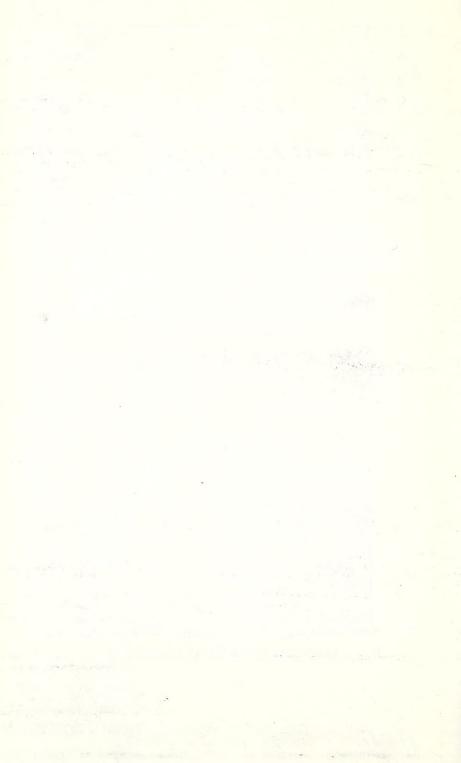




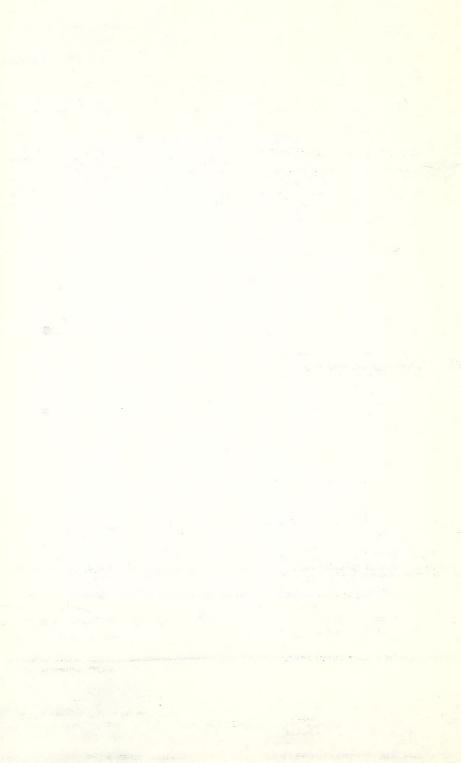
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



GRANGE HALL, MILL VILLAGE, N. H.



RUNNING FREE



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The first license was granted Capt Amos Hall, February 9, 1793, "to sell or retail spiritous liquors of all kinds, by a larger or smaller quantity, for one year." Captain Hall was also appointed taverner in the early spring of 1795.

For many years two taverns were kept in town, one at

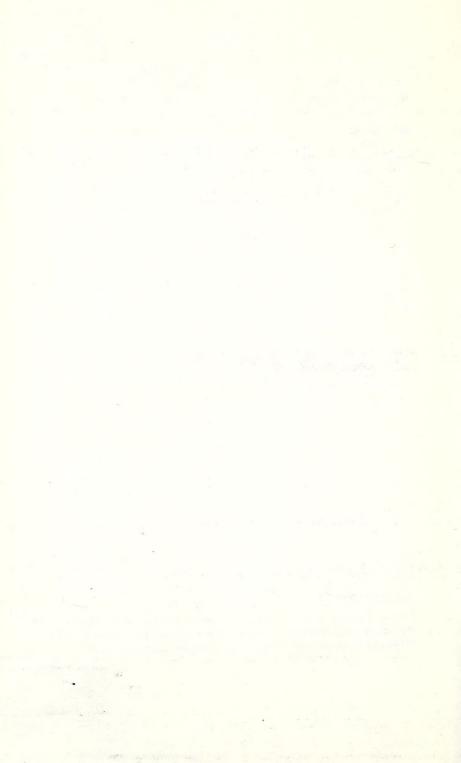
Mill Village and the other at Goshen Corner.

The old Trow Tavern at Goshen Corner was built probably about 1806 by one Calvin Farnsworth, who came to this town from Washington. It was situated a few rods south of the present post-office building at the Corners, facing westerly to the turnpike, only its lilac-screened cellars now remaining to mark the spot. Captain Trow was its last landlord. Then for many years it stood vacant, until a gale in February, 1878, a part of the roof was blown off, causing it to be demolished the following summer.

But as the town grew and its people prospered not only were turnpikes and taverns built and maintained, but also schools and churches of which the good people were justly proud. John Towne of Newport wrote in 1888, mentioning this fact:

"To Goshen Corners I did go,
Where the wind was fresh and cooling
And the good people there I found
Believed in thorough schooling."

In the early days of the "Line School-house," so styled because it was built upon the bound between Goshen and Newport, it was quite the custom to throw out unpopular teachers. One winter term three masters had been thus served and in desperation the school-committee hired Lemuel P. Cooper of Croydon to complete the term merely giving notice that school would begin again Monday. Cooper was then a young man, standing six feet three inches in height, and the champion wrestler of the county. At one time he was strongly supported for governor by the Labor Reform party. Monday morning came and a boy was chopping wood in front of the schoolhouse when a tall stranger approached and asked, "School keeping now?"



110

GOSHEN

The boy replied that it was. "We've thrown out three masters and a new one is coming to-day—we don't know who," he explained."

"Well now, that is a joke. Going to throw out the new master?" the stranger inquired.

If they didn't like him they would and might anyway; they had a plan the boy hinted. So the two talked on and the stranger decided to stop and see the fun.

Scholars began to come and still the new master had not appeared. Talk about him and the new plan ran freely, in which the stranger joined. At one minute of the school-hour the tall stranger stepped up to the teacher's desk, then turning quickly and whipping out a ruler like a small club, he banged it upon the desk before him and thundered out, "Come to order! I am your master."

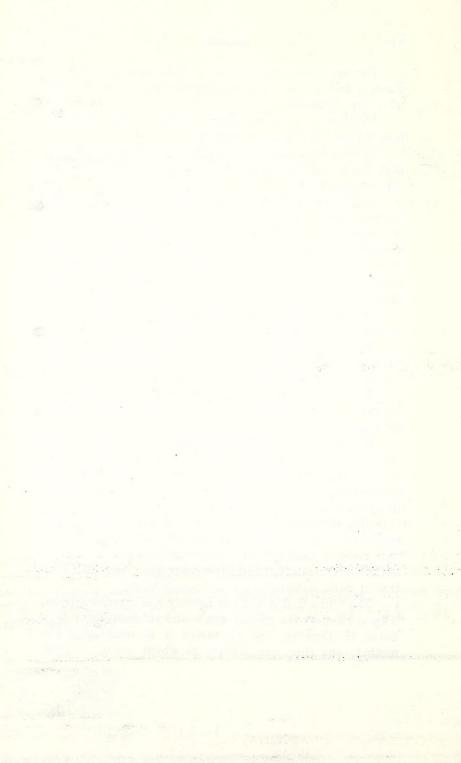
He was Lemuel P. Cooper and, needless to say, a more peaceful term of school was never taught.

The Congregational Church was the first religious society formed in town. The church was organized February 23, 1802, with nineteen members.

The Baptist church was organized at the home of Deacon Parker Tandy, October 12, 1803, with thirteen constituent members.

In December, 1850, Rev. Eleazer D. Farr of Hartford, Vt., then missionary in Lowell, Mass., visited the church, found a membership of but twenty-one, and decided to accept the pastorate. During the first year of his labors he caused the erection of the present church edifice (1851), traveling throughout this state and Massachusetts soliciting funds for its building. He assumed all expense in his own name, worked with his carpenters, draughted the plans for the house himself, and November 12 it was dedicated free of debt, although built at a cost of \$1,095.

The Olive G. Pettis Free Library was established January 1, 1890, by the gift of 450 bound volumes, from Mrs. Sarah H. Deming, who so named it in memory of her mother, and this fine library to which many volumes



have been added each year was placed last November in a handsome new library building, built by public subscription and fittingly dedicated.

Goshen has a War Record of which to be proud having sent seven to the Revolution, and at least one in 1812. When the call came in 1861 she outdid all previous records by sending 58 brave soldiers to the front from her meagre supply of young men.

The town also furnished four in the Spanish-American

War.

GOSHEN OF TO-DAY

The population in 1900 was 345. The Town Report for the year ending February 15, 1908, begins thus:

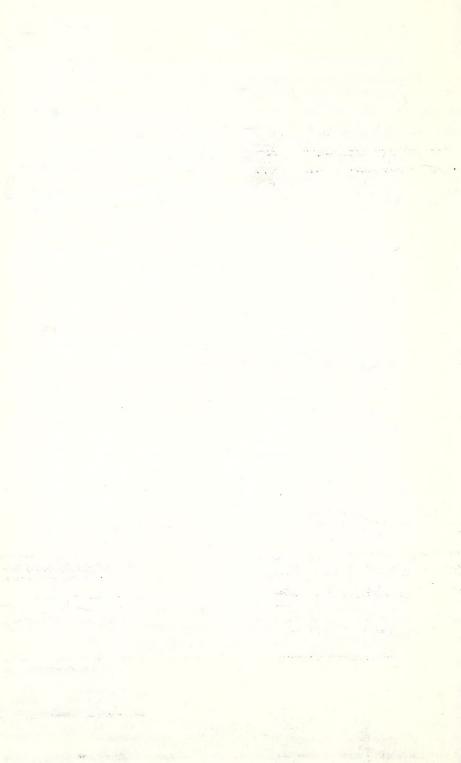
Valuation of improved and unimproved land and buildings \$111,390, Number of horses, 139; cows 214, sheep 145. Stock in trade \$6,946.

The 1908 town report also shows the town to be an excellent health resort and this item should not be overlooked by the vacationist.

Report of Board of Health

"No contagious diseases during the year and only one death from tuberculosis," and in the vital statistics we find only eight deaths registered from all causes. This alone should be a good advertisement for our summer hotel proprietors to display and it is not to be wondered at that the business is rapidly growing. Mr. S. C. Winter at the village Mr. Lew Bowlby at the "Corners" and Mr. Thissell near Rand's Pond, all having full houses the whole summer long.

Farming is the principal occupation. Corn and potatoes constitute the main crops, little grain being raised and that for stock-feeding. Of stock, cows are accounted the most profitable, fresh milk being sold to Whiting of Boston. Poultry raising proves profitable also, some large flocks of turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens being raised each year



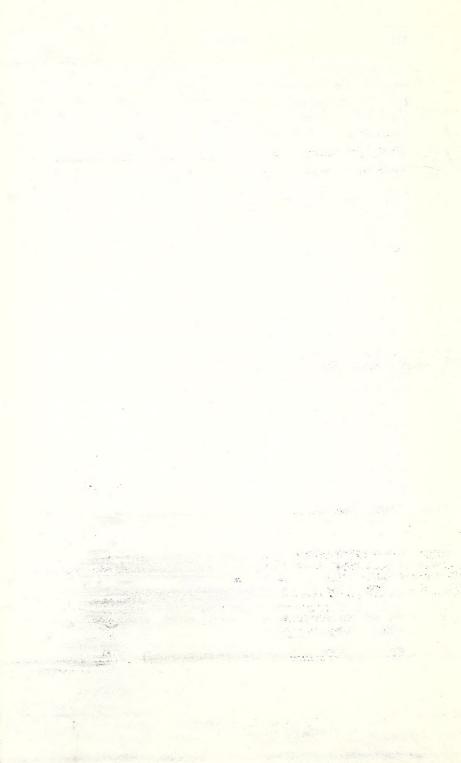
and dressed and shipped to Massachusetts every fall in time for the Thanksgiving and Christmas trade. Among the most successful of these poultry raisers are such as John Pike, noted for his large and brown eggs, John Gocha, E. W. Pike, Miss Pettis, Mrs. Whipple, Burke Booth, Fred Pike and The Nelsons, whose large flocks of turkeys are of much interest to the visitor.

A large quantity of first-rate maple syrup is produced each season, which readily brings a high price in the markets, and in a good season many a farmer clears one hundred dollars above all expenses for his one month's hard work of wallowing in the snow, tapping his trees, gathering the sap and washing the buckets.

Mr. O. E. Farr is one of Goshen's largest maple syrup producers having a suberb sugar orchard of two thousand trees, from which he makes several hundred gallons of syrup each year.

For the last forty years perhaps there has been a steady exodus of the young people from the farm to the city. As soon as they became old enough to choose for themselves, the artificial life, the alleged plentifulness of money and in some instances the real advantages of the city drew the young men and women away from the old farm, but the tide has already begun to set back and in closing as we sum it all up we find houses all occupied—buildings being built repaired, remodeled, repainted—freshening animation in business and all society work. These are encouraging signs of the time.





Rev. Matthew Clark

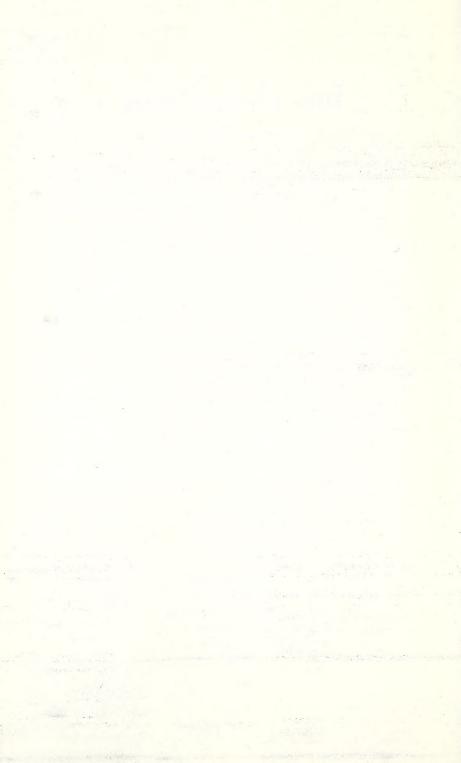
By Marian Douglas

This divine came to Londonderry. N. H., in 1729, soon after the decease of Rev. James McGregor, marrying for his third wife the widow of the latter clergyman. Though never settled as minister over that church he supplied the pulpit here for over six years, and until his death, January 25, 1735, in his seventy-sixth year.

He was an active, earnest worker both in the church and out of it. He had served as an officer in the Protestant army during the siege of Londonderry, Ire., and was wounded by a ball grazing his right temple. This wound never healed and he wore a black patch over it, which shows in his portrait. Something of the military spirit he had imbibed in his earlier life seemed to have followed him in his later years, for it is related that once while serving as moderator of a church meeting the martial music of a training band interrupted his duties. Upon being reminded of his inattention to business he replied: "Nae business while I hear the toot o' the drum."

During divine service one Sabbath a young British office: clad in bright uniform, of which he evidently felt very proud, entered the church and after passing up the centre aisle remained standing, while he was the object of every gaze, no doubt feeling that he was creating a good amount of admiration; especially from the young ladies of the congregation. Seeing the attention of his audience taken up in this manner, Mr. Clark paused in the midst of his sermon, saying; "Ye are a brave lad, ye have a brave suit o' clothes, and we ha'e a' seen them; ye may sit doun." This completely vanquished the young soldier, and he immediately became less conspicuous.—Editor.

Fresh leaves glisten in the sun,
And the air is soft and clear;
'T is the spring-tide of the year
Of our Lord
Seventeen hundred thirty-one.
'T is the robin's wedding-time,
And a breath of plum and cherry,
Makes the air of Londonderry
Sweet as Eden in its prime.



On the road the shadow falls
Of the Reverend Matthew Clark,*
Man of prayer and man of mark,
Out to-day,

Making some parochial calls, Keeper of the village fold, Seventy years he's seen already; Still his step is firm and steady, And his eye is keen and bold.

Neither wrong nor vice he spares; Not alone the pastoral crook, But the smooth stones from the brook.

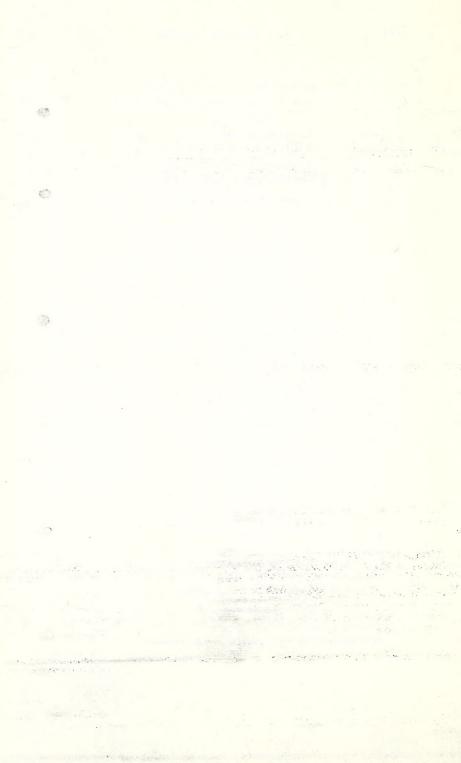
Close at hand,
And the ready sling he bears;
And, if any go astray,
He is not afaid to use them;—
Better wound his flock than lose them
Blindly wandering away.

Hopeful for the days to be, Forward all his dreams are cast, But his memories of the past,

One and all,
Lie in lands beyond the sea;
For, but lately, from abroad,,
To light up the Derry weavers,
Honest men and true believers,
Came this "candle of the Lord."

Matching well his dauntless mien,
On his temple is a scar,
(You can see it just as far
As his wig

^{*}Rev. Matthew Clark was the second minister of Londonderry,



Or the man himself is seen,)
Bravely won, when, Heaven's own liege,
'Mid the groans of starved and dying,
He had fought, on God relying,
In the Londonderry siege.

Still that memory remains;
And a sound of martial strife,
Beat of drum or shriek of fife,
Makes the blood
Thrill and tingle in his veins;
And his heart grows young again,
Thinking of the vanished glory
Of those days renowned in story,
Days of triumph and of pain,

When, his cold breath on each brow, Brave men, without doubt or dread, Looked in death's stern eyes and said, Gravely firm,

"We are stronger far than thou!

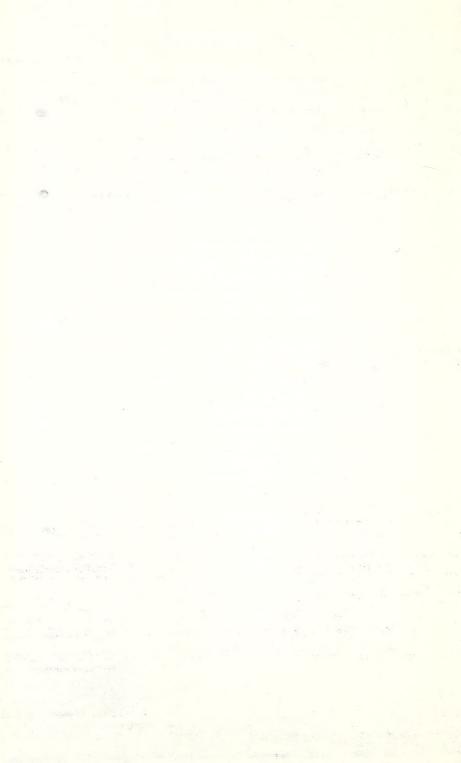
Friends of Truth and foes of Guilt,

Wounded, starving, fainting, breathless,

We are God's, and God is deathless—

Take us, leave us; as thou wilt!"

But, to-day, the air of spring
Breathes around a peaceful calm,
And his thoughts are like a psalm,
"Praise to God!"
Sung by Israel's shepherd king;
And around him Fancy paints
Here the building rod of Aaron,
There the mystic rose of Sharon
And the lilies of the saints.



And the wind that softly steals From the orchard trees in bloom, Laden with their sweet perfume,

Seems to him
Blowing from celestial fields.
Priest and teacher of the town,
Long as stands good Londonderry,
With its stories sad and merry,
Shall thy name be handed down
As a man of prayer and mark,
Grave and reverend Matthew Clark!

Childhood Days

By Helen Merrill Choate

I can never forget the days of old That gleam in memory like threads of gold, When life was sweet as honeyed sips, And never a sigh escaped my lips.

All earth seemed fair, the air was sweet, And love and peace reigned so complete, In my childhood home among the hills, That abounded in lakes and mountain rills.

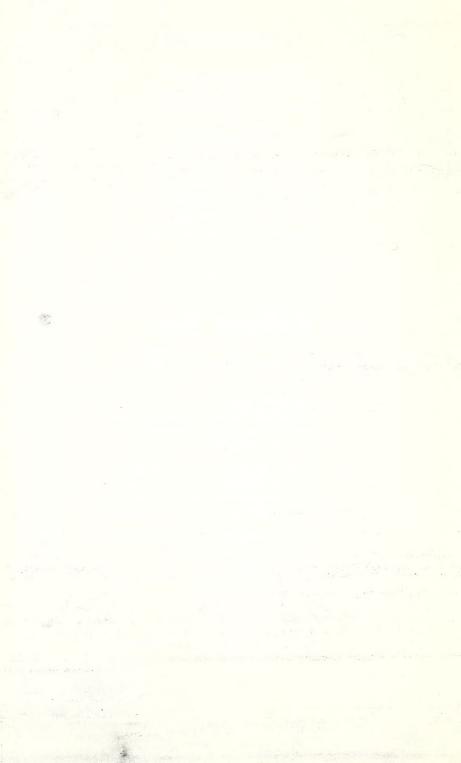
Those happy hours have long passed away, And yet they seem but yesterday, Ah, could I but my steps retrace, And live as of yore in the same old place.

A silent tear is sure to flow,

For the rosy dawn of long ago,

As I turn my eyes with longing gaze,

Toward the backward vista of childhood days.



General Ioseph Cilley

IV

By John Scales, A. B., A. M.

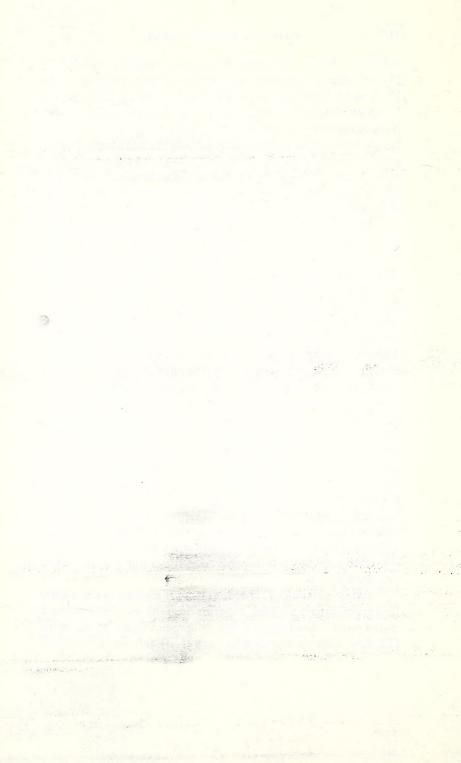
S MAJOR CILLEY was one of the men who helped take the powder from Portsmouth and carry it up the Pascataqua River to Durham, from where it was distributed, he knew just what towns to which to go and get it, in that time of distressing need. Some of it had already been used at the battle of Bunker Hill by Colonels Stark and Reid. Major Cilley attended to the duty assigned him and in due time had the powder on the way to Winter Hill for use of the soldiers under General Sullivan's command. The reader must bear in mind that they did not have any telephones, telegraphs or postoffices, and not very good roads in those days. All letters and messages had to be sent by special carriers, who rode on horseback, the latter being the way Major Cilley went from town to town and gave orders for moving the powder. When it came to carting the powder to Exeter, and thence to Winter Hill, the work was done by ox teams; they were slow, sturdy oxen and patriots held the goads, and if slow they got there without delay. That campaign of 1775 was the liveliest New Hampshire ever saw, and Major Cilley was one of the most active men. He was also one of the foremost during the siege of Boston, from August, 1775, till the evacuation, March 17, 1776. Occasionally he took a hand in arranging the defences at Portsmouth Harbor in the fall of 1775.

When the British left Boston, General Washington anticipated that the next attack would be on New York, so he marched his army as rapidly as possible to that place, where he waited and watched for the movements of

Admiral Howe. General Sullivan's brigade, of which Major Cilley's regiment (Third) was a part, went to New York with Washington. While the siege of Boston was going on, General Montgomery from Ticonderoga and the New Hampshire troops under Benedict Arnold from Cambridge had attempted to capture Quebec, and failed, Montgomery losing his life (Dec. 31, 1775). The army then commenced the retreat up the St. Lawrence River, pursued by the British forces. General Thomas was placed in command of the American Army.

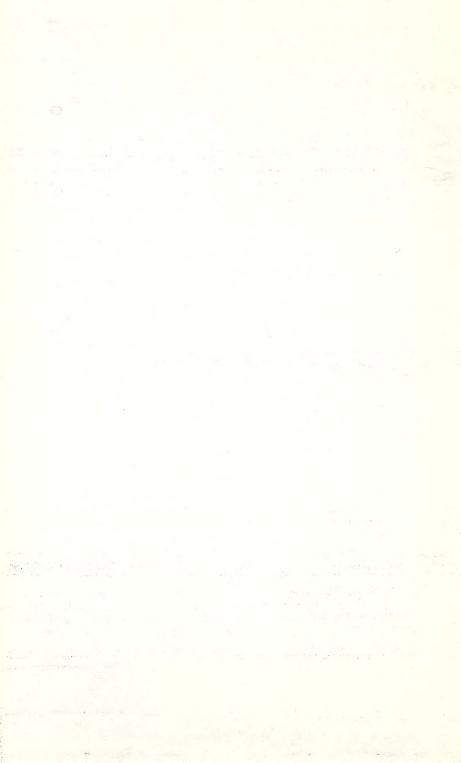
To relieve and save the army from destruction General Washington ordered General Sullivan and his brigade to march as speedily as possible to Canada. Sullivan left New York April 22, 1776, went up the Hudson river, then overland to Ticonderoga, down Lake Champlain to the Sorel River, down that river to the St. Lawrence, and so on until he met and saved General Thomas's army, Thomas having died before Sullivan arrived at the point of meeting. Then came the retreat; many of the men sick with smallpox; but at length General Sullivan and his army reached Ticonderoga. The whole story is thrilling and soul-stirring, the bravery and the suffering of the men, the skill and good generalship of Sullivan, make one of the remarkable chapters in the history of the Revolutionary War. Major Cilley had been promoted to Lieut.-Colonel in June, on retirement of John McDuffee, and was a conspicuous, brave and useful officer during the Canadian campaign of rescue. It was fortunate that he kept his health all through it, while so many of his men were sick. When Sullivan's army reached Crown Point and went into camp, Colonel Trumbull took a look at them; he says: "I did not look into a tent or hut in which I did not find either a dead or a dving man."

After remaining there and at Ticonderoga a while, General Gates being the superior in rank of Sullivan and in command, Sullivan and his brigade of New Hampshire (Lt. Col. Cilley's regiment a part of it) left for New York



and joined Washington, at some day in the last of July 1776. Washington's army then consisted of about 20,000 men, of whom one fifth were sick, Lieut. Col. Cilley not being one of the list. Washington was soon re-enforced by 7,000 troops, mostly New England men. Against them, on Staten Island, Generals Clinton and Cornwallis had 24,000 of the best disciplined, healthy and well-fed soldiers in the world. Clinton was preparing to go over into Long Island, and then attack Washington, who divining the purpose of the British, sent a considerable part of his army across East River to Long Island and placed General Greene in command to meet Clinton's army. Among the troops who went over were General Sullivan's brigade, one regiment of which was Lieut. Colonel Cilley's, the Third New Hampshire. Previous to the battle August 27, 1776, there were several days of manoeuvering by both armies to get in touch. General Greene was taken sick and General Sullivan took his place for a while, then General Putnam was put in chief command and held it until the defeat and retreat were completed. It is not the purpose of this article to describe the battle in detail. Suffice to say that when Sullivan was surprised and taken prisoner, Lieut.-Colonel Cilley's regiment and most of the other New Hampshire troops fought their way through the British lines which surrounded them and retreated successfully across East River to New York. That was the first actual fighting in battle in which Cilley was engaged, and he showed himself to be a brave, fearless and skillful officer.

General Carleton compelled Washington to begin his retreat out of New York City September 13 1776. He crossed the Hudson to New Jersey and through that State to Pennsylvania; Cilley and the other New Hampshire troops were with him. Then followed the battle of Trenton December 26, 1776, and the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. When the British had driven Washington's army across the Delaware River General Howe felt sure that the

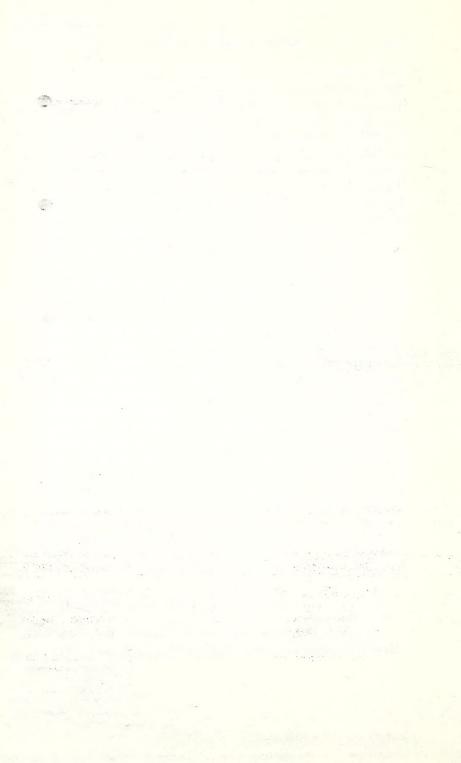


back of the "rebellion" was broken, and his army was taking things easy, encamped along the Jersey bank of the Delaware. Lieut. Colonel Cilley was with his old Durham friend, General Sullivan, when Washington's army crossed the Delaware, and on that cold winter night when the ice was forming and its surface was covered with floating pieces. The current was swift and the night was dark. Towards midnight a storm of snow and sleet set in and through this they crossed to the Jersey shore. This must have reminded Sullivan and Cilley of the capture they had together made at Fort William and Mary at New Castle two years before. After crossing the river Sullivan marched his part of the army along the road by the river, and the capture of the British force at Trenton soon followed; the grand victory need not be further described here; Sullivan and Cilley were among the heroes.

At Princeton, where Washington outgeneralled Cornwallis by the brilliant camp fires and shrewdly managed flank movement of his army, the New Hampshire troops under Colonels Stark, Reid and Poor were in the thick of the fight and put to flight the British 55th and 40th regiments, which ended the battle. That Lieut. Colonel Cilley did his share of the fighting is a certain fact. Washington then marched his army to Morristown and went into winter quarters, the New Hampshire regiments being with him. During January and February, 1777, these regiments were reorganized. Col. John Stark becoming indignant because Col. Enoch Poor was appointed brigadier general over him by Congress, would not serve longer as Colonel of the First Regiment. So Lieut. Colonel Cilley of the Third Regiment was appointed Colonel of the First Regiment in place of Stark, April 2, 1777.

SERVICE AS COLONEL OF THE FIRST N. H. REGIMENT

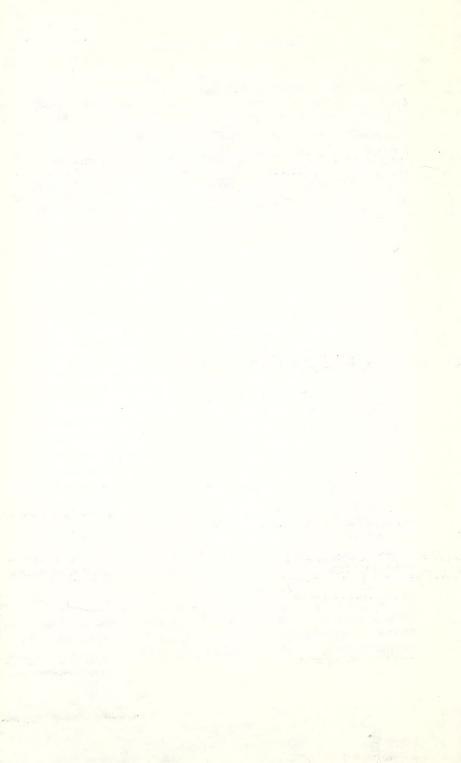
Joseph Cilley was promoted to Colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment February 22, 1777; he received



his commission from congress April 2, 1777, he being then at Morristown, New Jessey; soon after he marched with his regiment to Ticonderoga, as part of General Poor's Brigade. This move was made necessary by the news that a large British force was on the march from Canada to that place, via Lake Champlain and Crown Point. It was said that General Burgoyne had it in mind to march down through Vermont and New Hampshire to Boston and recapture what the British had been compelled to give up when Washington forced them to evacuate that town March 17, 1776.

Colonel Cilley encamped his regiment in the "Old French Lines," in May, having tents for their habitations. The regiments of Colonels Scammell and Dearborn were compatriots on the same beautiful camping ground, and General Enoch Poor was in command at Ticonderoga. It is fortunate for the historian that one man of Colonel Cilley's regiment kept a daily record of the events in which the regiment participated for three years from May 13, 1777, to May, 1781. That man was Thomas Blake, of Lebanon, N. H., who was Lieutenant of one of the companies. The diary was published in 1868 by Mr. Frederick Kidder of Boston. Lieutentant Blake started on his journey from Lebanon May 14, and reached Fort Independence, on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain, May 21, and joined his regiment that day. He says it was a very hard tramp of seven days over very bad roads.

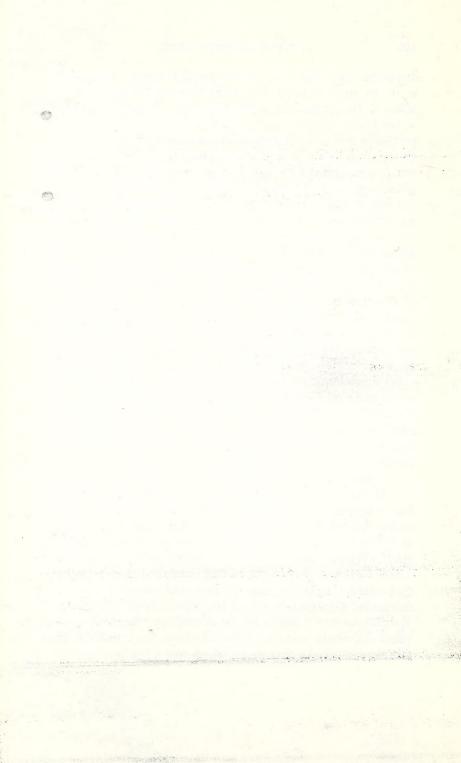
General Poor was superceded in command of Ticonderoga, June 11, by Major-General St. Clair. The enemy had begun to make their appearance then, and Colonel Cilley's regiment had its first encounter with the advance guard, on June 17, the second anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, in which the regiment had taken a conspicuous and important part, under command of its first Colonel, John Stark, Cilley not then being a member of the regiment. In that first encounter Colonel Cilley's men did not suffer loss, but they killed one of the enemy and



dispersed the rest. On June 30, the enemy began to arrive in force, in numerous boats, landing troops on both sides of the Lake and stationing their ships across the water from shore to shore. On July 1st the enemy got possession of Mt. Hope, about one mile from Colonel Cilley's regiment, and the next day the regiment had a sharp encounter with the enemy; five of our men were killed, four were wounded and one man was taken prisoner; Colonel Cilley's son Jonathan, a boy of fifteen years who was serving as an aid on his father's staff. The boy was retained as a prisoner for a while, but when General Burgoyne learned that he was the son of a colonel of a New Hampshire regiment he granted him a pass to return to the American lines and permitted him to select any article of clothing he might desire from the large amount Burgoyne's men had captured from the American army, when it beat such a hasty retreat from Ticonderoga. Jonathan was also provided with an old horse and a pair of saddle bags containing proclamations by Burgoyne, ordering the rebel Americans to surrender. He overtook his father somewhere on the line of retreat from Lake Champlain to North River. Colonel Cilley took one of the proclamations and read it aloud in the presence of his regiment; then ordering all of the circulars to be torn in pieces and scattered to the wind, he said:

"Thus may the British Army be scattered!"

During this disastrous retreat, at night, when everything was in confusion, Gen. Kosciuszko, not being able to find his own horse, took the first that came in his way. It belonged to Adjutant Caleb Stark of Colonel Cilley's staff. When Stark came for his horse and not finding it where he left it, proceeded on foot until daylight, when he discovered the Polish general mounted on his horse and demanded his property, which the other refused to give up. Kosciuszko was a highly educated military officer, then 31 years old; Stark was a youth of 18 years; the Polish officer was very impulsive, and young Stark was a "chip of the old

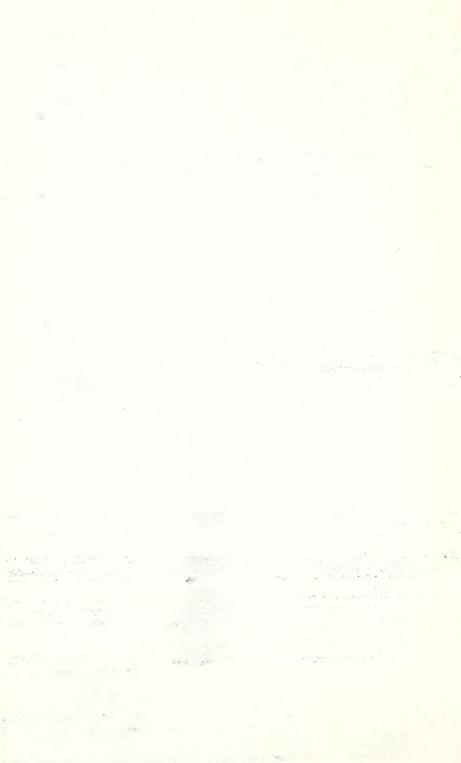


block," having served with his father at the battle of Bunker Hill; high words ensued between the Pole and the Yankee. Stark challenged him to fight a duel; Kosciuszko replied, that "a subaltern is not of sufficient rank to meet a brigadier general."—"If he is not," said a person coming up on foot, "I am. This officer, general, is my adjutant, the horse is his property, and his demand is a proper one." "Ah, Colonel Cilley," replied the general, "if that is the case I will give up the horse." The adjutant recovered his horse; but in half an hour afterward, Colonel Cilley, who had lost his own horse, said, "Stark, I am tired, you must lend me your horse," which request was cheerfully complied with, as Cilley was a man of 43 years. That retreat from Ticonderoga and the summer campaign on the upper part of the Hudson river, was a very trying time to

the regiment and its officers.

The abandonment of Ticonderoga began very suddenly, as the enemy came upon the Americans in an unexpected, and as was supposed, impossible quarter. On the night of July 6, Lieutenant Blake says, "The First Regiment was ordered to strike its tents about one o'oclock in the morning, and parade as soon as possible with packs and provisions. As soon as we were paraded we marched over Mt. Independence, where we found all in moving posture, the boats and batteaux chiefly loaded, the provisions not all taken in, the clothing chests all broken open, the clothing scattered about and carried off by all who were disposed to take, and everything in great confusion. About sunrise the last of the boats and the rear guard left the Mount, by which time the enemy were in the 'French lines.' The body of the army marched as far as Castleton, which is about 30 miles, and the rear guard with the men who could not keep up with the body, tarried at Hubbardtown six miles back."

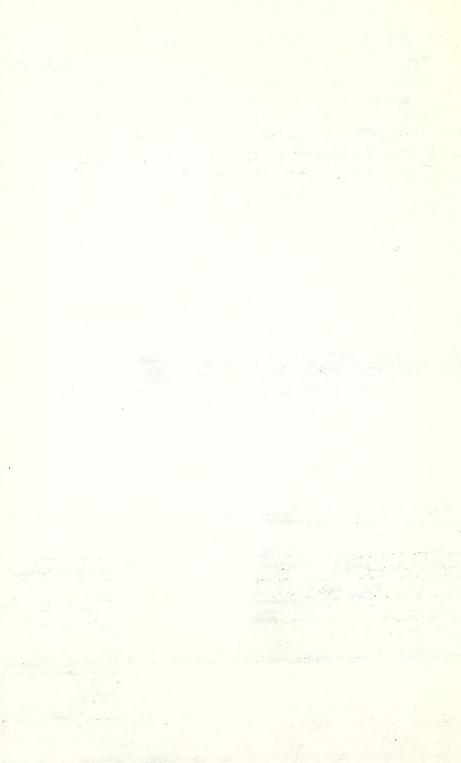
Colonel Cilley's regiment was not of the number that "tarried at Hubbardtown" and had a lively fight with the advance guard of the enemy, but kept on and after a very



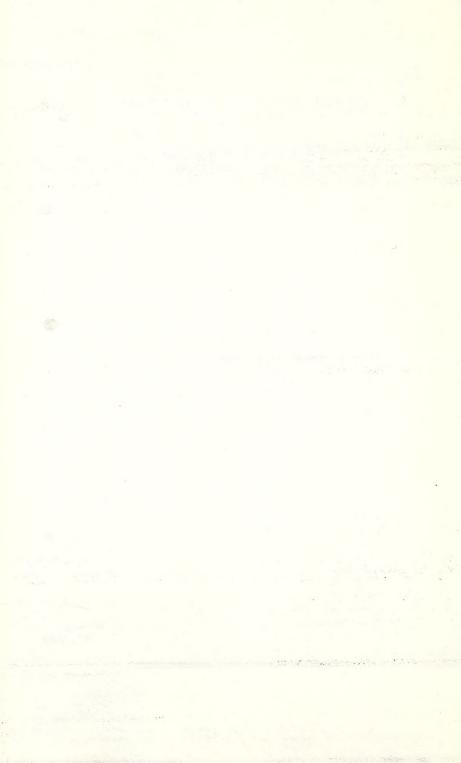
fatiguing march of five days came to North or Hudson River, along the banks of which, several weeks later. occurred the battles which led to the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. From that date to September 10, the regiment was engaged in hard work, along the river, at various points, but they had no fighting to do with the enemy. On Sept. 10, Lieutenant Blake says:-"We began to fortify on the heights back of Stillwater, and built a floating bridge across the river, etc." On the 12th they marched up the river about three miles, and encamped on the high ground, about half a mile from the river, known by the name of Bemis's Heights, where they fortified, the enemy then being at Saratoga. There they prepared, with the rest of the army, for the first great battle with Burgoyne, which took place on the 19th and concerning which Lieutenant Blake very modestly says:

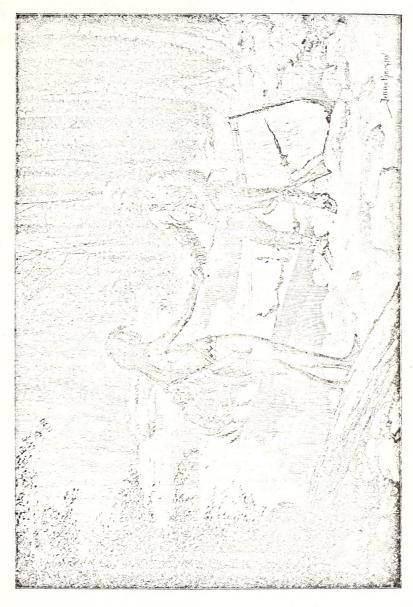
"About 12 o'clock (noon) the First New Hampshire Regiment marched out to meet the enemy. We met them about one mile from our encampment, where the engagement began very closely, and continued about 20 minutes, in which time we lost so many men, and received no reenforcement, that we were obliged to retreat, but before we got to the encampment we met two regiments coming out as a re-enforcement, when we returned and renewed the attack, which continued very warm until dark, at which time we withdrew and retired to our encampment. In this engagement the enemy had two field pieces in the field, which we took three or four times, but as it was in the woods, they were not removed."

(To be continued)

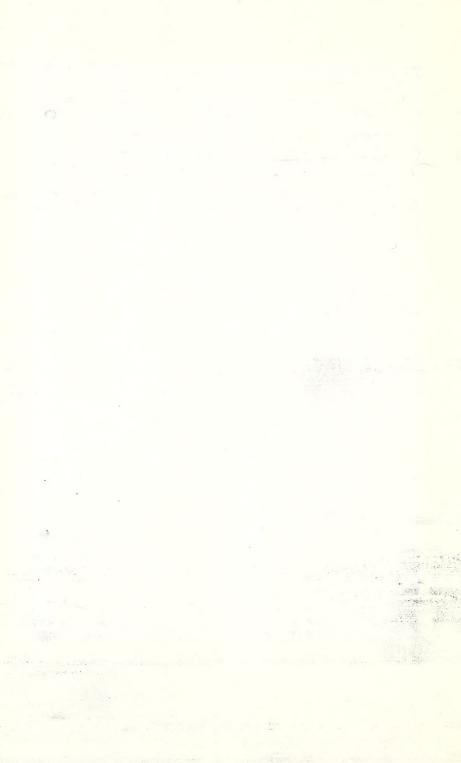


CHARACTER SKETCHES No. X "COUREUR DU BOIS"





NGTON



Character Sketches

X

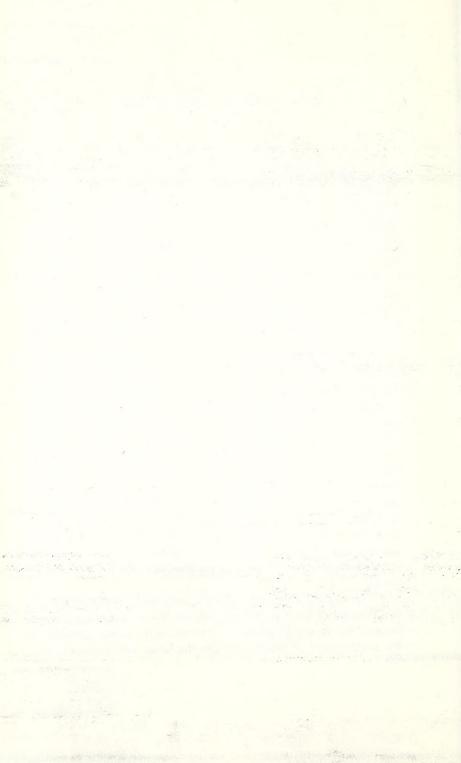
"Coureur du Bois"

OLLOWING in the wake of Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, was a character in New France, which was the opposite of the Puritan in New England. Instead of a home-maker

the coureur du bois was a rover of the wilderness, the fur trade of his day offering him a ready excuse for his wanderings. A restless nature ever urged him on to find solace for a soul that neither compassed peace nor longings that were satisfied, he was continually prompted to seek new and distant sections of the vast solitude where the white man's foot had never penetrated.

In the lives of the coureurs du bois, "runners of the woods," -- "runners of risks," says the keen-witted Hontan-Canada offers a prolific source of romance. With a swarthy face, his small head covered with a red woolen cap, made loose, or a head-gear from the skin of the fox or the wolf, his lithe body clad in blanket coats, girthed about the waist with stout leathern thongs, his lower limbs encased in deerskin leggings, fringed along the seams, and his feet thrust into moccasins ornamented with porcupine quills, the Canadian ranger looked what he was, the most picturesque character that came to the front in that adventurous period. In the course of his career he wandered over all the great North West. Without him New France must have remained a dream in the troubled sleep of the French; with him she became a night-mare.

The nearest approach to him among the English has been the Trapper of the Far West, who led the way to civilization beyond the Rocky Mountains. He found his closest rival in the sable hunter of Siberia, though the latter never disturbed

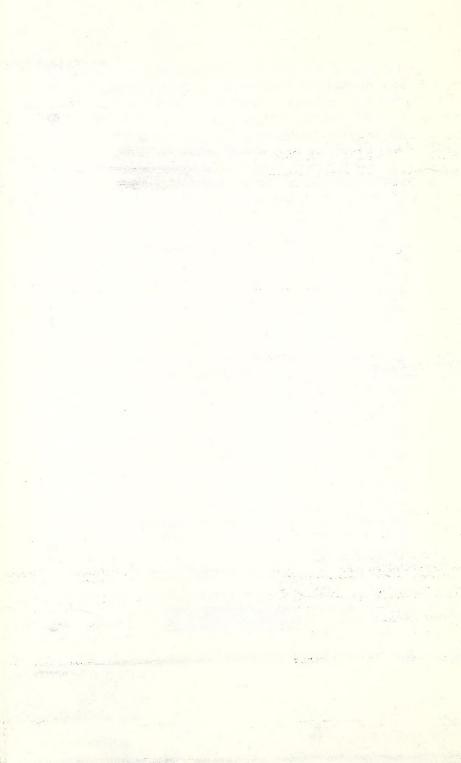


the peace of the country or threatened its morals as did the lone fur-trader of the Northwest. As a gold-seeker rather than a fur-seeker, an element closely allied with him in spirit over-ran Australia for a period, and then vanished as swiftly and mysteriously as it had come, even as the coureur du bois disappeared from the Canadian wilds.

Those who may feel that the predominating trait of the coureur du bois was closely allied to savagery should not forget that it is but a step backward from civilization to barbarism. Nor is the spirit yet wholly removed from us. In the rapidity and pleasure with which men delight to isolate themselves, break away from the shell of conventionality and wallow in the furrow of indolent imagery, we see ample proof of this. We see it typified in the hunter lured into the forest depths under the pretence of slaying some helpless victim which falls an easy prey to him, but himself in reality governed by the irresistible impulse to be alone. We see evidence of this trait in the disappointed man who immediately shuts himself up in a prison house of nature with himself as turnkey. There is evidence of it in the naturalist, in the mountaineer, in the very friend who frequently breaks from the social ties of life to wander in the open fields, to roam in the fastness of the forest, the loneliness of the mountain, the sublimity of the seashore. It is the vital spark of humanity. As long as its embers last there will be hope for the race.

Our wild life in this country is happily gone. That more modern production, the cowboy, has laid aside his picturesque personality and become that more prosaic figure, a laborer. Even the dusky-hued warrior of the wilderness has laid down his bow and arrow, and complacently smokes, day by day, the pipe of peace.





The Old Crown Point Road

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE HON.
ALBIN S. BURBANK AT CAVENDISH, VT., SEPTEMBER
17, 1909, AT THE DEDICATION BY THE D. A. R. OF
A MEMORIAL TO THE MEMORY OF THE BUILDERS OF
THIS GREAT MILITARY HIGHWAY IN 1759-60.

While not coming within the territory of New Hampshire our state had then and later a decided interest in the old road running from her outpost on the Connecticut River, Old Number Four, to those important defences on the shores of Lake Champlain, Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These last places, together with Fort William Henry at Lake George, had been built at great expense and must be maintained in order for the British to hold their supremacy of the American continent against their allied foes, the French and Amerinds. The need of this road had been seen through the earlier stages of the Seven Years' War, when it had been found so difficult to unite with sufficient ease and celerity the forces of New England and the west.

Accordingly the task, greater for its day than now seems evident, was begun in 1759, and two New Hampshire men, Col. John Goffe and Capt. John Stark, were selected to take charge of the construction of the two divisions of the road. The way, practically a bee-line between its objective points, was built on the high lands and avoided the swamps. The wisdom of its projectors was quickly shown, and it became one of the prime factors in determining the result of the long and arduous struggle. It seemed like the irony of fate that this highway should prove the means of the downfall in this country of its military builders, in less than a score of years. Without this road it is doubtful if Gen. John Stark could have rallied and marched his men across the province of the Green Mountains in season to have made his heroic and victorious stand at Bennington in the darkest hour of the Revolution.

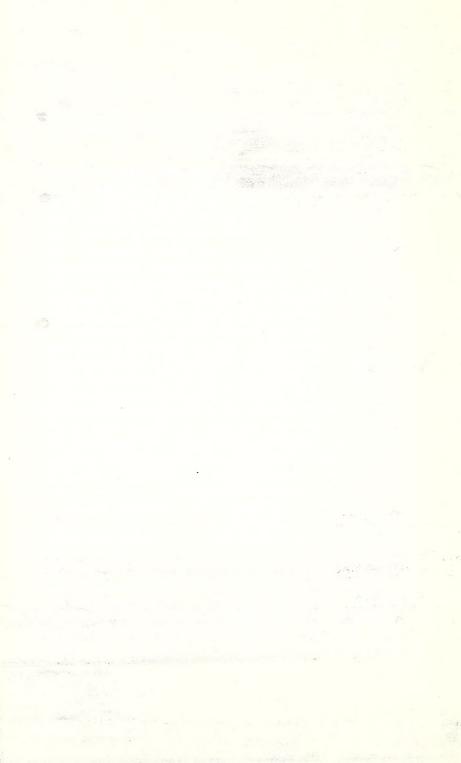
The President of the day, Hon. Gilbert A. Davis, in his introductory remarks at the unveiling of the tablet at Springfield, Vt., says aptly. "The building of this road was no insignificant event, but an enterprise of great national importance. We do well to honorit and mark its location, as

has been done from the Connecticut River along its line up into Weathersfield. Unless this road had been built, perhaps George Washington, General Stark, Ethan Allen, and thousands of others... men whom we justly regard as patriots and heroes, would have been classed as rebels and traitors; the Declaration of American Independence would have been regarded as a crime and a blunder."—Editor.

HIS is historic ground and has been trodden by many thousand soldiers in those early days. There is a tradition that the cannon captured by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga were taken to Boston over this route, but we are unable at this late day to verify the legend. In order that we may better understand the necessity for this road (which was a great undertaking for those days) I shall recall some points in the early history of the Colonies, and take up some of the important events connected therewith, giving prominence to Number Four, which was so intimately connected with the road.

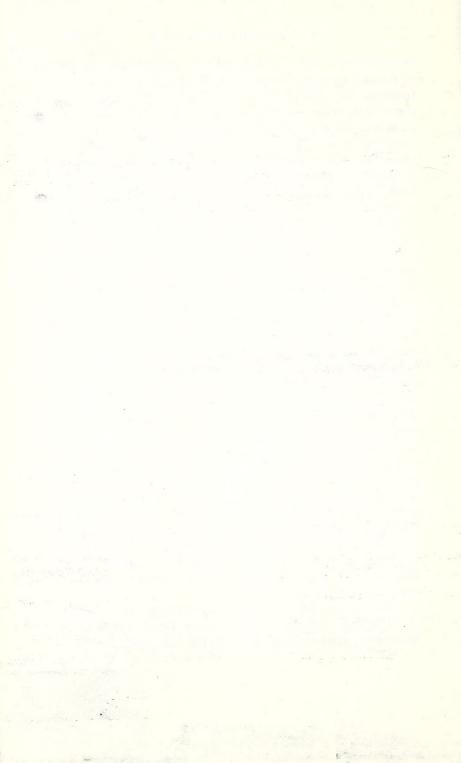
At the end of Queen Anne's War in 1713, there was no English settlement or lodgement on the Connecticut River above Greenfield, then "Green River Farms," a district of Deerfield. In 1714 Northfield became permanently established as the frontier town. During the Father Rales War of 1722-25, which was mainly a rising of some of the Indian tribes, led by the Jesuit priest and backed by the French governor, Vaudrieul, the outpost was advanced up the west side of the river above Northfield with the erection of Fort Dummer, now Brattleboro.

With the close of that war Fort Dummer became a truck house for trading with the then peaceful Indians coming down from Canada, and soon a slender settlement of traders grew up about it. This was the pioneer settlement of the upper valley of the Connecticut. It was the nucleus of Brattleboro, chartered and named some years later, the first English township in what is now Vermont. It remained the only upper valley settlement until about 1740. Fort Dummer was erected by the province of Massachusetts for the protection of the northwestern frontier of



Massachusetts and Connecticut. It was ordered to be garrisoned by forty able men (English) and western Mohawk Indians. The site of the fort is in the southeastern portion of the town of Brattleboro, still known as Dummer's meadows. It was built under the supervision of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton. Lieut. Timothy Dwight had immediate charge of the work and was the first commander of the fort. He was an ancestor of President Timothy Dwight of Yale. The fort was built on what was known as the equivalent lands, which were four parcels of unoccupied tracts along the west banks of the river between the present limits of Brattleboro, Dummerston and Putney, 107,793 acres in all, which Massachusetts had transferred to Connecticut in settlement of colonial lines. Afterwards Connecticut granted them back to Massachusetts. Thirty years later these townships (complaining of Massachusetts taxation) again of their own motion shifted back to Connecticut. Shortly afterward Connecticut sold them at public vendue and gave the proceeds to Yale College; they brought a little more than a farthing per acre. The purchase fell to four Massachusetts men; these were William Dummer, lieutenant-governor of the province, William Brattle of Cambridge, and Anthony Stoddard and John White of Boston,-hence the name of the fort for the governor and the town for the Cambridge man. The fort was a stout structure built of yellow pine and thought to be proof against ordinary assaults, but in October following its completion (1724) it was attacked by Indians and four or five of the garrison killed or wounded. Subsequently a stockade was built around it, composed of stout square hewn timbers twelve feet long, set upright in the ground, inclosing an acre and a half. This and Number Four erected later were the chief military outposts until the conquest of Canada.

In 1740 three families from Lunenburg, Mass., began the east side settlement of Number Four, which later became Charlestown, and in 1743 a fort was erected. Capt.



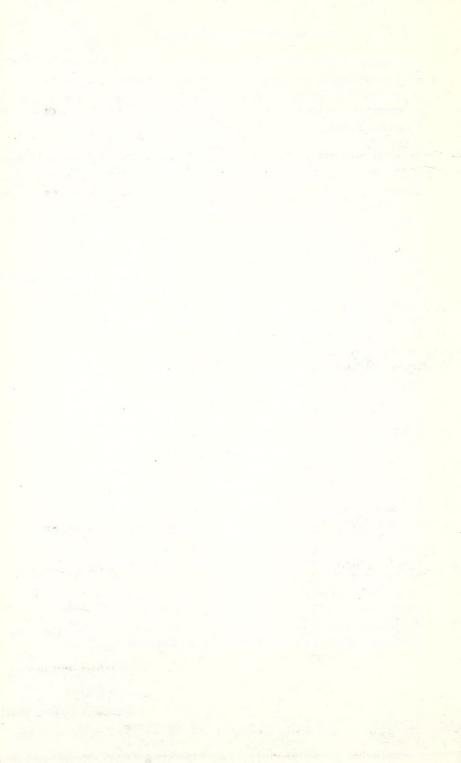
Phineas Stephens was early there, and became the hero of Number Four. He was a soldier of exeptional ability and skill, and was familiar with the methods of Indian warfare, having in his youth been a captive of the St. Francis tribe, taken with his brother at Rutland, Mass., during a raid of Father Rales war. Late in March, 1746, having been employed elsewhere, he returned with forty-nine men to Number Four, which was now a plantation of nine or ten families, to save the fort from falling into the hands of the enemy, and arrived just in time, for a force of French and Indians under Ensign de Niverville was close upon it. On the 19th of April and in May and June there were assaults by the Indians, and in July the fort was besieged for two days. Throughout the rest of the summer it was blockaded. In August the enemy destroyed all the horses, cattle, and hogs in the settlement, and then withdrew. Number Four was evacuated and lay deserted until March, 1747, when Captain Stevens again returned with thirty rangers. He found the fort uninjured and received a joyous welcome from two inmates—an old spaniel and a cat left at the evacuation. On the 4th of April a body of trained French soldiers and Indian warriors appeared, variously estimated at from four to seven hundred; then followed the siege which lasted for five days. But Captain Stevens and his men stood firm, and although the enemy endeavored to fire the fort, they were unsuccessful. Finally at a parley the French commander promised if the men would lay down their arms and march out; their lives would be spared, otherwise he would set the fort on fire and run over the top of it. Assembling his men, the captain put it to vote whether to fight on or to capitulate. All to a man voted to stand it out as long as they had life. About noon of the fifth day, the enemy proposed if the besieged would sell them provisions they would leave and not fight any more. To this the captain replied he would not sell them provisions for money, but if they would send in a captive for every five bushels of corn he would supply them. Soon after a few

guns were fired and the enemy withdrew. So ended the remarkable battle of 700 against 30. Of the enemy many were slain, but the besieged had none killed and only two wounded. An express carried the news to Boston, and Captain Stevens' gallant defense won the admiration, expressed in the gift of an elegant sword, of Sir Charles Knowles of the British navy, then in Boston, whose name was subsequently bestowed on the settlement at Charlestown.

Number Four, as the outermost post with no settlement within 40 miles of it, again bore the brunt of war through the troubled period of 1754 to 1760, and suffered many hardships. It received the first hard shock of the outbreak when in August, 1754, a band of Indians burst into the house of Capt. James Johnson, siezed the seven inmates and hurried them all off to Canada. The story of the adventures and sufferings as told in Mrs. Johnson's narrative is familiar to many of us.

In 1755 the Indians came swooping down the valley again. About midsummer news came that 500 Indians were collecting in Canada to exterminate the whole white population on the river. The settlers were attacked at different times at Walpole and Bellows Falls, and twice at Hinsdale. While the assault at Walpole was the last by the Indians in force, roaming bands continued to infest the frontier towns till the close of the war. In the spring of 1757, a band of French and Indians came again upon Charlestown, and attacking the settlers carried five to Canada and there sold them into slavery as usual, only two surviving their captivity. After the spring of 1757, Number Four was under the jurisdiction of the king's officers. The fort was the rendezvous of various colonial regiments and a headquarters of rangers.

In 1755 France was in possession of Canada; and the western shore of Lake Champlain, with Fort Carrillon at Ticonderoga and Fort Frederick at Crown Point, were also garrisoned by 200 French regulars, 700 Canadians and 600



Indians; the French also had settlements in Louisiana. The English occupied the country south of Canada and west to the Ohio river; Boston was the headquarters and seat of the provincial government for the Massachusetts colonies. England and France, aside from European complications, had cause enough for war on this continent, France having colonized Canada and Louisiana while England had established colonies in between, which separated the French settlements. To connect the latter, and to exclude England from the great fur trade of the interior, France began to erect a series of military posts from the Niagara river to the mouth of the Mississippi. This action was naturally resented by the English and her American colonists, and in 1755 the conflict began by an attack on the French forts in the Ohio valley. George Washington himself fired the first hostile shot in this, the French and Indian War, at a place about forty miles from where the city of Pittsburg, Pa., now stands, and the fight was on between the French and English to see which should have supremacy on this continent. The French enlisted some of the Indian tribes as allies through the influence of the Jesuit priests, and practised many barbarities. They gave the Indians a bounty on the captives they brought in alive, and sold them as slaves to the French residents of Montreal and vicinity. In some cases the captives were held for ransom, and sometimes when the price came it was held and the prisoners not liberated. The war had been continued from 1755 to 1758, the campaign for the latter year had been very successful for the English, and their power was steadily waxing as that of the French waned. Several leading tribes of Indians joined the Six Nations in treaties of neutrality with the English. Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, a brilliant and effective officer, had succeeded to the command of the English forces, displacing the incompetent Lord Loudon. In the early summer of 1759 three great campaigns were arranged by the English, by one of which General Amherst was to proceed against Ticonderoga



and Crown Point and invade Canada by the northern route. He accordingly advanced against Ticonderoga, when the French destroyed the fort and retreated to Fort Frederick at Crown Point. Amherst followed and the French fled to an island in the northern part of Lake Champlain. Thus the whole country around Lake Champlain fell into the hands of the English.

This brings us to the time of building this road. General Amherst wanted men and supplies for his advance upon Montreal. Number Four was the rendezvous for troops enlisted in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the road was necessary. The then unoccupied territory north of the Massachusett line and between the Connecticut and Hudson rivers was constantly crossed and recrossed by armed parties of whites and marauding Indians. It was a vast unguarded frontier, unsafe and liable at any time to be overrun by savage foes, for which reason what is now Vermont was not sooner settled and occupied by the whites.

In January, 1727-1728, the general court of Boston authorized an exploration of the country between the northern frontiers and Canada. One party was to discover that part lying between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain. Later traders had explored by the old Indian trail by way of what is now Springfield, Weathersfield, Cavendish, Ludlow and Plymouth, thence across the mountains by Otter Creek to Lake Champlain. This was the route usually taken by Indians coming down to the truck house at Fort Dummer.

The diary of a journey made in 1730, by a trader, James Cross of Deerfield, describing the course of the trail and the country about it, was laid before the government. The journal read as follows:

"Monday ye 27th April, 1730. At about 12 of ye clocke we left Fort Dummer and travailed that day three miles and lay down that night by West River which is distant 3 miles from Fort Dummer. Notabene, I travailed with 12 Canada Mohawks that drank to great excess at ye fort

and killed a Skatacook Indian in their drunken condition that came to smoke with them.

Tuesday. We travailed upon the great river (Connecticut) about ten miles. We kept ye same course upon ye Great River, traveled about 10 miles and eat a drowned Buck that night. We travailed upon ye Great River within 2 miles of ye Great Falls (Bellows Falls) in said River then went upon land to ye Black River above Great Falls. Went up that river and lodged about a mile and a half from the mouth of Black River which days travel we judged was about 10 miles.

Friday. We cross Black River at Falls (now Springfield Village) afterwards through ye woods Nor-Northwest. Then cross Black River again about 17 miles above our first crossing. Afterwards travel ye same course and pitched our tents on ye homeward side of Black River.

Saturday. We crossed Black River and left a great mountain on ye right hand and another on ye left (Ludlow). Keep a N. W. Course till we pitch our tent after II miles travail by a brook which we called a branch of Black River.

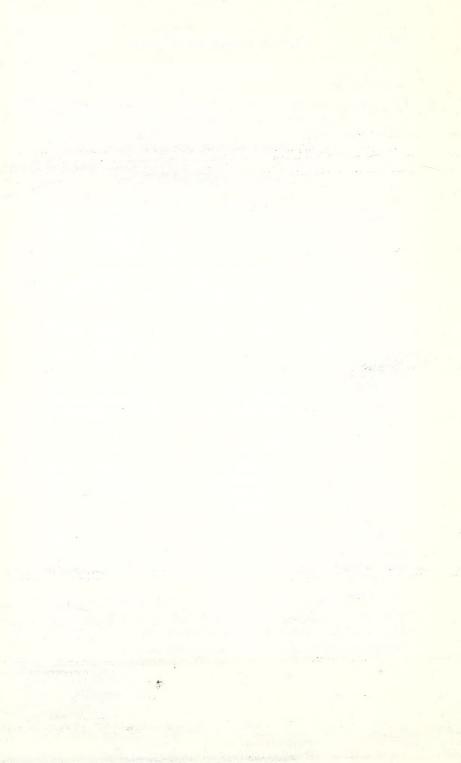
Sabbath Day. We travailed to Black River at ye 3 islands between which and a large pond we past ye Black River and enter a mountain (in Plymouth) that afforded us a prospect of ye place of Fort Dummer. Soon after we enter a descending country and travail till we reach Arthur Creek (Otter Creek) in a descending land. In this days travail which is 21 miles we came upon 7 brooks which ran a S. W. Course at ye north end of said mountain; from Black River to Arthur Creek we judged it is 25 miles.

Monday. Made Canoes.

Tuesday. Hindered travailing by rain. We go in our canoes upon Arthur Creek till we meet 2 great falls (probably Centre Rutland and Proctor) said river is very black and deep and surrounded with good land to ye extremity of our prospect. This days travail 35 miles.

Thursday. We sail 40 miles on Arthur Creek. We meet with great falls (Middlebury) and a little above them we meet two other pretty large falls (at Weybridge) and about 10 miles we meet other large falls (probably Vergennes). We carried our canoe by these falls and came to ye Lake."

The following resolution was passed by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts on the 10th day of March, 1756: "Whereas, it is of great importance that a thorough knowledge be had of the distance and practica-



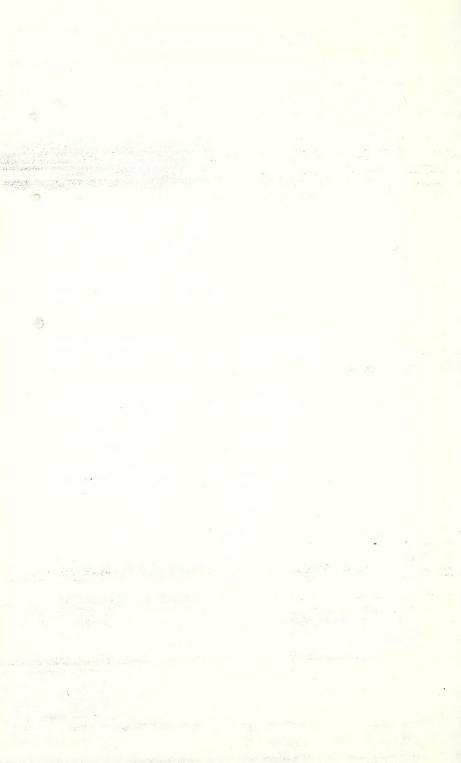
pility of a communication between Number Four, on the Connecticut River and Crown Point, and that the course down the Otter Creek shall be known, therefore: Voted that his Excellency, the Governor, be and he is hereby desired, as soon as may be, to appoint fourteen men upon the service; seven of them to go from said Number Four, direct course, to Crown Point to measure the distance and gain what knowledge they can of the country, and the other seven to go from Number Four to Otter Creek, aforesaid, and down said Creek to Lake Champlain, observing the true course of said Creek, its depth of water, what falls there are in it and also the soil on each side thereof and what growth of wood are near it. Each party of said men to keep a journal of their proceedings and observations and lay the same, on their return, before this court. They to observe all such directions as they may require from his excellency.

"One man in each party is to be a skillful surveyor and the persons allowance made them by the court for their services."

Col. Israel Williams of Hatfield was particularly charged with this duty. It was also proposed to build a strong fort on the height of land between Black River and Otter Creek. A military post was therefore deemed important, as it would furnish an opportunity to prevent the advance of the enemy from Lake Champlain, facilitate operations against Crown Point, and afford a safe retreat for scouting parties from the Connecticut River.

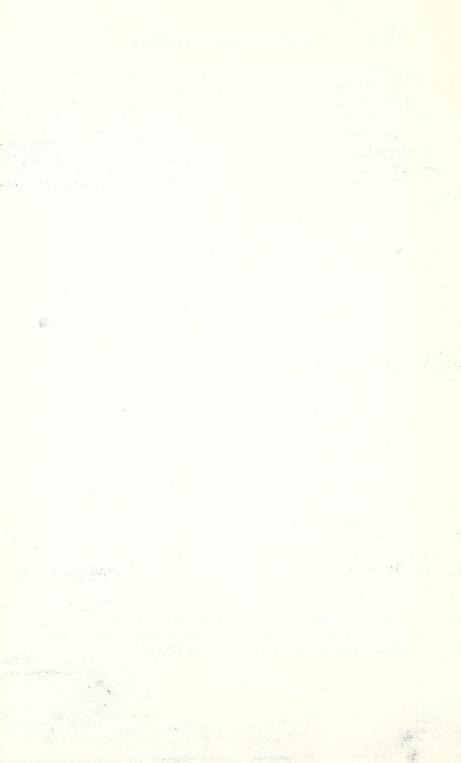
In the following summer Lord Loudon took similer steps for a military road from the Connecticut, and obtained from Colonel Williams a topographical sketch of the country and reports from the scouting officers, but owing to the number of hostile Indians infesting the region, no further attempt was made at that time to build either the fort or the road.

In the spring of 1759, Capt. John Stark, having enlisted a new company, returned to Fort Edward and was



present under General Amherst at the reduction of Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point. After the surrender of Fort Frederick he was ordered by the general with a force of 200 rangers to construct a road through the wilderness from Crown Point to Number Four on the Connecticut. A good wagon road was built from Crown Point to Otter Creek and Colonel Hawks cut a bridle path thence over the mountains, but for some reason did not complete the work. The road commenced at Chimney Point, a short distance from Crown Point, in what is now the town of Addison. An older branch of this road and the only one traveled prior to 1759 (probably an old Indian trail) passed through Centre Rutland northerly to what is now Proctor, following nearly the west Proctor road and the present road in Pittsford west of the Otter Creek, crossing the Hubbardton road, from Pittsford railroad station about a mile west of the present West Creek road, continuing northerly to Breese's mills, thence to Crown Point.

The eastern end of the road, between Number Four and the mountains, was built in the summer of 1760, one hundred and forty-nine years ago. The work was done by Col. John Goffe and his renewed regiment of eight hundred New Hampshire men. They had first opened a road from the Merrimack River towards the Connecticut, clearing a mere bridle path as far as Keene, N. H., and arrived at Number Four in June. Crossing the river, they first built a block house close by the ferry landing and enclosed it in palisades as a protection in case of trouble. They were 44 or 45 days in cutting the road to the mountains where it hit the bridle path cut by Colonel Hawks the year previous. At every mile they set up a post, and twentysix of these posts had been placed when the mountains were reached. Their baggage was carried on ox-teams as far as the mountains, then pack horses were used. Such was the speed with which the work was dispatched that Colonel Goffe's regiment was able to participate in the final expedition against Montreal in September, 1760.



While on this work an epidemic broke out among the soldiers employed, and several died; their bodies were buried at a spot east of the line of the road, in Springfield. The block house at the river, the land adjoining, and two of the king's boats used as a ferry, were given by General Amherst to Luxford Goodwin in payment for carrying a packet to General Murray at Quebec. All but a small part of the road through Springfield was discontinued as early as 1826.

The road was built from a point on the river not far from where the Cheshire bridge is now located, just skirting the southern point of Skitchewaug mountain running

north by west through Springfield.

Many provincial leaders who took part in the French and English war on the English side afterwards became famous in the war of the Revolution on the American side, notably George Washington, Israel Putnam, John Stark and John Hawks; Benjamin Franklin was also major of militia under the king, but found military life not to his taste and resigned.

The Oxen

Shoulder to shoulder all day long
The oxen labor across the field,
The pace is slow, but the plow is strong,
And stubble and tussock yield.
The plowman halts as the sun goes down,
And leaves his plow near the furrowed loam,
Then slowly over the meadow brown.
He follows the oxen home.

Side by side in their stanchions there
The oxen stand at the close of day,
Happy are they and free from care,
Eating their evening hay,
They have borne the yoke from sun to sun,
Shoulder to shoulder in true accord,
And now they reap, when the day is done,
The laborer's just reward.



Early Orford

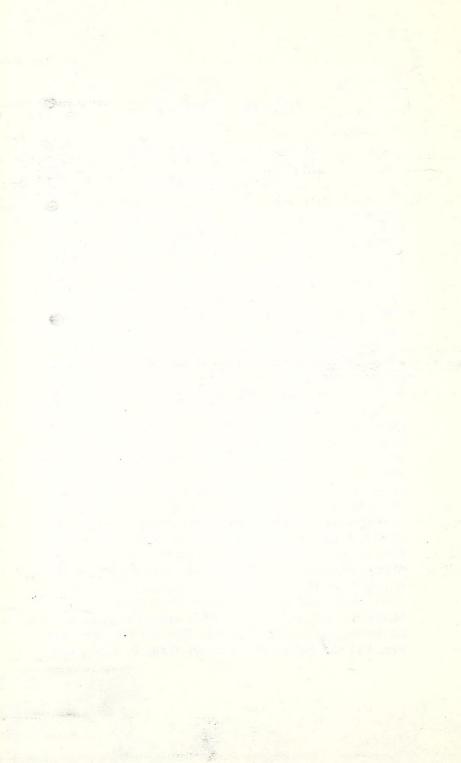
An Incident of Pioneer Days

By REV. GRANT POWERS

HE Town of Orford, N. H., was first settled by Daniel Cross and wife in June, 1765.

John Mann, Esq., and wife, whose maiden name was Lydia Porter, both of Hebron, Conn., came into Orford in the following autumn. They left Hebron on the 16th of October, and arrived in Orford on the 24th of the same month. They both mounted the same horse, according to Puritan custom, and rode to Charlestown, N. H., nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Here Mann purchased a bushel of oats for his horse, and some bread and cheese for himself and wife, and set forward—Mann on foot; wife, oats, bread and cheese, and some clothing, on horseback.

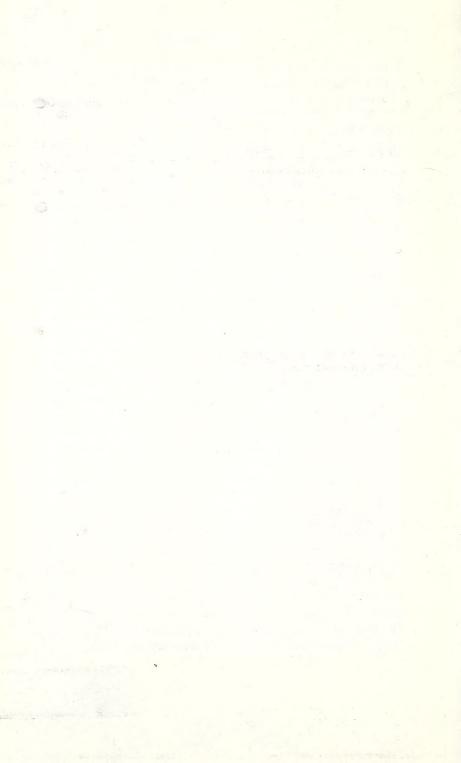
From Charlestown to Orford there was no road but a horse-track, and this was frequently hedged across by fallen trees; and when they came to such an obstruction, which could not be passed around, Mann, who was of a gigantic stature, would step up, take the young bride, and set her upon the ground; then the oats, bread and cheese; and lastly, the old mare was made to leap the windfall; when all was reshipped, and the voyage resumed. This was acted over time and again, until the old beast became impatient of delay, and coming to a similar obstruction, while Mann was some rods in the rear, she pressed forward, and leaped the trunk of a large tree, resisting all the force her young rider could exert; and when Mann came up, which he did in a trice, there lay the bride upon the ground with all the baggage resting upon her. The old creature, however, had the civility not to desert them in this predic-



ament, and, as no bones were broken and no joints dislocated, they soon resumed their journey; Mann, for the rest of the way, constituted the van instead of the rear guard.

When they arrived in Orford, they very naturally made Daniel Cross' tent their first resting place. They were received with all that cordiality and hospitality which characterize those who are separated from all friends and are enclosed by the solitude of a vast wilderness. Cross had reared a shelter for his cow adjoining his own tent, and for that night the cow was ejected and Cross and his wife occupied her apartment, while Mann and his wife improved the parlor. But they were doomed to a sad adventure that night. Cross had felled a large tree, the butt end of which constituted no inconsiderable portion of one side of his house. Into this log he had bored two holes, about four feet apart, and sharpening two sappling poles, he had driven them horizontally into the log, to form the two sides of a bedstead. The other ends of the poles were supported by two perpendicular posts, in the manner of ordinary bedsteads. Elm bark served for cord and sacking. This rigging was adequate to sustain Cross and his companion, a light couple; but when Mann and his partner came into possession, it was quite another affair. Soon after all had retired to rest, this frail fabric of a bedstead suddenly gave way with a carsh, which frightened the tenants of both apartments prodigiously. Mrs. Mann screamed, and this was suddenly responded to from Cross' apartment, "What is the matter?" But after mutual explanations and apologies, Mann and his wife resumed a recumbent position on the floor, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep, with the exception of an occasional interruption from a sudden burst of laughter from the cow apartment.

As Mann came on from Charlestown, he found in the town of Claremont two openings by young men of the name of Dorchester. In Cornish there was but one family, that of Moses Chase. In Plainfield there was one family, Francis Smith. The wife was "terribly" homesick,



and declared she "would not stay there in the woods." In Lebanon, there were three families, Charles Hill, son and son-in-law, a Mr. Pinnick. In Hanover there was one family, Col. Edmund Freeman, and several young men, who were making settlements. In Lyme, there were three families, all by the name of Sloan—John, William and David.

Joe h. Potter

OE H. POTTER was born in Portsmouth, N. H., June 22, 1833, and died in Hillsboro, January 19, 1904, barely outliving his threescore and ten years. He was one of twins—the other, a sister, living but three weeks—born to Clara A. and the Hon. Chandler E. Potter, and was the oldest of three sons, his brothers bearing the names of Treat and Drown.

He passed his early boyhood in the seaport city, his parents moving to Manchester when he was ten years old, where he attended the public schools, ending his school education with a course at Pinkerton Academy in Derry. At fourteen he went to work in his father's printing office, where he remained for several years, assisting in the publication of the Manchester Democrat and setting type, with his brother Treat, upon his father's "History of Manchester." In fact, it is claimed that Judge Potter wrote his well-known history to afford work for "the boys," when the lack of other work allowed them leisure. The "Judge," as he was familiarly called, was noted for his easy going ways, and so the copy on the history did not accumulate much ahead of the young compositors. Realizing their father's weakness, as

well as he did theirs for going fishing, it was their delight to suddenly demand more "copy" whenever he was settled down for an hour of rest in the office. Thereupon the vexed historian would seize his quill and hastily scribble off page after page of matter, until he had met the demands of his tormentors. This erratic manner of writing it accounts in a large measure for the irregular construction of what under proper methods must have been a very meritorious history.

In 1859 Mr. Potter married Miss Olivia Smalley of Gardner, Me., and two years later the couple moved from Manchester to Saginaw, Mich., where he first engaged in the grocery business with his brother Drown, and when the latter went into the army, where he was killed a year later, he returned to his old trade of compositor.

In 1862, a few months after the birth of their only child, Clara Frances Potter, he and his family returned east to settle on the old Pierce homestead at Hillsboro Lower Village. Engaged in farm work for a year, he then, in May, 1863, purchased the plant of the Weekly News, the first paper established in Hillsboro, which he published for four years, besides conducting a job printing department.

In 1867, he sold out the News and started the publication of the Hillsboro Messenger. Retiring from this after a few years, he filled the position of depot master of the Hillsboro Bridge station of the Contoocook River Railroad, under its different managements. He served faithfully in that position for ten years, when poor health obliged him to resign. A severe cold had resulted in asthma, from which he was a great sufferer during his last four years. When able to do so, he worked at the case until he was obliged to give up.

Mr. Potter was a well-read man, especially in historical matters, being very conversant upon affairs in his adopted town, and also of Manchester. Politically, he was a Democrat of the old school. He never held or sought



public office. He was a member of the Old Residents' Association and of the Manchester Historic Association, being deeply interested in both. He had his father's library, which he finally sold to Mr. G. Waldo Browne.

In former years, Mr. Potter belonged to the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, and accompanied them on their celebrated trip to Washington, in 1855. He was at one time a member of the old Hillsboro Cornet Band and was very proficient in his musical entertainments.

In Mr. Potter's death is removed the last lineal representative of his family name, His daughter, who was an accomplished teacher, died April 3, 1888, and he never fully recovered from the blow of her loss. His widow survived him by about three years. The three sleep in the family plot in Deering cemetery.

The Open Road

By Francis E. Falkenbury

There is a good road leading down,
An old brown road from a good old town;
Shaded and shadowed by restful trees,
That softly talk to the fresh young breeze:
And sometime when my heart is sad,
And all the city looks old and gray,
I shall leave the work which drives one mad,
And take that good road leading away,
And follow it on through the ripening day,
Until my soul comes back to me—
My soul which is fettered here and bound
As to iron wheels by the city's sound—
All straight and smooth and free.



General Joseph Cilley

V

By John Scales, A. B., A M.

SERVICE IN THE FIRST N. H. REGIMENT-(Continued)

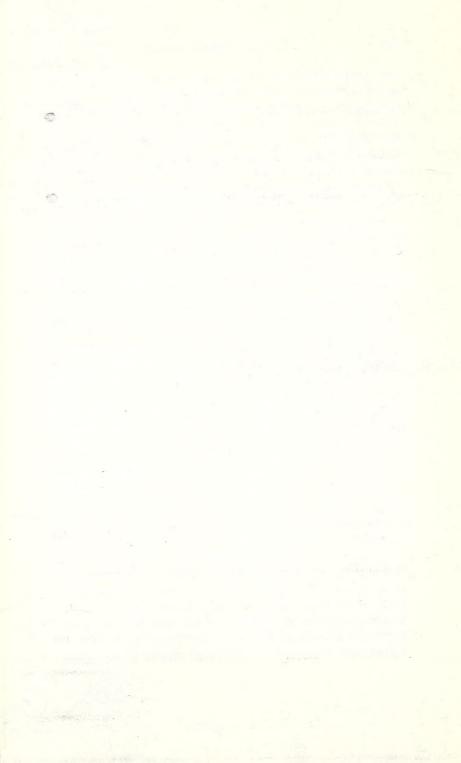
BRIEF of the battle may better show just what Colonel Cilley did with his regiment, At 11 o'clock A. M., the booming of cannon in Burgoyne's army gave the signal that he was about to advance on the American lines. At noon General Arnold gave the order, by permission of General Gates, to Col. Daniel Morgan, commander of the famous regiment of riflemen, and to Colonels Cilley, Dearborn and Scammell of the New Hampshire regiments, to attack the Canadians and Indians, who were swarming on the hills in advance of Burgoyne's right. These were driven back and pursued. Morgan's riflemen became scattered, were recalled, and with the New England troops under Cilley, Dearborn and Scammell, another furious charge was made. After a sharp engagement in which Morgan's horse was shot under him. the combatants withdrew to their respective lines. Meanwhile Burgoyne had moved rapidly upon the American center and left. At the same time the vigilant Arnold attempted to turn the British right. Masked by thick woods, neither party was now certain of the movements of the other and they suddenly and unexpectedly met in a ravine at Freeman's Farm, at which Burgoyne had halted. There the battle raged desperately for awhile. Arnold was pressed back, when Fraser, by a quick movement, called up some German troops from the British center to his aid. Arnold rallied his men, and with New England troops led by Colonels Cilley, Dearborn, Scammell



and others, struck the enemy with such heavy blows that his lines began to waver and fall into confusion. The British received re-enforcements and the battle continued. The British ranks were becoming fearfully thinned, when Riedesel fell heavily upon the American flank with infantry and artillery and they gave way. A lull in the battle succeeded, but at the middle of the afternoon the contest was renewed with greater fury. At length the British, fearfully assailed by bullet and bayonet, recoiled and fell back. It was there that General Arnold was in the battle against General Gates's orders, and the victory was saved for the American army. For three hours the battle raged. Like an ocean tide the warriors surged backward and forward, winning and losing victory alternately. Night closed the contest and both armies rested on their arms until morning, when both withdrew to their own lines. That ended the battle at Bemis's Heights.

The Battle at Stillwater, two miles away, followed on October 7, of which Lieutenent Blake says in his Journal:

"A detachment of the enemy marched upon the left of our army, consisting of the grenadiers and light infantry, with six field pieces and posted themselves on a small height in a cleared field, about a quarter of a mile from our advance guard, where they began a cannonade upon the riflemen, and the three New Hampshire regiments were ordered out to attack them, and after a very warm dispute of about half an hour, the enemy were obliged to quit the field and retreat to their works, which they did in great confusion, their horse's being chiefly killed, and were obliged to leave their field pieces which fell into our hands, together with about 50 prisoners, and our army followed hard after them, and coming on the lines where the German were stationed, forced them and took a number of prisoners, two field pieces and several waggons loaded with ammunition and baggage and by the time we had what we had taken at the line it was almost dark and the troops that had been in action were relieved by fresh troops from our encampment,



who tarried at the lines we had taken all night, the British lying about a hundred rods distant. The next day the enemy moved their baggage and artillery back from their front lines, and in the night marched their whole army to Saratoga, leaving their sick and wounded in some large hospital tents, with several surgeons to attend them."

From full reports of the battle it appears that on October 7, 1777, the whole British army moved from their quarters at Saratoga, towards the left wing of the American army, where Colonel Cilley was. Burgoyne pressed with 1,500 picked men, eight brass cannon, and two howitzers, leaving his main army on the heights, in command of Brigadiers Sprecht and Hamilton, and the redoubts near the river with Brigadier-General Hall. This movement was discerned before the British were ready for battle. The drums of the American advance guard beat to arms. The alarm ran all along the lines. General Gates inquired the cause of the alarm, and then ordered Colonel Morgan, with his sharpshooting riflemen to "begin the game."

Morgan soon gained a good position on the British right, while General Poor with his New Hampshire brigade, followed by General Ten Broeck with New Yorkers advanced against their left. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon when General Poor and those with him astonished General Burgoyne, as he was about to advance, by thunder of cannon on his left, and the crack of rifles on his right. Poor had pressed up the thick wooded slope unobserved on which the British forces under command of Majors Acland and Williams were posted. The British did not observe the New Hampshire troops until they were near the batteries, which were captured after a struggle, in which the leader of the British grenadiers was severely wounded, and Major Williams of the artillery was made prisoner. Five times one of the cannon was taken and retaken. When the British fell back, and the gun remained with the Americans, Colonel



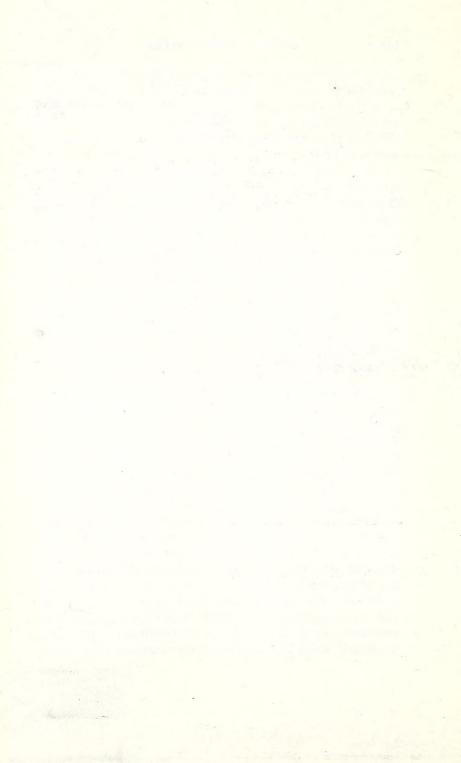
Cilley leaped upon it, waved his sword over his head, dedicated the piece to the "American Cause," and, turning it upon the foe, he opened its destructive energy upon the enemy with their own ammunition, amid an avalanche of applause from the New Hampshire brigade, and others who saw the act.

Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's chief aide, who was sent to secure the cannon, was mortally wounded by it and made prisoner, and was sent to Gates's tent. The whole eight cannon and the possession of the field remained with the Americans. That was Colonel Cilley's part in that remarkable battle which caused the surrender of Burgoyne's whole army ten days later, October 17, at Saratoga, at which Colonel Cilley took a conspicuous part.

That was the end of Colonel Cilley's military campaign of 1777. He went south with his regiment by slow marches, and finally went into camp at Valley Forge, December 23, 1777.

COL. CILLEY AT VALLEY FORGE AND MONMOUTH

On November 21, 1777, Colonel Cilley marched his regiment, in General Sullivan's brigade, to Whitemarsh, a beautiful valley about 13 miles from Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and there he joined the main army under command of General Washington. December 5, early in the morning, he had information that the greater part of the British army was leaving Philadelphia to meet Washington's army; upon receiving this news, Colonel Cilley, with the rest of the brigade, had his regiment strike their tents and load them into wagons, together with their baggage, and moved off, and the army paraded. In the afternoon the enemy appeared on an eminence in front of them, but at a distance of three miles, where they remained all night, and Washington's army held its position, awaiting and expecting to be attacked. December 6, the British marched towards the left of the American army, but made no attack, while Washington's army remained under arms



all day. On the 7th a few shots were exchanged but no battle. On the 8th the American army remained quietly under arms all day and night, up to 2 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, when the rifle regiment and three brigades marched out in order to attack the enemy on their own grounds at daybreak; when the British saw them coming prepared for battle they moved off towards Philadelphia.

On the morning of December 11, about an hour before day, Colonel Cilley, with others, received orders to prepare his regiment for a march, about daybreak, to meet a party of the enemy who were foraging on the other side of the Schuylkill river. They marched about ten miles and came to a bridge; two brigades crossed; the rest were following, but the enemy met them and took possession of the heights in front, and of each side of the road leading from the bridge; this move compelled our army to retreat over the river again, and there halted, so that neither army dared to attempt to cross the river. Colonel Cilley kept his regiment there until almost night, when he, with a part of the army, marched up the river to Sweed's ford, two miles, to prevent the enemy from crossing at that place. While there, on the 12th, about sunset, some of the American horsemen brought into camp two Hessians they had taken, who gave intelligence that there were about 4,000 of the enemy over the Schuylkill after forage; General Sullivan, who was in command of the brigade of which Cilley's regiment was a part, immediately crossed the river and marched in pursuit of the enemy; on reaching the Gulph mills he learned that the enemy had returned to Philidelphia with their plunder. General Sullivan and his brigade remained there until December 16, when the whole army marched to Valley Forge and proceeded to encamp for the winter

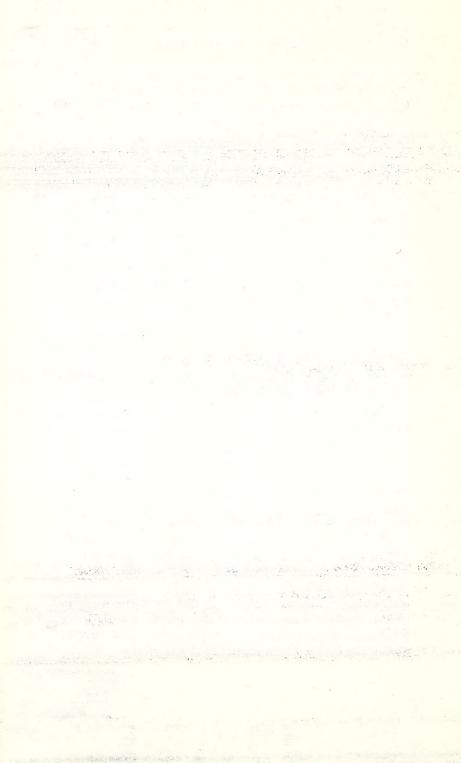
When all had reached there, the grounds were staked out on the 23d for the army to build log huts in which to pass the winter; there were about 11,000 men to be provided for, which work required about a week to get the vil-



lage in order; the huts were built of round logs and most of them were covered with straw and earth; they were in two lines, extending from the Schuylkill river about a mile and a half. This locality is about 22 miles from Independence Hall. In the beginning of February each brigade was ordered to build a breastwork in front of their own huts, which was done in a few days. The whole army lay there, except two brigades at Washington, down the Delaware river, and also about three hundred men at Reednar, 7 miles from camp; and 200 at Gulph Mills, about the same distance; each of these two last-named parties was relieved every week. There were likewise guards kept about one mile distant from camp, which formed a chain of sentinels around the whole encampment; these were relieved daily. The army lay in this posture during the winter and until May, 1778. No attack was made on them; but it was an awful winter which Colonel Cilley and his men had to endure.

That place was chosen because it was farther from the dangers of sudden attack from the enemy, and also it could more easily afford protection for the Congress sitting at York, having been driven out at Philadelphia, which was then occupied by the British army. Bloodstains made by the lacerated feet of its poorly shod soldiers, marked the line of their march to Valley Forge. In the camp they suffered with cold and often had very short rations, for food was as scarce as their clothing was poor.

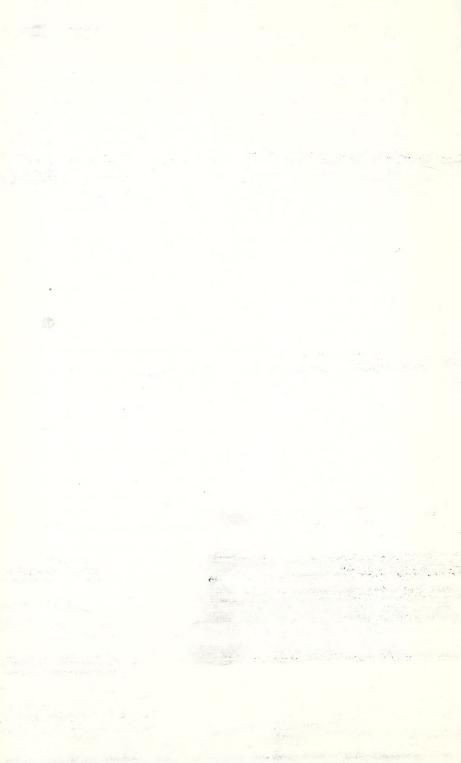
The British, under General Howe, had full possession of Philadelphia and of the Delaware river below, and Pennsylvania was divided among its people, and in its Legislature, by political factions. General uneasiness prevailed; and when Washington sought refuge at Valley Forge, the Pennsylvania Legislature adopted a remonstrance against the measure. To this cruel missive Washington replied, after censuring the quartermaster-general (Mifflin), a Pennsylvanian, for neglect of duty in not supplying the soldiers with proper food and clothing, he says:



"For the want of a two-days supply of provisions, an opportunity scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy, that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded. Men are confined in hospitals or in farmers' houses for want of shoes. We have this day (Dec. 23) no less than 2,873 men in camp unfit for duty because they are barefooted and otherwise naked. Our whole strength in continental troops amounts to no more than 8,200 in camp fit for duty. Since the 4th inst. our numbers fit for duty, from hardships and exposures, have decreased nearly 2,000 men. Numbers are still obliged to sit all night by their campfires to keep from freezing. Gentlemen reprobates going into winter quarters as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of sticks or stones. I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them; and from my soul I pity those miseries which is neither in my power to relieve, or prevent."

That is what General Washington said, and thus we have the picture of the scenes and conditions which Colonel Cilley and his soldiers had to endure until the warm weather of spring. On May 6 a great rejoicing prevailed in the camp on account of the news of the alliance of France. Washington ordered all the prisoners to be released that were then in confinement in the Continental Army. The whole army was drawn up in two lines and fired a volley, from right to left of the front, and then from left to right of the rear lines; which was repeated three times. It was a great day of rejoicing, especially for Colonel Cilley's regiment whose men had suffered severely from sickness, but had now largely recovered.

In the battle of Monmouth which followed on June 28, Colonel Cilley's regiment was closely engaged and he



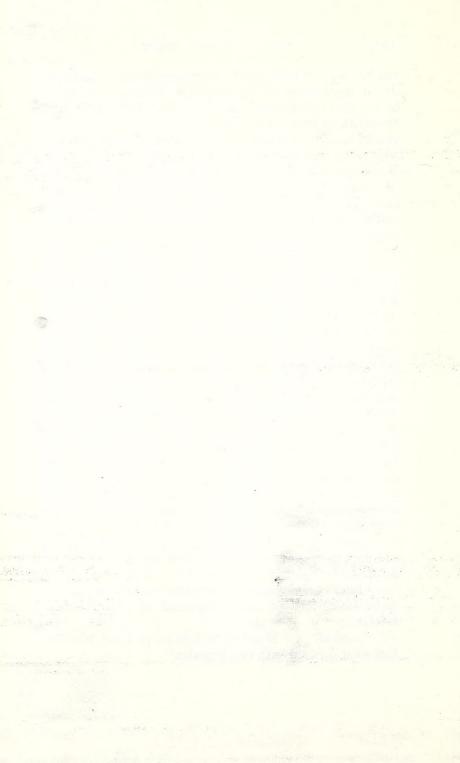
and his men behaved with such bravery as to merit the particular approbation of the illustrious Washington after the battle was over and the treachery of Gen. Charles Lee was thwarted, he having ordered a retreat when an advance should have been made against General Howe's Army, which was on its march from Philadelphia to New York. It was when Washington met Lee on that retreat that the illustrious commander showed his temper at its white heat and bestowed on the traitorous commander some righteous oaths, as became the occasion. No doubt Colonel Cilley applauded as Washington swore.

Lieutenant Thomas Blake says in his Journal of that period: "June 18 . . . At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Lee's division marched, consisting of Gen. Poor's, Varnum's and Huntington's brigades three miles over Schuylkill bridge and encamped."—"June 19, . . . Marched 18 miles." -"June 20, . . . At 12 o'clock we came to the Delaware river, and crossed at Carrell's ferry; marched 3 miles and encamped in Amwell."—"June 21, . . . Gen. Lee's division lay still, and Gen. Washington crossed the river (Delaware) and another division of the army."-"June 22 . . . The whole army crossed the river and encamped in Amwell, excepting a party (under Gen. Arnold) that marched to take possession of Philadelphia, from which Howe's army had departed." "June 23, . . . The whole army marched down towards the enemy, leaving the tents and baggage, as far as Hopewell township, and halted; but Col. Morgan with his regiment of riflemen and a detachment under his command, marched toward the enemy."

"June 24. . . . The army lay still; the tents came up and were pitched; a detachment went forward under Gen. Scott."

"June 25 . . . March to Kingston, and another detachment went forward under command of Marquis Delafayette."

"June 26 . . . Marched to Cranberry Town and Gen. Lee went forward with two brigades."



"June 27. . . . Marched to Cranberry meadows."

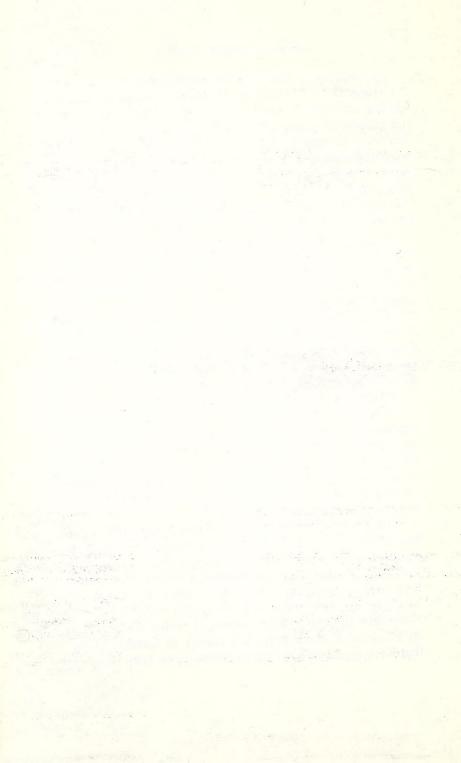
"June 28. . . . Marched to English town and there left our packs and coats, the weather being very warm, and proceeded as fast as possible in pursuit of the enemy, who were then near Monmouth Court House. The forward detachment had attacked the enemy, and Gen. Washington met them on the retreat, about one and a half miles from the Court House. Our artillery set in very briskly, causing a heavy cannonade on both sides, holding for some time until the enemy retreated. Our army pursued about a mile, and then left them. The enemy encamped that night near the Court House; and in the night moved off, leaving all their wounded that were not able to march, numbering about 60, of whom were five commissioned officers."

"June 29, . . . Two brigades marched down to the Court House, as a covering party while they buried the dead. The number of those buried were about three hundred, that of ours sixty. After the dead were buried the whole army marched back to Englishtown."

"June 30. . . . Lay still at Englishtown."

"July I, . . . The whole army marched to Spotwod, the weather being so excessively hot, the road for the most part being through Pitch pine plain, that near one third of the men were so overcome that they were obliged to stop, many were not able to march until the cool of the evening, and some were so overcome that they were obliged to be conveyed in wagons."

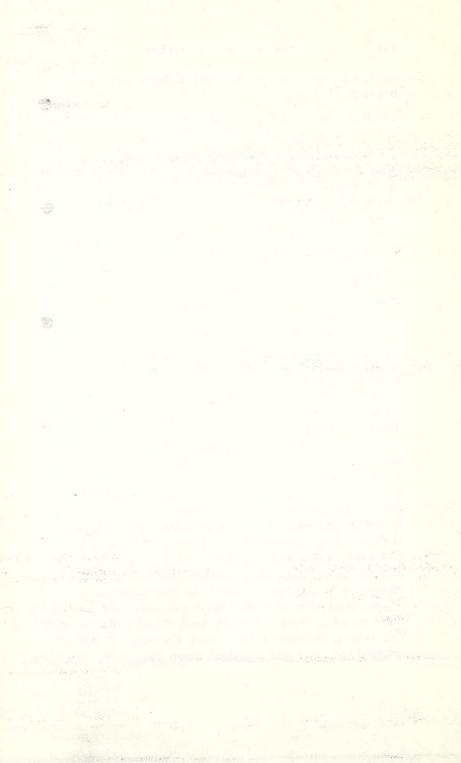
This was the end of Colonel Cilley's regiment's conflict with the enemy in 1778. By various routes they marched from time to time, through New Jersey, New York and Connecticut, to Redding in that State, where they arrived December 2, built huts, went into camp and spent the winter comfortably and quietly. For a while in November General Poor's brigade, of which Colonel Cilley's regiment was a part, had charge of German troops that were captured with General Burgoyne, they being on



their way to Virginia. Colonel Cilley's next campaign began in May, 1779.

COLONEL JOSEPH CILLEY IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE NEW YORK INDIANS

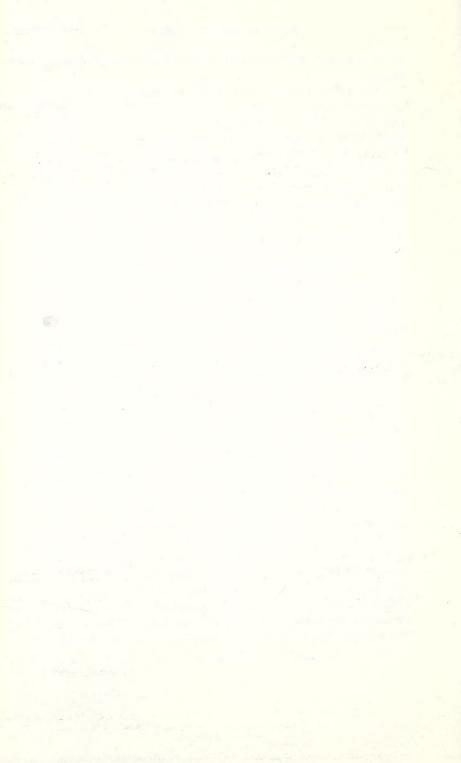
Colonel Cilley's regiment remained in camp at Redding, Conn., from December 4, 1778, until the 10th of April, 1779, and then marched to the high lands on North River, where they went into huts and remained until May 9, when they broke camp and marched to Easton, Penn. Arriving here on the 18th, they took quarters in the Court House and other spare buildings. On the 19th General Sullivan arrived and took command of the Western army, which had been assembled there. The time from that date to the 29th of May was spent in getting things in order for the difficult march against the Indians. On the 28th they marched 12 miles to Wyoming; on the 29th they marched 15 miles to Pocono Point; on the 30th they went 10 miles to Tuckhannock; on the 31st they marched six miles to Locust Hill, where Colonel Cilley's regiment came up with Colonel Courtland and Colonel Spencer's regiments, who were cutting a road through to Wyoming. They pitched their tents and went to work with those regiments cutting trees and making corduroy paths where necessary. They worked on this road building until June 7, when they moved their tents forward eight miles; June 9 they moved the tents forward two miles and encamped June 11 they moved their tents forward five miles to Bullock's house, where the tents remained three days. the 14th they marched seven miles to Wyoming, having made the distance of 65 miles through the forests from Easton. On June 17th Colonels Cilley's, Courtland's and Spencer's regiments marched up the river to Jacob's Plains, four miles and encamped and remained so until June 23, when General Sullivan arrived with five regiments. On July 4, Colonels Cilley's and Courtland's regiments crossed the river and marched down two miles towards



Wyoming and encamped with the rest of General Poor's brigade.

On July 5 General Poor made an entertainment for the officers of his brigade in honor of the Declaration of Independence, and after dinner the following toasts were drunk, and appropriate responses were made by various officers: I. The United States. 2. July 4, 1776, the memorable. 3. The grand council of America. 4. General Washington and the Army. 5. The King and Queen of France. 6. General Sullivan and the Western expedition. 7. May the Councillors of America be wise, and their soldiers invincible. 8. A successful and decisive campaign. 9. Civilization or death to all savages. 10. The immortal memory of those heroes who have fallen in defense of American liberty. 11. May the husbandman's cottage be blessed with peace, and his fields with plenty. 12. Vigor and virtue to all the sons and daughters of America. 13. May the New World be the last asylum of freedom and the arts. Among the speakers who responded to the sentiments were General Sullivan and Colonel Cilley. This is the first recorded celebration of the 4th of July.

On July 27 General Poor's Brigade, of which Cilley's regiment was a part, marched down to Wyoming and encamped with the rest of the army. Four days were spent there in getting ready to begin the march up the river, and on the 31st they marched ten miles to Lacawaneck. August I, they marched seven miles to Quilutamack and met with so much difficulty in passing some large mountains that ran down to the river, that the rear of the army did not come up with the advance until the next morning, for which reason General Poor's brigade remained in camp there a second day; then they continued on their journey about 12 miles a day, till August 11, when they forded the river and marched to Tioga Point, five miles and there encamped on the point between the Seneca and Tioga branches. Now they had reached the



Indian country and began to put everything in order for a fight. They had cut a road through the forests about 175 miles from Easton, Penn., a very difficult and wearisome job.

General Sullivan gave orders, toward night of August 12 for the army to march. Poor's regiment left Tioga just after sunset, with one day's provisions, leaving their tents standing, with the baggage in them; a few men were left on guard who were least able to work. Cilley's regiment, with Poor's brigade, marched all night; it was very dark and the travelling was very difficult. Just at day break, on the morning of August 13, they reached Chemung, a small Indian village, 14 miles from Tioga; the Indians became alarmed and ran away before the army could surround the settlement and capture them by surprise, as General Sullivan had planned should be done. They had previously removed all of their women and children, leaving only about fifty of their warriors as a guard, under command of Butler, the Tory leader and Brant the head man of the Five Nation's Warriors. The Indians had large fields of green corn about there, and Colonel Cilley's men with the others, gathered a lot of the ears for roasting purposes, as they were quite hungry, after their hard march all night. While they were picking off the ears the Indians, in ambush, attacked them, and killed one or two men and wounded several more. Colonel Cilley promptly rallied his men and rushed for the enemy, who fled in great haste. The army then set to work and burned all the buildings in the village, about twenty, and destroyed all of the cornfields and other garden stuff, cutting and throwing it into heaps. In the afternoon they marched back to Tioga, having accomplished a very fatiguing amount of work in twentyfour hours, without sleep. They had destroyed a large amount of property, but so far as Colonel Cilley observed his men had killed only one Indian and one Tory.

At Tioga they rested three days, waiting for General Clinton's troops from Cherry Valley. August 15 a party

of Indians came down to the south side of the river, opposite the encampment, and fired upon some of Colonel Cilley's men, who were tending cattle. They killed one and wounded another. August 16 Colonel Cilley's regiment, with General Poor's brigade, marched up the river to meet General Clinton's brigade, which had come over from the Mohawk River. They were piloted by some friendly Indians for quite a distance, and then General Poor thought it would be better, and more expeditious, to send three chosen veterans to meet General Clinton and pilot him to meet his brigade. The three men chosen for this purpose were Sergeant Joseph Henderson, Sergeant Thomas Scott, and Peter Stevens, all of whom belonged to the First New Hampshire Regiment commanded by Colonel Cilley.

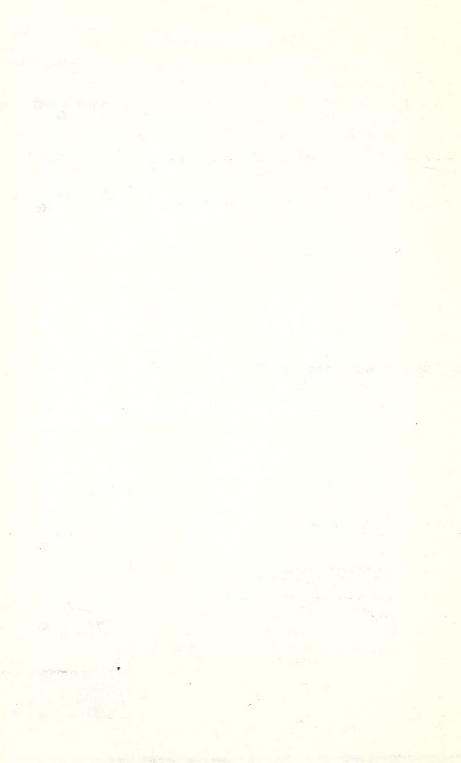
These fearless heroes, with only three days' rations, set out on their hazardous journey; they got lost in the forests and did not meet Clinton's army, but after wandering about several days they struck the track of Clinton's army and following it arrived at head quarters, after having been absent a dozen days; they were completely exhausted Meanwhile General Poor's and General Clinton's brigades. succeeded in meeting, and the combined forces arrived at Tioga August 22d.

All preparations having been completed, General Sullivan gave orders to march, three Indians belonging to the Oneida tribe having joined the army to assist as guides. The army advanced into the Seneca country, leaving a garrison of 500 men at Tioga point; they marched four miles that day, six the next, four on the third and four miles on the fourth day, August 29, when the advance guards were fired upon by the enemy from a breastwork they had thrown up, about a quarter of a mile in length, extending from the river to a large range of mountains, which lay parallel with the river; here Sullivan's army halted and prepared for battle.



That march from Tioga, through the inhospitable wilderness, was in the following manner: A hollow square was formed; General Hand's brigade in front, General Poor's brigade on the right; General Maxwell's on the left, and General Clinton's in the rear. Within the hollow square was placed Colonel Procter's regiment of artillery, together with the horses carrying general supplies, also the beef cattle. The regiments marched in platoons, eight deep, and each man had to keep his place, hence the march was slow and fatiguing, but General Sullivan insisted on this order, so that in case of an attack, which was reasonable to be expected at any time, a front of three brigades could be speedily formed.

The breastworks of the Indians were made deceptive by being covered with small pines stuck into the ground. It was Sunday morning, August 29, when this force of the enemy was discovered. After a brief consultation of the officers, General Sullivan ordered General Poor's brigade to march to the rear of the hill, at the foot of which the enemy were behind their breastworks; the brigade marched around about three miles and then began to ascend it; as they did so the Indians, concealed behind trees, sent forth the most hideous yells, which echoed from the opposite mountain sides as though the woods were full of the savage warriors, at the same time they fired on our men. They kept up their war-whoops and shooting as our soldieas advanced, returning the fire; when General Poor's brigade was about half way up the hill, the order was given to charge bayonets, and they did so with a rush and gave the American yell, which sent terror into the enemy and they disappeared as fast as their legs could carry them, completely deserting the breastworks they had so finely planned and constructed. This was the battle of Newton, of which General Sullivan's official account gives minute details. Colonel Cilley led his men in that march up the hill, and was active in the execution of the order from beginning to end of the encounter. His men captured



two prisoners, one negro and one a white man. The latter was found lying on his face and pretending to be dead; but Colonel Cilley punched him a bit, and he proved to be very much alive. His face was blacked, but the rest of his person proved to be white, so they judged him to be a Tory and put a rope around his neck and threatened to hang him; but the threat was not put into execution.

They remained on the battle ground until sunset, when, no enemy being in sight, they returned to the plain and encamped, and sent the wounded down to Tioga in boats. In burying the dead, they burnt brush over the graves, so that the Indians might not distinguish them from the places where the camp fires had been burned.

August 31 they advanced ten miles, and the next day they marched 13 miles to French Katharine's, where they rested a day. Before they started on this march up around the small lakes, General Sullivan had told them they would have very hard work and short rations, and those who thought they were unable to endure it would be permitted to return to the camp at Tioga. Colonel Cilley drew up his regiment in line, and then walked from right to left of it, looked every man in the face, gave each a pleasant word and expressed his fears that some could not endure the march, and he thought it would be better for them to remain behind in camp; but not a man would consent to remain behind. Near the left of the line, Colonel Cilley found a boy, only fifteen years old, and he strongly urged him not to undertake the campaign. The boy begged to be permitted to go forward with the regiment, so finally Colonel Cilley said: Go my lad, and God go with you," The boy, whose name was Richard Drout, went with the regiment and came out all right at the end of the campaign.

It is not necessary to follow that campaign day by day, to show what Colonel Cilley and his regiment did; a few incidents will be given. The Indian and Tory army kept a little ahead of Sullivan's advance, and, frequently Col-

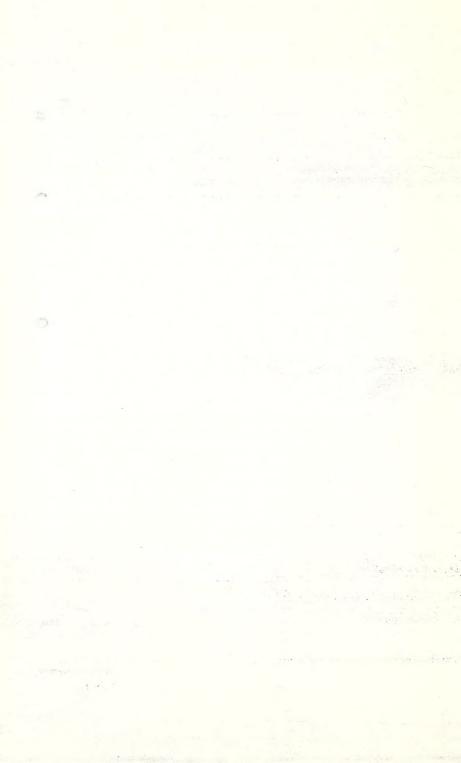


onel Cilley's regiment came across their camp fires, where they had left boiling their kettles of succotash, which, of course, the soldiers found very acceptable, and disposed of it with much relish. When they came near an Indian village, parties were always sent out to burn the huts and to destroy their corn. Near Geneva lake they encamped in a very large apple orchard, hence they called the place Appleton. There they caught several Indian horses by driving them into the lake, where expert swimmers caught them. They destroyed that orchard completely.

The army was obliged to ford Canandaigua Lake, a short distance from its outlet, where the water was nearly up to the men's shoulders, so each man had to be careful of his powder. Both sides of the crossing were covered with an underbrush of grapevines and thorn bushes, which made the passage very difficult. Colonel Cilley's regiment, being in front of the right wing, was ordered to hat and to see that all guns of the army in passing were well loaded and fresh primed, as the expectation was that the enemy would attack our army as soon as the men emerged from the lake. The crossing was completed about sunset.

(To be continued)





The Town Vill

A Monologue

By Dorris L. Burke

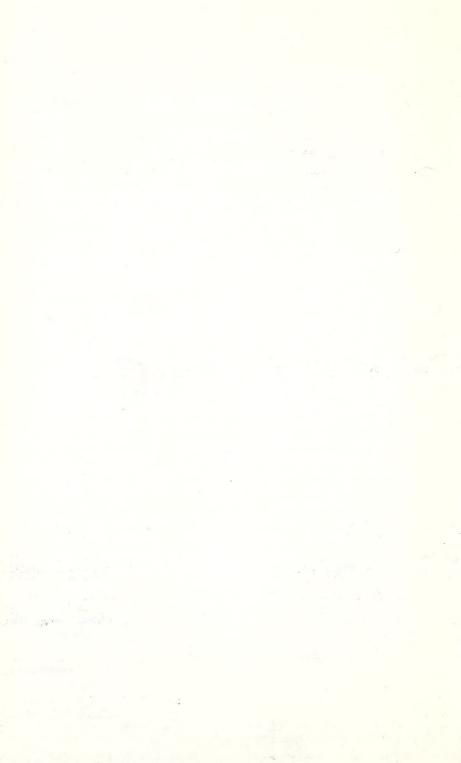
R THOMAS Benton laboriously polished his glasses on a corner of the Turkey-red table cloth. His brow was furrowed with a matter of vast importance. Alice Lucretia was home for Fast Day vacation and it was expedient to make out that Town Bill. His granddaughter removed her sweeping cap as she crossed the shining yellow floor.

"It ought to have been done three weeks back. William H. told me to hand it in and he'd see 'twas paid. But its a perticuler piece of writtin', bein' Town business, and I dassen't tackle it by lamp light and any way your hand's a mite plainer than mine. The ink's on the mantle tree. 'Don't seem to be much in the bottle. Aint been any used since your mother writ that recipe for spring bitters last Febra'ry. Maybe it's kind of dried up. There's some purple ink in the sullarway.

"You guess you can make this do? I dunno what difference the color makes so long's it's plain. Won't that pen write? Your mother writ with it. I dunno what

they do to all the pens.

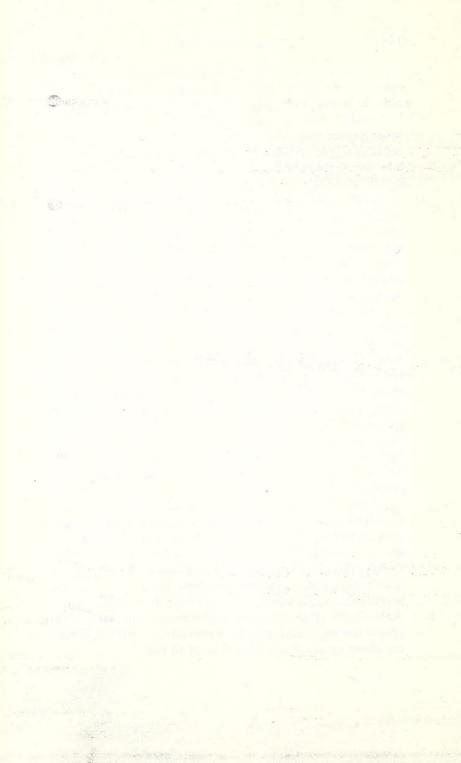
"You've got one that will do? Now, how are you going to start it? Town of Strafford to Thomas Benton, debtor. Is that the way? Well—I suppose you know. You say you teach bookkeeping? I dunno's that's either here or there. D-r stands for doctor, I thot. March seventeen, nineteen hundred and six. Three tons five cut best hay. What's that? C-w-t, you say? Means hundred weight? Be just as well to write it out, wouldn't it? Three tons, five hundredweight best hay at seventeen dollars and



fifty cents per ton. Ninety-one dollars and eighty-eight cents. Sure you've reckoned it right? You know a little mistake might throw the bill right out. Accounts have to be ac'rate. Let me see your figurin'. Aint very good sevens, some way. It's ninety-one dollars and eighty-seven cents and one-half here, and you've writ it ninety-one dollars and eighty-eight cents. I knew you'd blunder if I didn't watch out. Always call the half cent another one? Well, yes, gen'rally. But in Town business I dunno's we'd better. It don't pay to be too cropin'. They might think I was takin' advantage. I wouldn't want to cheat the town tho 'tis pretty clear of debt. I aint like some folks. They say Sim Morris handed in a bill for whitewashin' of eight dollars and sixty-five cents, and he only worked a little more than two days. But that aint my way.

"We might call it ninety-one dollars and eighty-seven cents? They'd probably figger it up again. Then they'd see that wan't right. 'Twont do to make any mistakes. You've changed it to ninety-one dollars eighty-seven cents and a half? Let me see if it looks all right. I dunno about that one-half. Seems as if it wasn't exactly business like. They say William H. is terrible heedless. Received p-a-y-m-t. Means payment I suppose. Be better to write the whole word, wouldn't it? Now read it out. Sounds all right you think? Lemme see how it looks. That' a queer lookin' B in Benton. The Se'lecmen aint used to new fashioned writin', you know

"You can write it all over again? Well—perhaps it would be better to. Paper don't cost such a great sight, and it can't be too plain. Yes, guess that B will do now. But you squeezed the d-r terribly. Ought to have taken more room. Town of Strafford to Thomas Benton, debtor, March seventeen, nineteen hundred and six. Aint the seventeenth of March St. Patrick's day? It's a holiday then? No? Sure? Just bring me the almanac will you? That cramp last night stiffened my knees all up. Forgot to turn my shoes upside down when I went to bed.



"You don't see how that could prevent cramp? Aint never had the cramp have you? How do you know anything about what will cure it then? Yes, you can laugh if you want to, but I know I never have a mite of trouble when I turn my shoes bottom up by the bed. And when you know a thing its pretty hard gettin' around it.

"January, Feb'rary, March. Don't seem to say anything its being St. Patrick's Day. Should think that was queer enough. What's that? Why don't you move your lips when you talk? How do you suppose anybody's

goin' to hear?

"The holidays are in your register, and St. Patrick's Day aint one of 'em? Well, I dunno. And you always keep school that day? They do strange things now. I guess it must be a kind of a holiday. But maybe it won't make any difference with the Town. There aint any Catholics, as I know, holdin' office this year.

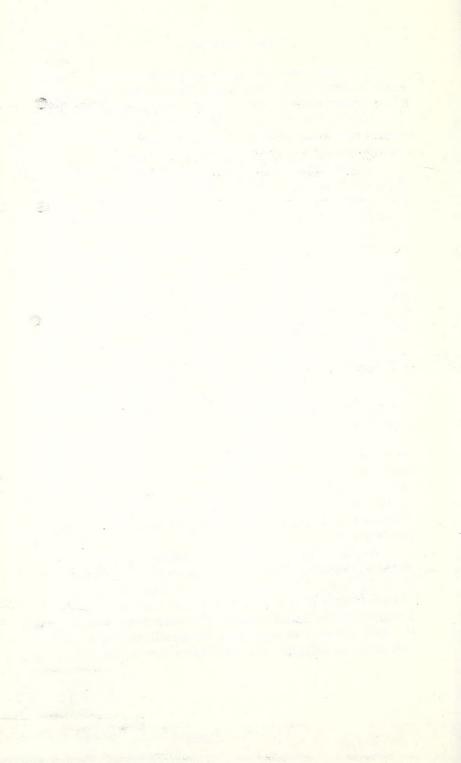
"Received payment. Had you ought to put that on?

Don't it look as if I was kind of presumin'?

"The Town always has paid its bills? Far's I know. But I aint never transacted any business with 'em before, and it aint always best to be too sure. A Town's a little different from an individual, you know, don't you?

"It won't take you but a minute to write another bill? You're always in such a twitter. Guess if you hadn't hurried this one so much it would have been a little nearer right. Lemme see. Seems if your writin' aint nigh as pooty as twas once. You do make such foolish lookin' f's. I dunno's as I ever saw any before or since that looked just like 'em.

"Reg'lar copy book f's? But maybe the Se'lecmen wouldn't know it. What? Yes, I guess you'd better leave it off this time. Though, I dunno. I suppose Received Payment ought to be in the same writin' as the rest. And you prob'bly be off somewhere when they come in to pay it. Still, I'd have to sign my name myself, and of course that would be different. I'm sure I dunno how it would stand



the law. I suppose Judge Thompkins would know. Might ask him sometime. Yes, be just as well to leave off till we get the right of it. Now read it all out. I dunno as I just like the looks of that dollar sign. Looks more like a hoop skirt than anything else to me.

"You guess it's well enough? Grandsir Gilman used to say that meant it ought to be better but you hadn't sprawl enough to do it. Dretful queer lookin' d on the end of Strafford, too. Is there another sheet of paper?

"You aint used it all? Haste makes waste, and that's what I've always said. Perhaps it would have been full as well to call it ninety-one dollars and eighty-seven cents after all. Someway that one-half don't look any too shipshape. There'd ought to be another piece of paper somewhere.

"I dunno, maybe, after all, I'd better make the bill out myself. It might make some difference, seein' its the Town. Just bring me my other glasses; the ones with a string on 'em. In my day they learned 'em somethin'.''

Alaskan Gold

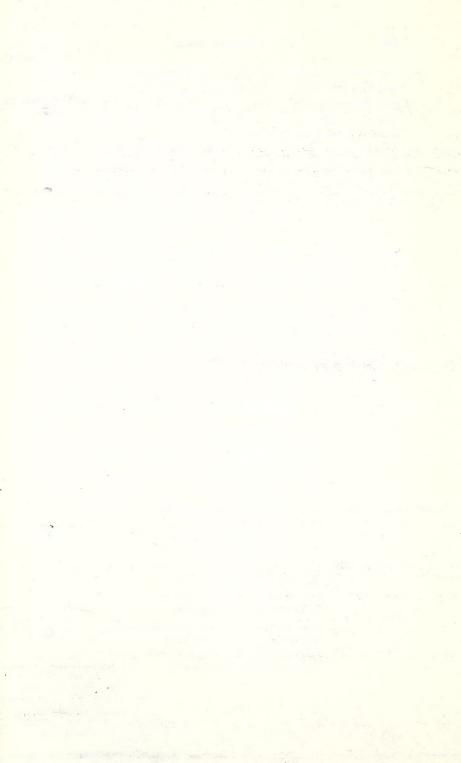
By WINTHROP PACKARD

A million years in the smelting pots
Of the great earth's furnace core
It bubbled and boiled as the old gods toiled
Before it was time to pour.

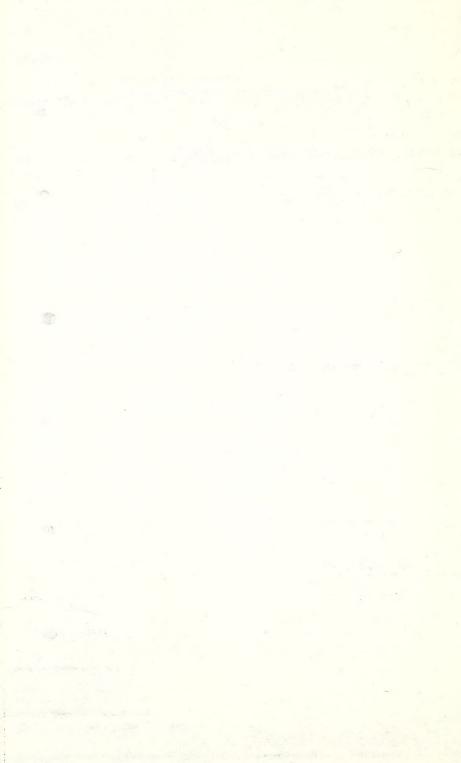
A million years in the giant molds Of granite and mica-chist It cooled and lay in the selfsame way That into their hearts it hissed.

A million years and the clouds of steam Were rivers, and lakes and seas And the mastodon to his grave had gone In the coal that once was trees.

Then the Master Moulder raised his hand, He shattered the gray rock mold And sprinkled its core from shore to shore, And the dust that fell was gold.

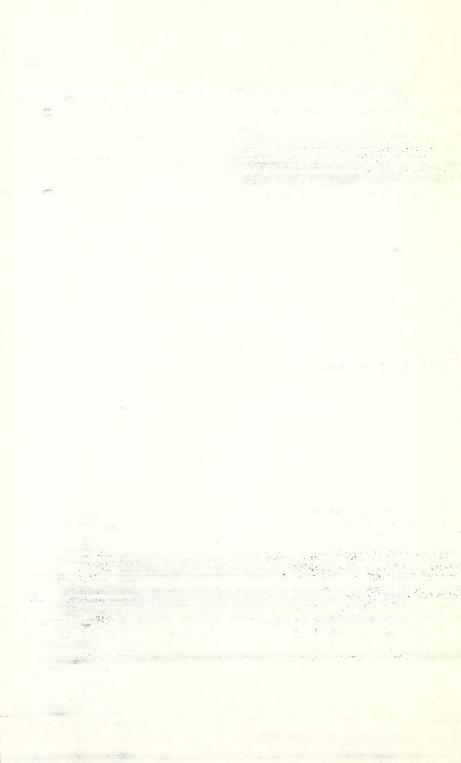


CHARACTER SKETCHES No. IX "THE PURITAN"





From a Painting by G. H. Boughton $\label{eq:Theorem} \textbf{THE PURITAN}$



Character Sketches

IX

The Puritan"

"Life is the mirror of king and slave,
"Tis sist what you are and do;
Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

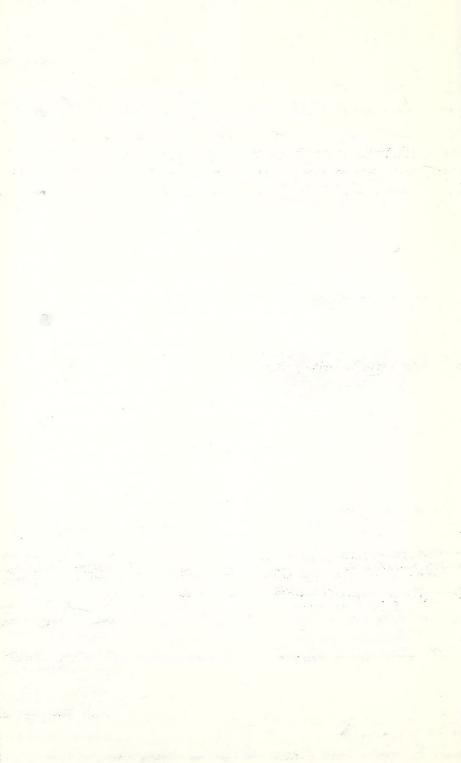


MONG the many heroic examples of pioneer life afforded by the history of the world, there is not one that stands forth with nobler precept or grander figure than the Puritan. He is the

embodiment of truth and sincerity in the type. His was not the fleeing from grievious oppression, from the tyranny of false kings, but the quiet shifting of the scene of his life, the earnest desire to better his fortune, and in a new country build and foster those inherent principles of better government and higher religious ideals.

It is possible he was himself narrower in spirit than he dreamed; it is possible he held within his own doctrine the very contracted ideas that he believed governed others. He would not have been human otherwise. He would never have reached, the high goal that he did had he not striven for higher and sterner precepts than filled his life, for we never rise above our ideals. Between the real and the ideal we finally find our place.

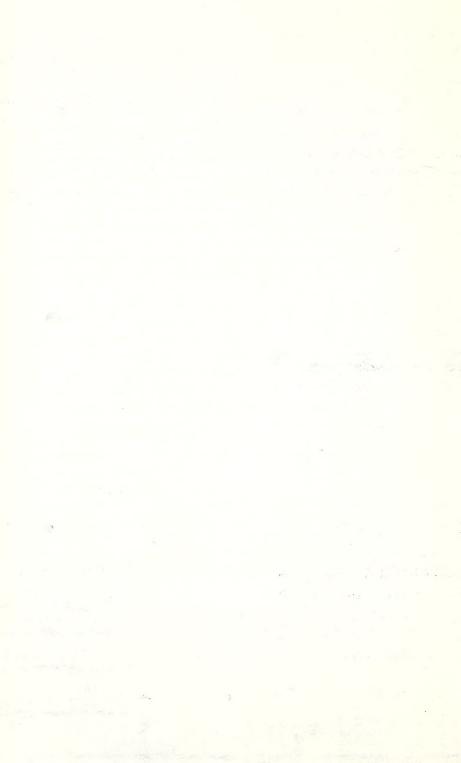
Perhaps no pioneer felt more than he the risk of his undertaking. He anticipated something of the danger he was courting; something of the difficulty he was to encounter; something of the sacrifice he was to make. Our artist has illustrated in his spirited painting one phase of the peril that beset his life. Of the seven days and nights in the week not



one was fraught with more menace from the dusky foemen that constantly haunted his home than the Sabbath. It was then the earnest purpose of his being to worship according to the dictates of his heart, urging him to congregate with his brethren at the little log meeting-house to listen to the devout man of God. The wily redman knew of this custom no less than he, and frequently improved this favorable opportunity to wreak a vengeance, not wholly unjust, upon his paleface enemies. The young couple here portrayed are upon their way to church and have been waylaid by the cunning Amerinds. It is now wit against wit, cunning against cunning, courage against thirst for blood. That moral bravery will win we know, for it ever does. And vet. all that we have in Christian civilization that is worth the winning has been won by sacrifice. Every material article that helps to bring us bodily comfort; every good work that invigorates the mind; every noble advancement of human endeavor; every moral movement that dispels the darkness of ignorance and ushers in the morning of new and brighter light has been paid for at a sacrifice; won by predestined struggle: upheld only by constant vigilance.

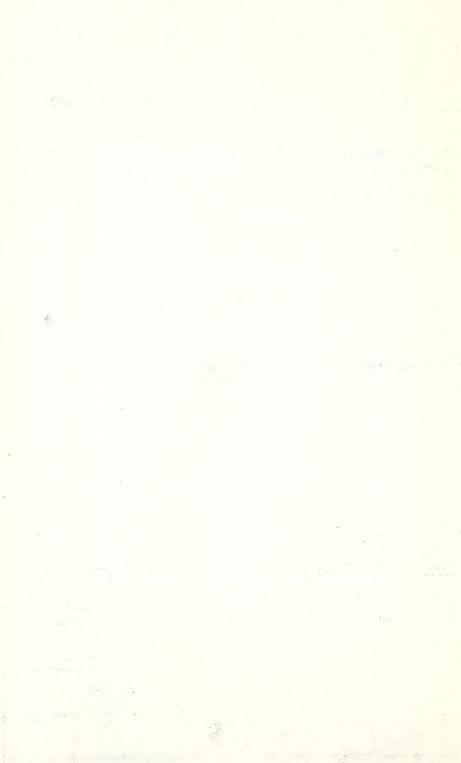
"The hearts that beat two hundred years ago Were players in a mighty symphony; Each heard its separate part, no more: while we, Who heard the solemn measures swell and flow, Confined in one majestic hymn, bestow Upon the whole the name of history,"







Hon. ROBERT P. BASS



Robert Perkins Bass

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

HE subject of this sketch, the Hon. Robert P. Bass, is a descendant of one of the families who early settled our State and members of which have been prominently associated in its industrial and political development.

It is said that a rugged race is the product of rugged influences. The stern character of the typical New Englander could not have been nurtured under milder environments. It was the frowning hills, the rock-shielded soil, the sweep of the north wind, not less than the dangers and seasonings of adventurous lives that made the people of northern Europe world-conquering pioneers. This indomitable spirit manifested itself in the early comers to New England, the Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Yorkshire farmers, and the Scotch-Irish, so called. We see this fact typified to a marked degree in the town of Peterboro, where the population has sprung from an ancestry tried in the rigors of a northern clime amid toilembattled homes. Added to their unswerving principles are the ennobling elements that come from the beauty and grandeur of its scenery.

Among the first to be attracted to the picturesque region lying between those sentinels of the wilderness, Pack Monadnock on the east and Grand Monadnock on the west, were a few Scotch-Irish families, who quickly proved themselves worthy of being heirs to this promising country. The brothers John and William Smith were among these pioneers. They came hither with their wives from Lunenburg, Mass., in 1751. The arduous task of hewing themselves homes out of an unbroken wilderness, the hardships and lessons of their lives are deserving of

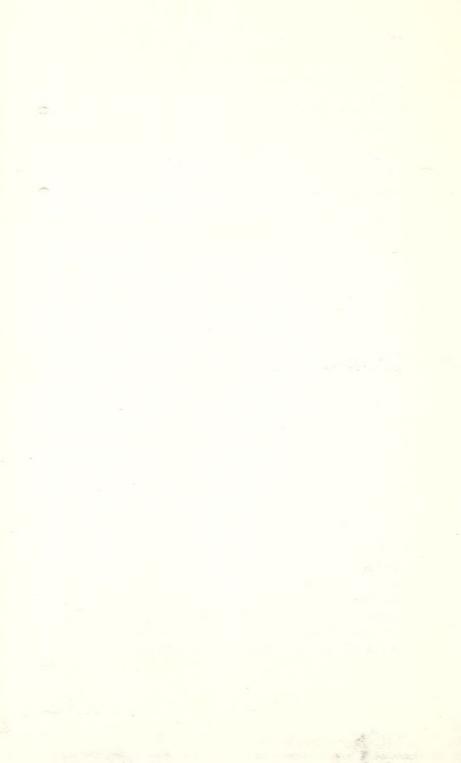


more extended description than can be here given. Blessed with large and vigorous families history records that from these two resolute settlers have descended several men who have been potent factors in the development and prosperity of the Granite State.

Of the nine children of William Smith, who built his humble cabin upon one of the summits of land in the southern, central section of the town, two settled on farms near the homestead. John, the second son, made his home on what is now Orchard Hill, the home of Hon. Robert P. Bass and his mother.

Jonathan Smith, the fifth son of William, succeeded his father upon the old homestead. He married Nancy Smith, a daughter of John who came with William to settle in this town. Eleven children were born in this home, eight of whom, four sons and four daughters, lived to manhood and womanhood and were prominent in various walks of life. Nancy Smith, the grandmother of Mr. Bass, was one of these children. She married John H. Foster, M. D., a native of Hillsboro, who after practicing medicine in New London and Dublin, this State, settled in Chicago where he was eminently successful. They had three children and Clara, the oldest married Perkins Bass, of Williamstown, Vt.

Perkins Bass, Esq., while reared upon a farm in the Green Mountain State, was educated in New Hampshire, having worked his way through Kimball Union Academy and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1852. He went to Chicago a poor man and without friends, but he quickly proved that he was equal to his opportunity, and soon became an important factor in the development of that rising metropolis of the West. Deeply interested in educational matters, he served in various capacities upon boards of education in city and state. One of the public schools of Chicago had been named after him. A lawyer of marked ability and popular in the legal fraternity, he was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and conducted the lat-

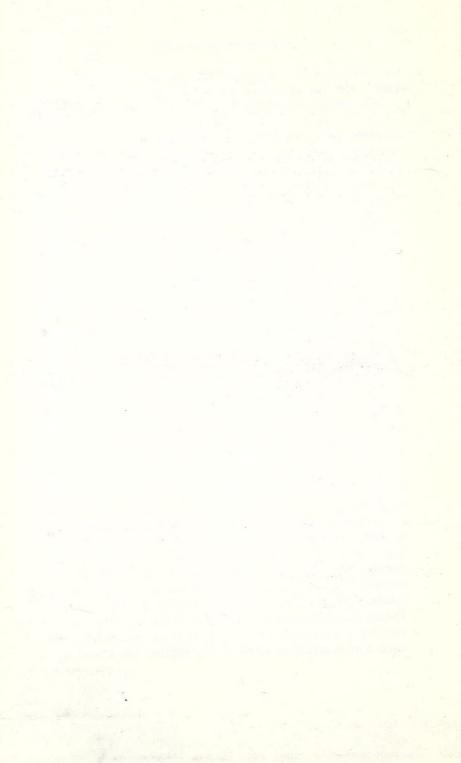


ter's campaign for the presidential nomination in Illinois in 1860. He was appointed United States district attorney for the northern district of Illinois in recognition of his services. He continued his practice in Chicago for about nineteen years, when his failing health compelled him to retire from active work in his profession. He then sought a home in the country and the family naturally turned to the old place in Peterboro, where Mrs. Bass had been a frequent visitor.

At this time in 1880 the original family homestead could not be secured so the farm settled by John Smith and joining the other on the north was purchased. Later the original homestead was acquired by Mrs. Adams, a sister of Mrs. Bass. The two estates have been added to and developed until they are now prosperous and attractive New Hampshire homes.

Mr. Bass, senior, found much enjoyment in the farm home in Peterboro. Although but seven years old when the family came to the farm, Robert Perkins Bass, the younger son, was closely associated with his father in the development of this estate especially during his father's declining health. His older brother John Foster Bass, being the well-known war correspondent, who represented some of the leading papers of New York and London in hazardous expeditions in the Greek, Philippine and Russia-Japan wars, and who is to-day an influential member of the National Conservation Association, has an attractive home in Peterboro.

Robert Perkins Bass fitted for college at a school in Boston. Having graduated from Harvard in 1896 he took a graduate course for a year and then entered the Law School. At this time, his father's death caused him to abandon his law course and devote his time to the family estate. He then returned permanently to his home in Peterboro and speedily evinced a lively appreciation of farming possibilities. Having a deep interest in the science and practice of forestry, he applied his knowledge

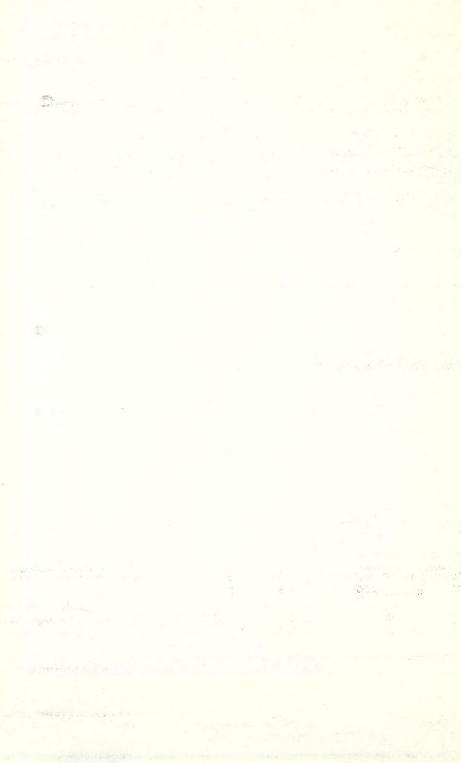


practically in the development of the large tracts of forest which he owned. He was among the first to appreciate the importance of the application of modern forestry methods as bearing on the future welfare and prosperity of his state. He has taken an active part in this line of progress. In 1906 Governor John McLane appointed him on the State Forestry Commission, a position in which he has shown much interest, and worked effectively to enhance the forest resources of the State. He has always labored enthusiastically for the establishment of a national forest reservation in the White Mountains, and he is largely responsible for the enactment in the last session of the legislature of a more progressive forestry law in New Hampshire. In recognition of these services he has recently been chosen director of the American Forestry Association. In political faith he has always been a staunch Republican and believes thoroughly in pure politics. He is sincere in the advocacy of honest opinion at all times. Believing in him and in the principles he represented his townsmen elected him to the house of representatives in 1905 and again in 1907. During the latter term he was particularly active, serving with his usual zeal and earnestness upon two important committees, Forestry and Retrenchment and Reform, both positions notably adapted to his purpose. He was clerk of the former and chairman of the latter committee. In performing the work of the last-named committee, he conducted one of the most comprehensive and fair-minded investigations ever undertaken in the different departments of the state government, many of his suggestions and criticisms having since been carried into effect. This work was done impartially and after a very painstaking search for the facts relative to the administration of State affairs. This work left Mr. Bass remarkably well informed as to actual conditions existing in the different departments of the State Government.

In 1909 he was elected to the state senate, where he was found, as hitherto, a faithful and consistent worker.







It has always been his contention that a pledge deliberately made in a party platform should be promptly and fully redeemed. During the last session of the Legislature he was one of the leaders who worked so fearlessly and so successfully for the enactment into law of all the planks in the Republican platform. He was particularly interested in the Direct Primary Law, having introduced the bill in the Senate which was finally passed. He believed in the importance of this measure for the public good, holding that it would return to the people the power directly to choose their party candidates, and that this was vital to a truly representative form of Government. His own words, substantiated by his unswerving integrity in the past, prove the sincerity of his purpose:

"I am thoroughly in sympathy with those principles of progress and equity which I believe will make my party of even greater influence and value in impartially advancing the interests of all the citizens of our State and Nation. I ask for the nomination at the primaries on these broad grounds, that I may represent the whole party

and lead it unitedly to the polls.

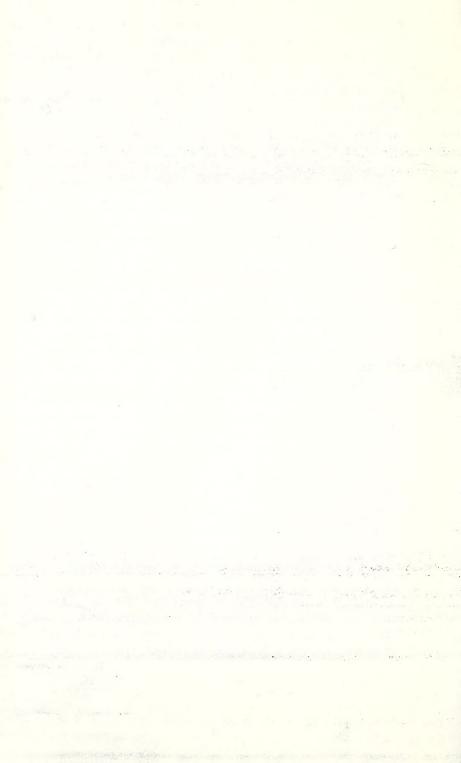
"I desire to be governor only on condition that I can be nominated and elected free from all political trades or other burdens which might in any way hamper me in giving the State an economical, business-like administration.

"Only on conditions which will leave me absolutely free to carry out these principles do I desire to become

governor of New Hampshire."

Recently many of his townsmen prominently associated with the business and professional interests, appreciating his earnest devotion to his town and state expressed their appreciation in an open letter in which they said in part:

"Mr. Bass always voted in Peterboro. He has labored hard and thoroughly believed in the Republican cause. His aim has been to secure a free and open ballot and to abide with the decision of the majority. He has always



labored persistently in carrying out the platform of his party and thereby fulfilling its pledges.

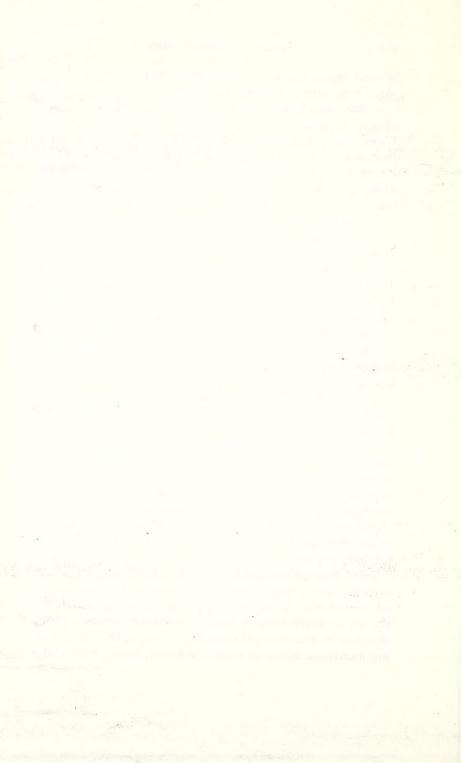
"Mr. Bass has always taken an active interest in town affairs. Wherever a helping hand was needed he was always ready and there are many improvements in town that owe much to his efforts. He has been prominent in the work of the Board of Trade. His work as electric light Commissioner has been of decided benefit to the town.

"He is a member of the Peterboro Grange, and deeply interested in the management of his extensive farm and forest interests. His work as Chairman of the State Forestry Commission is well known. Mr. Bass' activities as Representative of the town and as Senator have been highly appreciated and his many friends are glad to bear testimony to his able and earnest work. Should he be chosen Governor of the State we are confident he will discharge the duties of that office in the same self-sacrificing manner which has characterized his public service in the past.

"As his fellow townsmen it gives us pleasure to make this statement as a testimonial of our respect and esteem for Mr. Bass."

We find among those signing this letter, the Representatives of the Town at the last General Court, the Board of Selectmen, Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, Electric Light Commission, Town Library Committee, pastors of the Congregational and Baptist Churches, Tax Collector, all officers of the Republican Town Organization, Master of the Peterboro Grange and the editor and manager of the local paper.

Mr. Bass is descended from two good old New Hampshire families; one of which has given the state, Jeremiah Smith who fitted himself for the practice of law in the Chamber of the old ancestral home in Peterboro and then removed to Exeter, and became one of the leading citizens of the State, holding numerous offices of trust and honor, among them being



those of Governor, Congressman and Chief Justice. His son, the present Judge Jeremiah Smith is noted in his profession on the Bench and as a learned member of the Faculty of the Harvard Law School.

In view of the people from whom he is descended and in view of his public record to the present time, Robert P. Bass should prove himself to be, in the future as in the past, a useful and influential man in promoting the best interests of New Hampshire as well as a sturdy supporter of good government.

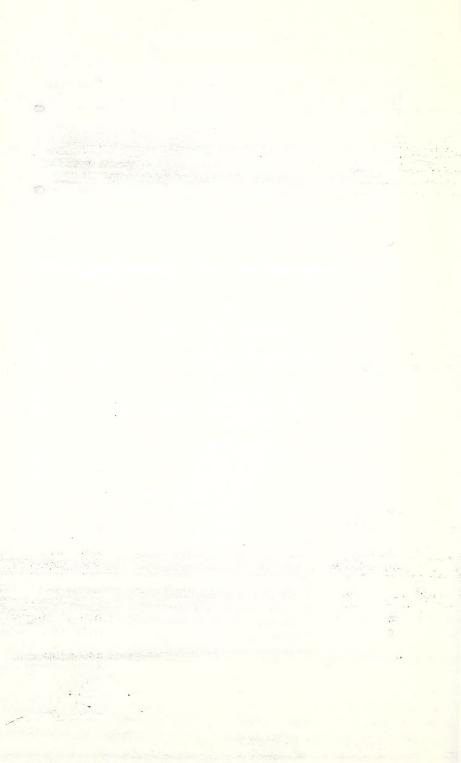
The Homesteads of Pew England

By FRED MYRON COLBY

The homesteads of New England,
How peaceful do they stand
On hillside and in valley,
O'er all our smiling land!
Within each one is plenty,
And comfort and good cheer;
And freedom's God is worshiped
By those who have no fear.

The homes of old New England,
Oh, grand among the trees
Rise up their stately gables
To meet the sun and breeze.
They gaze through blooming orchards
O're fair and wide demesnes,
The sunshine warmly smiling
Upon each lovely scene.

New England's pleasant homesteads,
What pilgrim shrines they are,
Along her purling rivers,
Ensconsed on hillsides fair!
They sheltered men and women,
The hands that built a State;
From out their cheery doorways
Have stepped the good and great.



The homesteads of New England,
Long may their hearthstones blaze,
And long their hallowed memory
Shine down the future days.
The best of all New England
Sprang from these homes of toil,
The glory of their labors
Made grand her sacred soil.

The homes of old New England,
God bless them one and all;
The farm-house on the hillside,
The rich men's stately hall;
The cabin in the forest,
The villa by the sea;
Each homestead's precious title
Is held in loving fee.

The Trysting Place

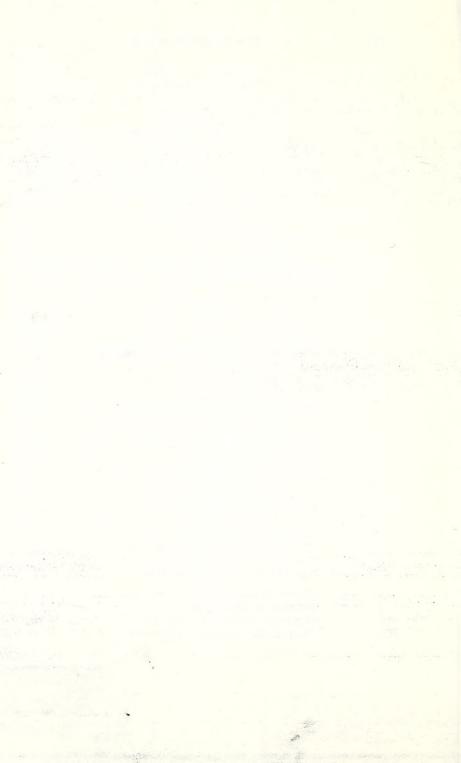
By Helen Merrill Choate

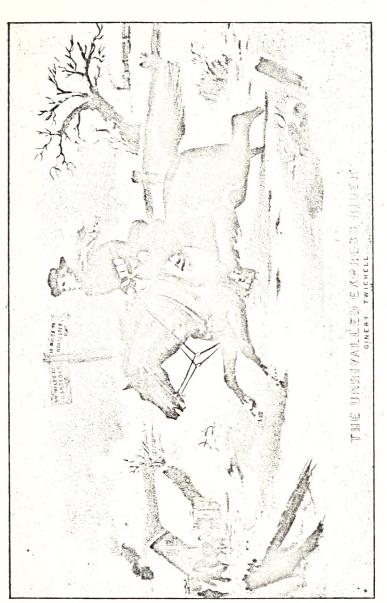
The evening shades and shadows of night, Crept through the trees and shut out the light, Long rays of crimson died in the west, The birds flew home to their airy nest.

The moon peeped slyly from behind a cloud, As tho' prying eyes were not allowed, The curfew tolled in a warning tone, As I watched and waited all alone.

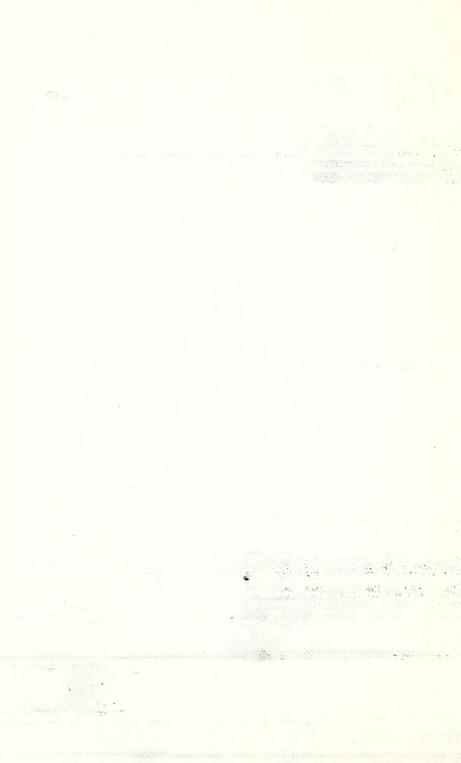
None other knew in that silent dell, But a whip-poor-will and he couldn't tell, Of her who hastened with eager feet, To our haven of rest at love's retreat.

Of the fond embrace near the rustic bars, 'Mid fragrant flowers in nature's jars, Of plighted love both fond and deep, 'Neath friendly shades, that secrets keep.





THE POST RIDER



In Stage-Coach Days

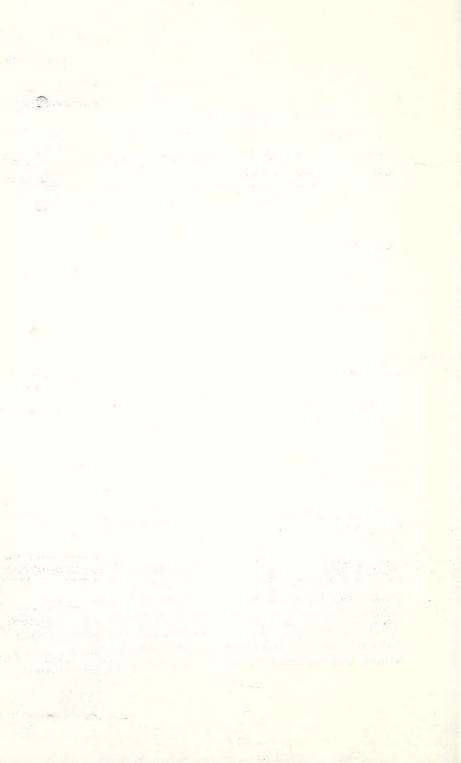
Early Posts and Post-Riders

By George Waldo Browne

I

HERE is no more interesting or picturesque character in the early history of a country than the post-rider. The mind's eye, at mention of the subject, quickly kindles with a brighter light, as it pictures one of these swift-moving messengers. In a rude manner the dusky Amerind could claim to be the original postrider of this country. His steed was the birchen skiff, which under his skillful hand glided swiftly and silently along the vine-canopied stream of the primeval wilderness; his letters were the wampum belts of chiefs, their messages, couched in picturesque language, seeking redress for some real or fancied wrong or dictating in no uncertain terms the claims of war. A yet ruder method of communication was the flaming brand that he shook aloft from the summit of a mountain, the signal to be seen and answered by a sentinel on another peak in the distance, which in turn was recognized by a third, this one by a fourth, and so on until the message had been carried for hundreds of miles across a pathless country. But these were ominous summons that portended deadly strife.

With the appearance upon the scene of the civilized races this wild feature of correspondence vanished, and in place of the torch and the wampum with its rude imagery came the letters and newspapers of an educated people. Still it was not until the beginning of the 18th century, when schools were established in this country, that letter writing was mastered by many. Before this inhabitants



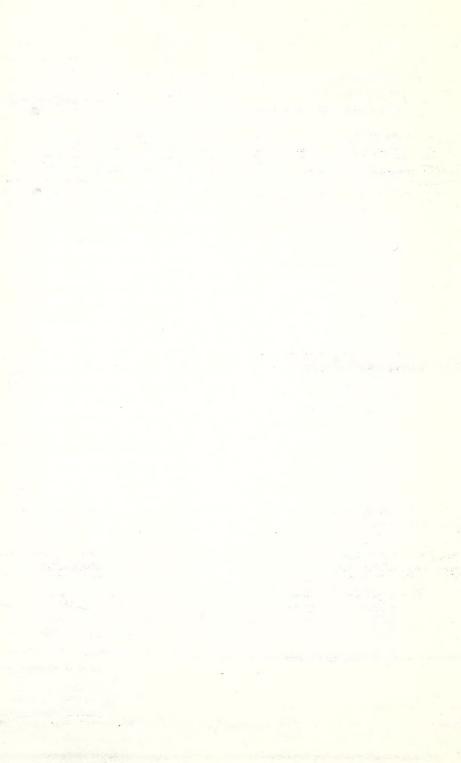
depended largely upon verbal messages delivered by friends rather than those of a written language. But there were those who could handle the goose quill in a creditable manner, and frequently those who could not write themselves employed a scribe to place their thoughts upon paper. Thus no ship came expectedly into port that did not find a crowd in waiting, looking anxiously for some communication from the friends and loved ones in the homeland.

So numerous, for the times, did these letters and packages become that the government, on November 5, 1639, ordered all letters to be sent to the house of Richard Fairbanks on Cornhill, Boston, where people could call for them. This was the first post-office in New England. As the inhabitants became more scattered and letters became more numerous, it was necessary to employ men to carry these missives, and they were known as post-riders.

Mounted couriers, or men on foot, were employed by government to send its messages to different sections of the country, there being no newspapers. The journeys of these riders were often performed at risk to life and limb, to say nothing of the hardships endured. Frequently long distances were made in remarkably short time, and these agents or messengers won in friendly rivalry records that were the crowning events of their lives.

Government fixed the compensation at three pence a mile, while inn-holders were warned not to charge exorbitant prices for their fare and ferry-men were ordered not to delay them on their passage and to carry them free. The post-rider was authorized to press into his service any horse or horses that he might need in case of an exigency.

Andrew Hamilton, formerly a successful merchant of Edinburgh, and who came to New Jersey in 1686, was made deputy postmaster-general April 4, 1692. He established a regular post-office in Boston the following May. He established the first post-office in New Hampshire at Pascataqua then and laid out a route for post-riders run-



ning from Pascataqua, N. H., through Boston to New York and Philadelphia and then on to Richmond, Va.

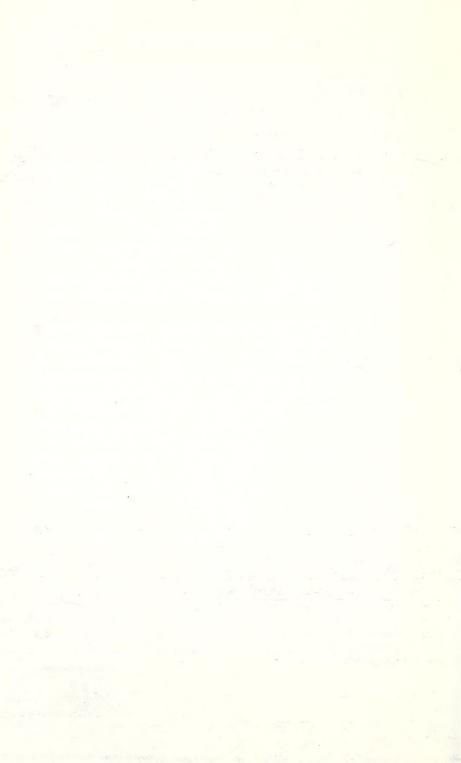
The rate of postage made the cost for a single letter of six pence from Pascataqua to Boston; from Boston to Connecticut, nine pence; to Philadelphia, fifteen pence. All public letters were sent free.

Duncan Campbell, a sturdy Scotchman of undoubted integrity, was appointed deputy postmaster at Boston in 1693, and a salary was affixed to the office of £20 a year. He was also "as an encouragement exempted from paying of taxes" and allowed to sell strong drinks. A further proof of the desire of the government to make the work a success was an act of the general court which provided "that for three years all persons not bringing letters to the post-office (except those excepted) shall pay four times the regular rates,"

A fine of £5 was laid upon any ferryman who should detain a post-rider, and the owners of horses pressed into the service received six pence a mile for their use.

Notwithstanding all that was done to make a success of the undertaking, the result was discouraging. John Campbell, the successor of his brother Duncan, cited several reasons for this partial failure. There was, in the first place, a lack of financial support to carry on the work in the best manner possible; the ferry-men were not as prompt as they should be in serving the post-riders; the people did not give sufficient encouragement and patronage: these and other reasons were given to show why the department had fallen behind in expense. It cost £680 a year to maintain the route from Pascataqua to Philadelphia. Of this sum New England had to pay £453 6s. 8p. The shortage amounted to £275 a year.

We get a glimpse of the speed and certainty with which mail matter was transported by the fact that when this declaration of Deputy Postmaster Campbell reached Philadelphia Postmaster-General Hamilton had been dead a month. John Campbell, the sender of this message, was



the founder of the first newspaper printed in this country the Boston News-Letter. It was no fault of the management, taking in consideration the situation, that the department did not pay. Postmaster Hamilton was succeeded in his high office by his widow, the first post-mistress in America, and she administered affairs as judiciously as her able husband had done. Their son, John, next occupied the place.

In 1704 the eastern post left Boston for Pascataqua every Monday morning, and the mail from the latter place reached Boston Saturday.

The success, as well as the convenience and safety, of the post-rider, depended largely upon the conditions of the roads. Among the earliest roads or ways of travel was the Old Connecticut Road or "Bay Path," as it was better known. It was one of the first links connecting Boston, with the West. This pathway was the principal if not the only way of communication with the westward-lying country for over forty years. In 1673 a new passage, also called "The Connecticut Road," was laid out by the court of Massachusetts, and this route was eventually extended to Albany, N. Y.

Other roads followed, generally running along some old trail of the Amerinds, until the settlement of new towns made it necessary to break away from the rudely appointed routes. Thus slowly, year by year, the country became crossed and cris-crossed with a network of highways. But it was not, however, until after the close of the French and Indian Wars that roads multiplied very fast. Those seven years of conflict had served to unlock the secrets of the wilderness to the frontier soldiery that everywhere passed and repassed. The keeneyed scouts and wood-rangers not only saw with unflinching vision their dusky foemen, but they beheld with longing gaze the advantages of the different sections of country lying to the west and north. Thus roads followed rapidly the conclusion of the war.



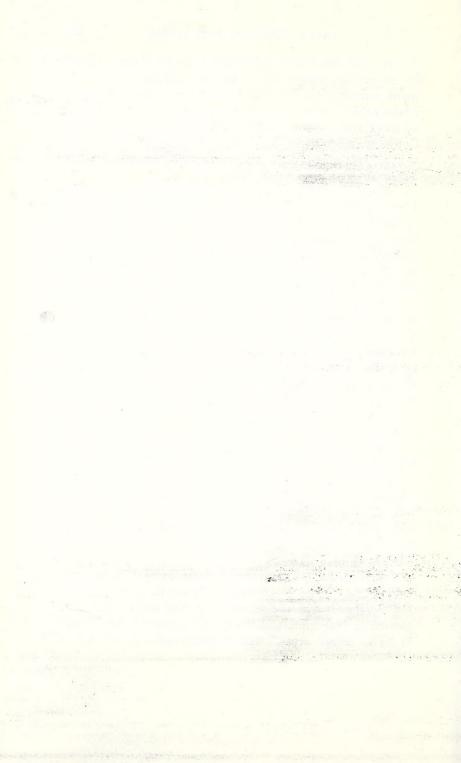
At first there were no bridges, and the streams had to be forded or crossed by ferries. For several years the roads running out of the metropolis of New England crossed the Charles River between Boston and Cambridge, where the ferry was established as early as 1631 by Edward, Converse. Nine years later the profits of this ferry went to Harvard College. A bridge was built over the Charles on the road to Brighton in 1641.

The first road leading into New Hampshire of which I have found any record was the old "King's Highway," connecting Boston with Portsmouth. This seems to have been a popular route as early as 1766, and it led through Greenland, Stratham, Exeter, Kingston, Plaistow, Haverhill, Bradford, Andover, Wilmington, Woburn, Medford to Boston. It was sixty-six miles in length.

Another road a little later was established leading out of Boston through Lynn (turning at Medford), Salem, Ipswich, Newbury, Hampton, and joining the other at Greenland. This route was extended through the province of Maine, northward; and over the old Indian "Carrying-Place," at the headwaters of the Kennebec and the Chaudiere to Quebec. It was over this route that Arnold passed with his troops upon that memorable winter march to conquer Canada.

In 1770 another road into New Hampshire, known as the "Road to Number Four," now Charlestown on the Connecticut, was open to travel. This road crossed the Charlestown Ferry and went through Cambridge, Lexington, Concord, Acton, Littleton, Groton, Shirley, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Ashburnham, Winchendon, Mass., Swansey, Keene, Walpole to Charlestown, N. H. The distance was 119 miles.

Almost the first movement made by the Scotch-Irish colony that settled Nutfield in 1719 was to open roads for the convenience of the settlers. A road had already been opened to Haverhill, and what afterwards became known as "The Great Road" was ordered built to Amoskeag

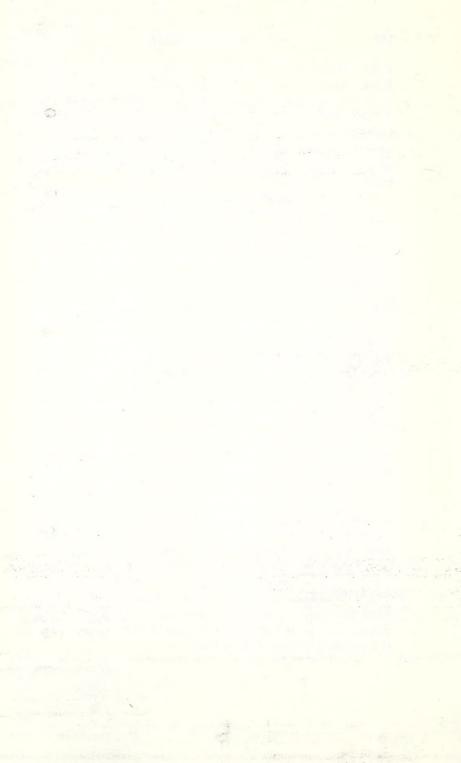


Falls. Nearly a hundred years before this, the Apostle Eliot, in the summer of 1649, had caused to be cleared a road or pathway up the west bank of the Merrimack River to Amoskeag Falls, where Passaconaway had requested him to visit his people. Illness prevented the good man from undertaking the journey, but his noble intentions had been instrumental in laying out the first road coming into our state.

The breaking out of the Revolutionary War placed another check upon roads, so that the most common way of travel was upon horseback or on foot, the slow-moving ox-team the power used to move heavy commodities. A system of post-riders extended wherever new settlements sprang up, and the scanty number of letters, papers and parcels were carried through all the principal towns by these hardy carriers. The main roads banding the country were improved somewhat and came to be known as "Post Roads." The first of this class of highways ran between Boston and New York by way of Providence, Stonington, New London and the sho e of Long Island Sound, a distance of two hundred and fifty-five miles. It was over this route that Madame Knight made her memorable trip in the summer of 1804.

Among the very earliest pioneers to assist in the advancement of the postal service of this country was Isaiah Thomas of Boston, who was the editor and publisher of the Massachusetts Spy, before the Revolution. In the fall of 1774 he was instrumental in establishing a line of post-riders from Boston to Baltimore, his associates in the undertaking being Thaddeus Burr of Fairfield, Conn., John Holt of New York, and William Goddard of Baltimore.

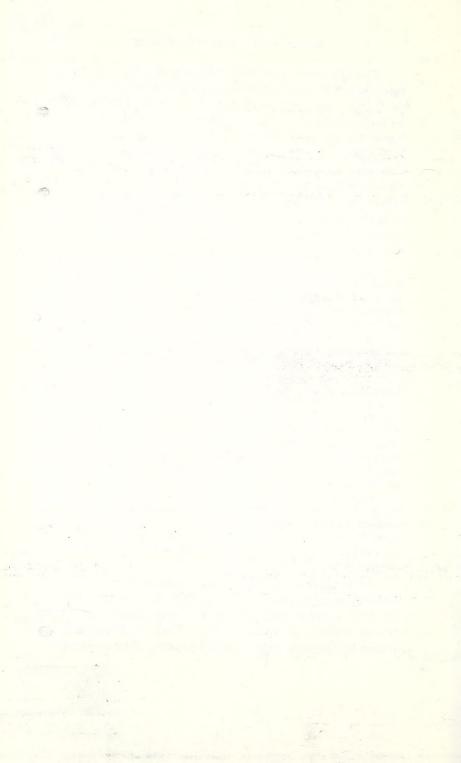
The following year, upon moving his paper to Worcester, he made increased effort to add to the postal facilities. Every Wednesday, the day upon which his paper came from the press, a post-rider started for Cambridge and Salem, returning Saturday with the *Gazette* published at the former place by Edes & Gill.



The system of rural free delivery, of which the post-riders stand as shining examples, became so popular that the public was loath to give it up. Post-riders continued on their routes, many of them, several years after the coming of the iron horse, which was to completely revolutionize the mode of travel. They were especially valuable to the publishers of papers, and their reputations were won by the swiftness and certainty with which they delivered their messages. Not infrequently did they incur great hardships but actual dangers, as witness the following contemporary account taken from the Boston Courier of January 28, 1833.

Expresses are carried sometimes in light vehicles, but generally on horseback. The speed is commonly too great for the motion of wheels, and with a horse unincumbered by a vehicle, obstacles from bad roads or any other source can be more readily overcome and avoided. The riders are dressed in a light jacket, pantaloons, or breeches and boots, and a snug cap. In the rapid expresses which have been run within the last two years from Washington with the president's message, horses and riders are stationed at intervals of five miles throughout the whole line. The shortest calculations have been for twenty-two miles per hour. Each horse, therefore, has to perform his route within fifteen minutes. As each horse comes up, the next rider seizes the package, applies his spurs, and goes off at the top of his animal's powers. Seldom have all the bridges, mud-holes and other obstacles of all sorts, between Washington and New York, been passed without at least one or two doleful tumbles. In one instance, a horse, in jumping from Trenton bridge, slipped and fell, burst open his breast, and died on the spot. The riders, strained to the highest pitch of excitement and energy, generally contrive to save their necks, but they encounter hazards which to gratify curiosity of thousands can hardly repay. Yet there are always a plenty of men and boys with whom the pleasure of excitement more than outweigh the danger. If a horse is disabled, the rider has to procure another as he can, and sometimes takes the humble, and, under the circumstance, almost ridiculous alternates, of trudging two or three miles on foot.

It is easy to see that these post-riders were a hardy class of men, inured to battling with the elements in all sorts of weather and condition. They usually bestrode horses worthy of their mettle. Their routes could be traced by the notices in the local papers. The newspapers



and packages were carried in large saddle-bags, and the letters in a pouch slung over the shoulder of the rider. Merchants not infrequently employed them to carry articles, and it was not uncommon for them to take horses along for delivery at certain places. A contemporary writer in describing one of them says:

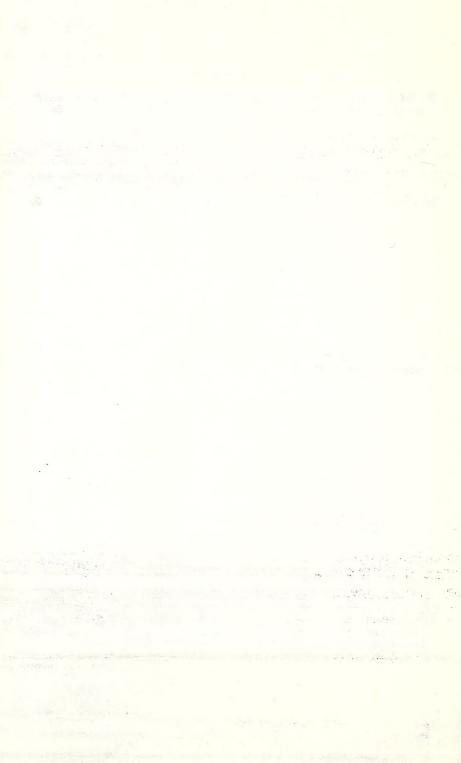
"Every one knew the time for the arrival of the postrider, and a crowd collected to greet him. At every fourcorners or cross-roads there was a post with a covered box upon it, in which to put the papers, and the post-rider would ride up to it at a full gallop, open the box, drop in the paper and go on without stopping or even slacking his speed."

Always the bearer of the latest news and gossip in those days when papers were not common, the blare of the post-rider's trumpet announcing his coming was the signal for eager, anxious watchers to await his approach. Upon special occasions, such as an election or following the occurrence of some important event, these heralds were met by crowds at post-offices and public places. About 1800 these couriers seemed the most numerous, and after that time the stage-coach and then railroad supplanted them, so they began to diminish, until in the forties they disappeared altogether.

One of the last to follow his calling was William Clark, of New London, N. H., commonly known as "Bill Clark." He carried the mail for a long period between the towns of New London through Bradford to Washington. It is said he never missed a trip, and whatever the weather or condidition of the road the trumpet of "Old Bill" was certain to awake the inhabitants of Bradford at early morning, and he was sure to be found at the village hostelry, where he stopped long enough to take his breakfast.



"I SAT TRANSFIXED BY I KNOW NOT WHAT SPELL" Drawn for Granite State Magazine



My Uncle's Coon Skin Coat

By STRANGER

Illustration by the Author

O my prophetic soul! my uncle!-Hamlet.

Note.—It is now twenty years and more since my uncle told the story of his coon skin coat. To-night, as I copy out from memory the narration of his singular adventure, I call to mind his foresight in sending me, soon after returning home, the following sworn declaration. My uncle doubtless realized that by some his statements might be discredited if the story ever found its way into print.

AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN OAKLEAF. Personally appeared before me the aforesaid John Oakleaf, yoeman and pedler, who being duly sworn deposed and said that the account of his adventure at the home of Deacon Hubbardston was substantially correct as his memory served him.

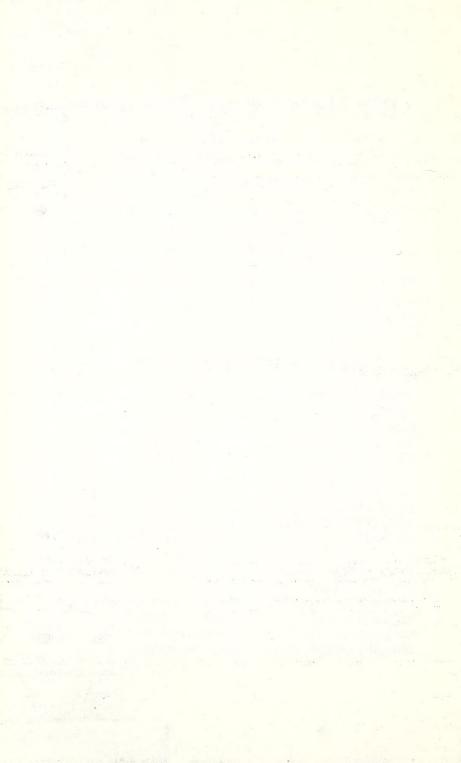
(Signed)

SELMEN NURUM, J. P.

Late of firm, Nurum & Greenlemons,

New Haven.

EAR the close of a rainy November afternoon, my uncle came into my room in the City of Witches. Ordinarily, the appearance of my uncle, a plain, straight-going man, would not excite unusual interest; but this time he came on Friday, the anniversary of the breaking of the neck of the unhappy Stephen Merrill Clark. had come by the way of Gallows hill, and had sold his last pair of green spectacles at the very house wherein were tried some of the victims of the delusion known as Salem witchcraft. And more than all, he wore his coon skin coat. I always shuddered when I saw that coat. Something of its strange history was known to me. This dreary, howling, November afternoon, as he slowly took it off and hung it near the fire, the very hair seemed to rise up, the tails to lash about, and legs to extend from out of the grizzly fur as if thawed into animation by the warmth. Naturally enough, the conversation turned into psychologi-



cal channels, and from thence into the broader sea of superstitions in general.

"It was on such an afternoon as this," said my uncle, "that people were startled by seeing thrown in awful mirage upon the eastern sky the inverted image of the ill-starred brigantine 'Noah's Dove,' that long before sailed away from Derby wharf, and was never hailed."

A peculiar, pendulum-like swaying of the coat now drew our attention. At that moment, also, there came a rapping at the door so sharp and sudden that my uncle dropped his snuff box bottom side up on the floor. Before he had time to recover his fragrant macaboy, my old friend, Doctor Bicuspid, fresh from the dissecting room of a New York medical school, came in with a large carpet bag in his hand.

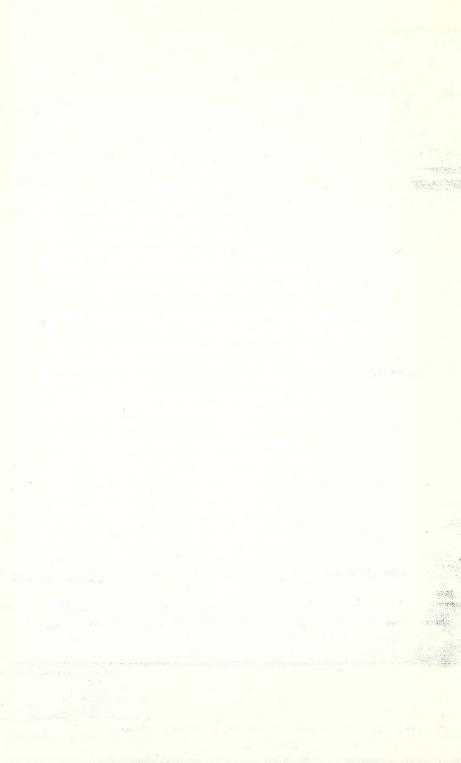
"Fearful night," said the Doctor, shaking the rain off his hat and my uncle by the hand.

"I was about to say," said Oakleaf, after he had somewhat recovered from an almost dislocated metacarpus, "that I have not known so dismal and terrific a night to be abroad in since that very night twenty-seven years ago—"

"Zounds! John Oakleaf, what was that?" shouted the doctor.

At this startling interruption, my uncle broke off the thread of his story, and we turned our eyes in the direction of the coat, hanging on a wooden peg by the hearth, which the Doctor stoutly declared had vibrated several times like the pendulum of a clock. After quiet had been restored, and the angles of the room had become dulled by tobacco smoke, my uncle began again the story of his coon skin coat and we, the Doctor and myself, became as openmouthed listeners as ever stared in wonder at old John Willet of the famous Maypole Inn.

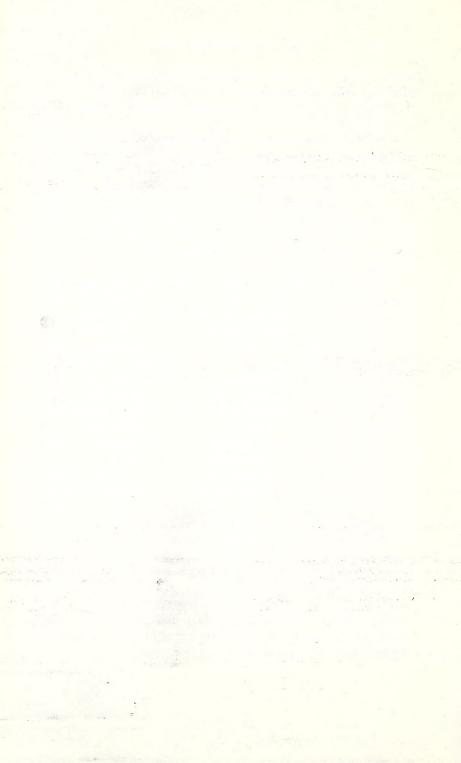
"Twenty-seven years ago I started on foot from Haverhill, N. H., then a small post-village on the stage line from Plymouth to Littleton, with my trunk, that one sitting there (he pointed to a small black box in the corner



of the room), filled with articles of jewelry and a cheap grade of lead pencils, commodities at that time unknown in country groceries that seldom rose above the dignity of lamp oil and lard."

Here my uncle mused, seeming to wander reflectively along paths whose perspective led back to the time when he, a traveler, fared along the dusty road, stopping, perchance, at a road-side store to clear his throat with a glass of cider at the tap, and then resume his journey to far away among the hills. Spirals of smoke, circling about him, seemed to weave him, as it were, into the fabric memory was tracing, and revivifying faded hues in the pattern.

"You see," said my uncle, at length resuming his story, "I felt it incumbent on me to reach Holderness on as early a day as possible, for I consider good faith an important part of a pedler's outfit. The country folks on the Squam Lake road looked forward to my semi-annual visit to the neighborhood; and being already two days late, I made all haste in reaching that quiet settlement. It was late in November; a cold, cheerless and gusty day was drawing to a close when I came in sight of the hamlet; at intervals a light in a window threw a faint gleam upon the shadowy road, while now and then the tinkling of a cow bell told of some herd wandering late in pasture. I confess to a nameless feeling of apprehension, having heard away back on the road, rumors of queer and mysterious doings thereabouts. It was six o'clock, as near as I can remember, when I crossed the log bridge that spanned an inlet of the lake; the wind blew in fitful gusts, and Squam rolled its dark and frothy waves fretfully upon the shore. About half a mile now lay between me and the house where I intended to stop a few days. A feeling of timidity overtook me again when I passed the spot where, only the spring before, a pedler's horse was found tied to an alder bush, and his rider was never after heard of; but rumors of a ghost with a fractured skull—"



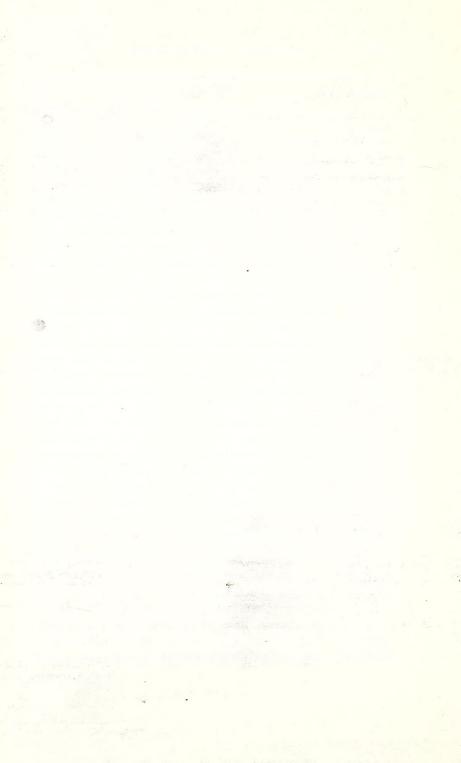
"Should have been trepanned," said the Doctor, now wide awake,

"As I said, uncanny rumors were rife among the superstitious. After winding through the meadow the road rises to a ledgy plateau where the wind, increasing as the night advanced, swept with unchecked fury. That night it roared, as if a thousand demons had been let loose; darkness came on early, and the forest that nearly surrounded my path shut out the last gleam of the departing day; while between me and the water the blackness fell like a thick curtain. Ever and anon a trumpet blast reached my ears, but from where or what direction I am unable to tell, but the utter loneliness of that sound, as others who heard it afterwards testified, was indeed awful.

"Half an hour later I sat my box down on the doorstep of Deacon Simon Hubbardston's house and rapped on the door. The Deacon came along the hall with a tallow-dip in his hand, which the wind instantly blew out when he opened the door to let me in. Following him into the kitchen, I found that he was alone; a yellow barrel-churn stood near the fireplace, and the Deacon's iron-bowed spectacles lay on an open copy of an old book on Demonology, bearing date of 1631, and the imprint of a London bookseller."

My uncle in his younger years had been a schoolmaster, and the love of learned research was still strong upon him; but he had too much sense to blunder into the darkness of a doubtful science by the light of a tallow candle, and he was amazed to find the Deacon dabbling in empiric lore and following an *ignis fatuus* into a swamp where only tangled perplexities prevail.

"After the Deacon had returned from the cellar with a pitcher of cider," continued my uncle, "he spoke of the singular behaviour of the weather and the remarkable condition of the atmosphere that then prevailed. 'I am certain,' he said, 'at such times, of the dual existence of some persons;—did you hear that queer sound, just then, Oakleaf?—and that the invisible presence of some one known



to be miles away, forces itself upon my mind with oppressive weight. Certain persons are given power by the Prince of Darkness to assume forms other than their own; sometimes taking the shape of beast or bird for the purpose of annoyance, and it may be mischief. Such uncanny visitations have, from time out of mind, frightened the ignorant and puzzled the learned; peasant and philosopher are equally bewildered. Strange, Oakleaf, strange.'

"If you venture, Deacon, into the domains of imagination; where may you not wander? None of us walk with

sure steps on the brink of the pit of hallucination."

"'Some,' continued the Deacon, apparently not hearing what I said, 'declare that the Bilson woman, who lives in a cottage on the meadow, on such nights as this, when the moon is on the last quarter, takes the shape of a raccoon and prowls around the houses of honest people; during the last storm she took the form of a loon, flew over in the shape of a harrow, and finally roosted on my corn shed. Gabriel Tinhorn saw a raccoon lurking around one night, and next morning his three-year-old bull, was found up on the highest beam of the barn; and a brindled cat surnamed the "Lamentations of Jeremiah," left in his keeping by a summer boarder, had not been seen at all since that night. Just before candle-lighting tonight I saw an enormous raccoon creeping under the gooseberry bushes by that window. And now, John Oakleaf, I believe that the cream in this churn is bewitched, for I have been churning three hours and no signs of butter have appeared.'

"Deacon Hubbardston, said I, do you think it becomes a man of your intelligence and standing in the community to talk of such delusions?"

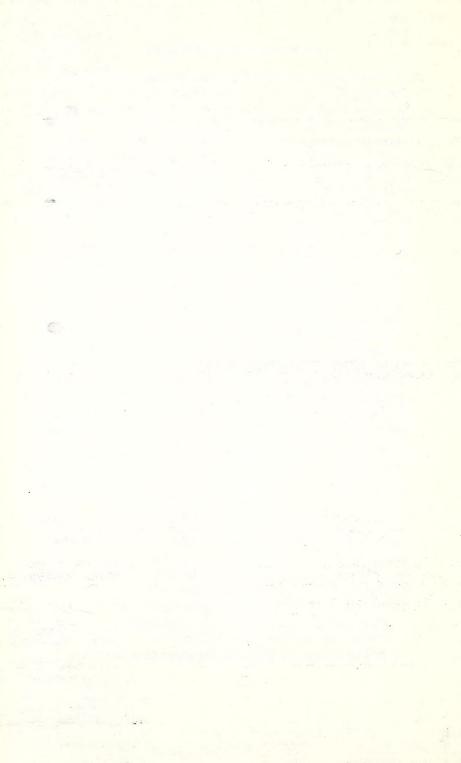
"'Great Hornspoon! John Oakleaf,' suddenly exclaimed the Deacon, 'did you hear that sound?'

"I did distinctly hear the chattering of teeth."

"'Hush!' The Deacon looked frightened.

"What do you think it is, Deacon?"

"'The old woman Bilson in the shape of a raccoon.'



"Where?"

"'Here in the churn.'

"He pushed the churn away, reached up to the little cupboard over the fireplace, took out an old newspaper containing a lengthy review of 'Grimes on Magic Eloquence,' handed the paper to me, then picking up the bluestriped pitcher went down cellar leaving me to wonder what was coming next. I sat transfixed by I know not what spell, with my eyes fastened upon a strangely luminous beam of light that emanated from a chink in the door where the Deacon had disappeared. When he returned he set the pitcher down on the table and looked at the churn in an abstracted manner.

"'Oakleaf,' said the Deacon suddenly, 'you used to sing; get that book of Watts' hymns and lead off.' He found a tuning-fork in a light-stand drawer, with trembling hand hit it on a leg of his chair, then holding it to his ear struck up—Hallelujah metre:

"On that dark and doleful night
When powers of earth and hell unite."

"The exorcising tones arose and joined in dismal chorus with the sounds of the night without.

"'Holland's Purchase!' exclaimed the Deacon, 'There it is again.'

"He got up, went to the fireplace, drew forward a heap of glowing coals, lifted up the churn, and poured the contents upon the red-hot embers. A moment it seethed and boiled, and then gathering itself into a mass the infernal compound exploded. Then from out of the brands and ashes sprang a monstrous raccoon which leaped upon the table, stood still a moment, then crashed its way through the window out into the darkness. A shriek, followed by flying steps, was heard. I took the old queen's arm that hung in the chimney-corner and hurried out as soon as possible, but no further injury was needed; the animal was still. I removed him to the shed and secured the fur; and

that is the identical skin in the back of that coat against which the Doctor is leaning his head.

"When I came down to breakfast the next morning, the young Bilson girl was waiting in the open door for the Deacon to find his hat; her manner was excited and anxious; we went with her to the little cottage on the meadow, where she said that her mother, during the storm the night before, had rushed in all ablaze. Whether the foot-prints leading from the cottage to the Deacon's broken window were hers I am, of course, unable to say; but the difference in the time of her appearance at her home and the moment when the Deacon poured the cream upon the blazing coals varied but ten minutes.

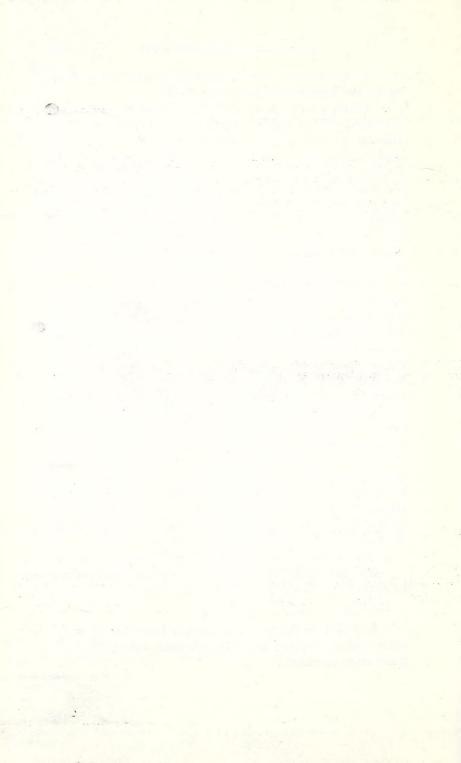
"Long afterward I again visited the meadow. It was afternoon in the spring-time of the year. The shadow of a great elm fell across the weed-grown road, and stretching over the ruined cottage. hastened on as the sun declined, to join kindred twilight in the deep woods that fringe the shore of the lake. A strange vine bearing flame-red flowers trailed a leafy fretwork among the rafters. With unwelcome insistence memory forced upon me thoughts of the unhappy victim of a pitiless delusion that demanded her as a sacrifice. Was it because she was defenceless that they dared darken her way with unjust suspicion?

"O woman, glorified by the star that guided the Wise Men in old Judea, why should one of the least among you have not found protection! Had but one Knight like Bayard been granted, men who were only their mothers' shame, would have been silent. In the calm and peace of the evening I walked away never to return."

"Are you a preacher, too, Oakleaf?" said the Doctor.

My uncle made no reply. His story was done. When
he opened the door to go away, we heard the midnight bells.

As I said in the first place, it was years ago that my uncle told the story of his coon skin coat, and that I wrote it out from memory.



When I read the manuscript to the schoolmaster, in camp last summer, he said if it wasn't for the affidavit, he wouldn't believe the story. Then he took his fishing rod and walked away down the road.

The murmur of Eastman brook reached the school-master's ears as he stopped a moment to gather an old-fashioned single red rose that grew by the doorstep of the haunted schoolhouse, where Macdonald waited in the shadow of the butternut trees—Macdonald whose father played the Pibroch far in the north of Scotland where the waves of Moray Firth wash the shores of Chromarty.

Windowless and gray the old schoolhouse stands at the foot of the hill, while near by a weed-grown road straggles among gray birches on to where a dismal pool reflects the shadow of a ruined mill.

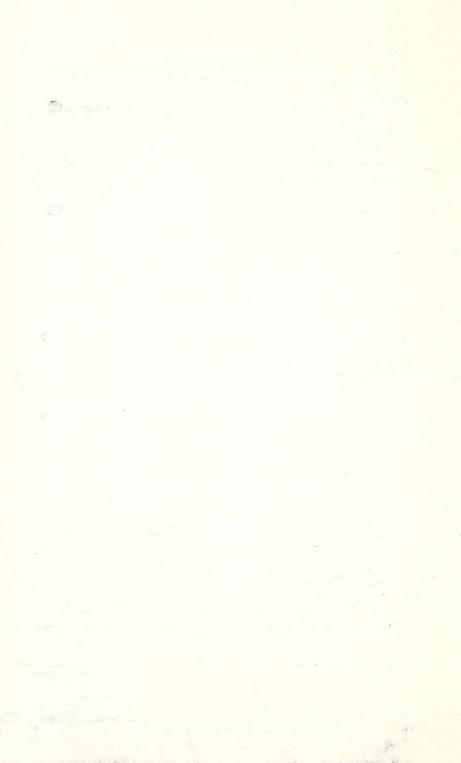
This is a trout country; and presently, below on the brook, I heard the Highlander singing;

"By yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
O we twa hae passed sae mony blithsome days
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond."

The Silver Lining

By NELSON GLAZIER MORTON

Every cloud has a silver lining,
Every night brings the dawning day.
Life is good, let there come what may;
Waste no moments in sad repining;
Every cloud has a silver lining,
Every night brings the dawning day.





Ex-Gov. E. A. STRAW President 1870-1880



Ex-Gov. J. A. WESTON President 1880-1895



FRANK W. SARGEANT President



JOHN C. FRENCH President 1895-1900



UBERTO C. CROSBY President 1900-1995

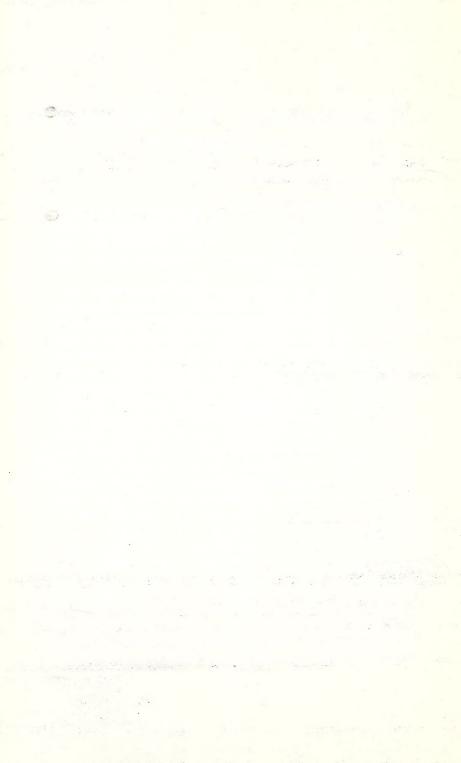
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Pew Hampshire Fire Insurance Company

By GRAY FAIRLEE

HE formation of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company was due to the persistent and well-directed efforts of a single individual, the late John C. French, and it remains a monument to the zeal and genius of its founder.

Forty years ago there was no stock fire insurance company in the state of New Hampshire. Several efforts in this direction had been made, but all had failed of success. It speaks volumes for the ability of its founder that he was able at the first to interest and impress, and later to attach to the official board and directorate of the new organization, men of financial strength and of a wide influence and reputation for conservative methods and integrity of purpose. Himself at that time possessed of but a limited knowledge of the fire insurance business, he made it a study to the extent that he came to rank in the front column of the practical fire underwriters of the country. Mr. French was one of the most unassuming of men and often took occasion to ascribe the wonderful success of the company to the advice and assistance of others. It has been said that the test of greatness in the business world lies in the ability to select and retain capable associates and helpers and Mr. French showed unerring judgment in that respect. But the new company was launched with his strong hand at the helm and followed a course which he had planned, through the shoals and past the reefs and treacherous quicksands of the earlier years, to the broad waters of success and as nearly as possible, under changing conditions and with business methods adapted and broadened to meet the requirements

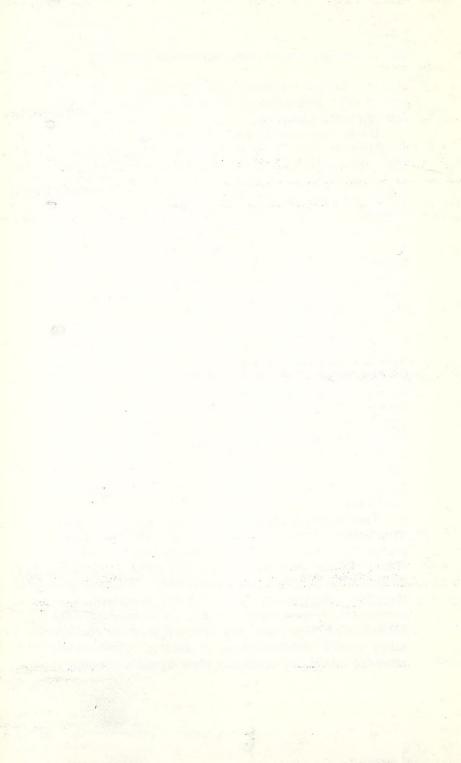


of a vastly larger organization and a constantly increasing field of effort and influence, it still follows along the lines laid down by its founder.

Under the provisions of a bill entitled: "An Act to Establish the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company," drawn by John C. French with the advice and assistance of Samuel N. Bell and passed by the legislature of 1869, a charter was secured and the company was organized in January of the following year. In April of 1870 an office was equipped and the company was at last in a position to do business. The first policy bore the date of April 6 and was written by John C. French on the residence of ex-Gov. James A. Weston, and it is an interesting fact that the property is still insured by the New Hampshire, as it has been continuously during forty years.

It seems strange to us to-day, considering the character and high standing in the community, of the half dozen men who stood as sponsors to the new company, that the first issue of stock was not eagerly acquired, but those were days of excessive caution in investment. Fire insurance in New Hampshire at that period was considered a very hazardous enterprise and the history of previous attempts in that line was not such as to breed overmuch confidence. At the end of the year 1870, the sum of \$40,123 of net premiums had been written, in the year 1909 the total net premiums for the twelve months was more than \$2,150,000.

The company organization occurred at a period peculiarly favorable for a successful business. The great conflagration at Boston and Chicago caused a demand for insurance capital and protection such as had never before been known in the history of fire underwriting. The growth of the young company was rapid, being only restrained by the conservative prudence of its officers and directors and the determination to assume only such obligations as could be safely carried without danger of disaster. Business was extended slowly and cautiously, state by state, the utmost



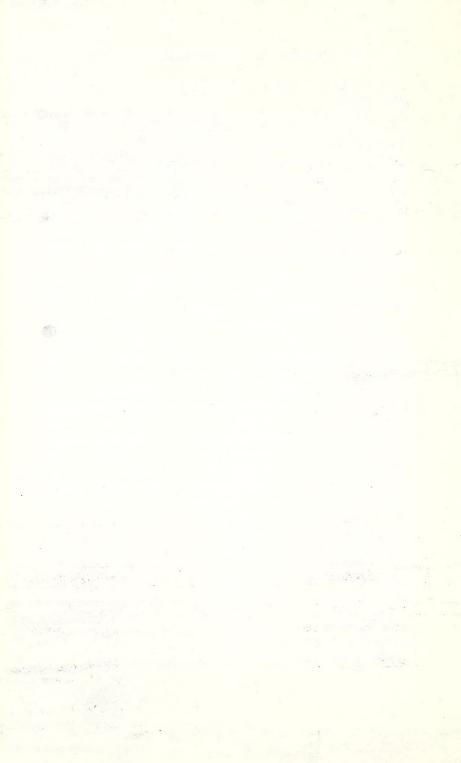
care being exercised in the selection of field managers and agents.

The plan outlined at the commencement and ever since adhered to, was that all premiums should be retained to meet losses, the dividends to stock-holders to be paid from the interest on investments. During the years that followed, the surplus or reserve fund thus founded has steadily grown, each year having added its quota, until today over one and a half millions of dollars is thus held in trust to serve as a protection to policy-holders against such contingencies as might be caused by business and financial crises or great conflagrations.

And thus year by year the New Hampshire Fire grew in strength and extended its field of usefulness, gaining everywhere a reputation for reliability and square-dealing.

When the great Baltimore fire came in 1904, to be followed two years later by the unparalleled disaster at San Francisco, the company was so firmly entrenched that it was little affected by the large losses incurred. In those days that tried men's souls, the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company earned its spurs and proved its worth. Although hampered and delayed by the loss of all its records in the vault of its General Agency in San Francisco, it was one of the first companies to begin paying its losses and one of the very first to complete such payment, a result attained without ill feeling and to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. That this was all accomplished without any impairment of its assets and that the statement of the following January showed the company to be financially stronger than ever before was a matter of pride and gratification to the officers and stock-holders as well as a source of wonderment to policy-holders and the agency world, coming at a time when the air was filled with rumors of the suspension or re-insurance of long established companies, while others were forced to adopt heroic measures to replenish their depleted treasuries.

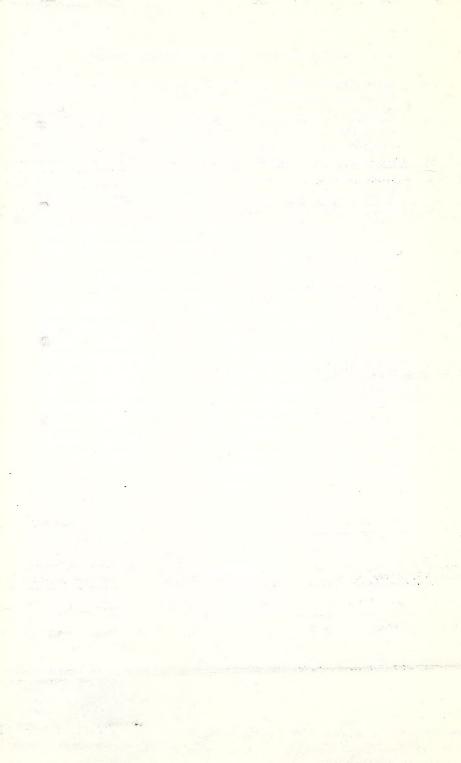
To meet the requirements of a business which has



shown from the first a constant, healthy growth, it has nine times been considered desirable to increase the amount of capital stock and each new issue has been practically taken up by the old stock-holders. A further increase of \$100,000 has been recently voted, which will make the cash capital \$1,200,000, the original charter of the company having been revised by a recent legislative act to admit of the ultimate extension of the cash capital to a round two millions of dollars.

The organization owes much to the officers who have managed its finances, to those men who first made it a possibility and then throughout its early career as well as during the later years have given to its welfare their time and best efforts. The names and memory of ex-Gov. E. A. Straw, ex-Gov. James A. Weston, Hon. S. N. Bell, Hon. George Byron Chandler and ex-Gov. Moody Currier will ever be honored for services invaluable to the New Hampshire, each having been officially connected with the corporation at the time of its inception. A detailed personal history of the men who have guided the destinies of the company would not be of special interest to a majority of our readers, but the result of their work and the organization which they helped to build has assumed a nationwide importance as an exponent of the best and most useful principles of fire underwriting.





Editor's Window

heroic Incidents

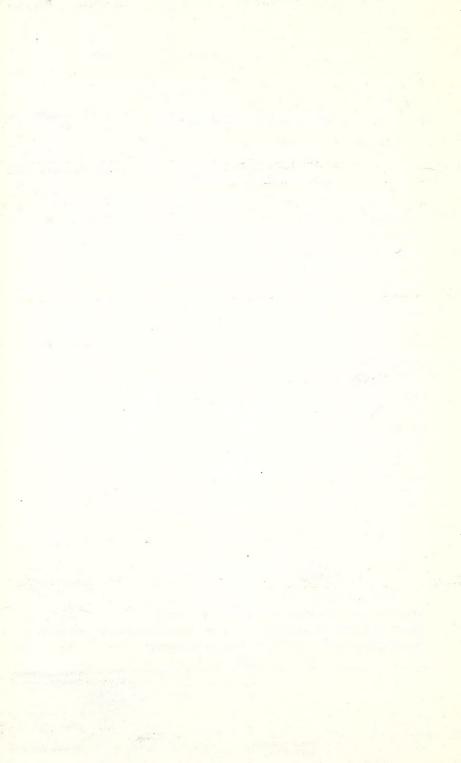
Chiseled out of a rock overlooking the beautiful Lake Lucerne, in the heart of the Fatherland of Freedom, the very embodiment of simplicity and nobility worthy of the genius of its designer, the immortal Thorwald, is a monument commemorating the daring sacrifice of The Swiss Guard.

The memorial represents a lion, his body pierced by a shaft, while he rests upon the rock-bed his paw lying across a shield emblazoned with the lilies of France. Over the recumbent guardsman is another shield engraved with the arms of Switzerland.

This monument was made to commemorate one of the most heroic scenes in the checkered history of France, and commemorates the heroic sacrifice of the Swiss Guard, at the critical moment when the tragic drama of the French Revolution was at its crucial point and the trembling emperor, not daring to place himself at the head of his brave legion, hesitated while they were butchered almost to a man in the precincts of the Tulieries Palace, while his sun sank behind a blood-red sunset.

The March of Liberty

The sun never sets on the American flag! The triumphant proclamation of the British Empire that night never mantles her domain is now the exultation of the American people. The Lion has its compeer!



It is but two generations ago that the American Nation, like a black knight, entered the tournament of the Nations unarmored and unskilled in the use of the unweildy commercial lance.

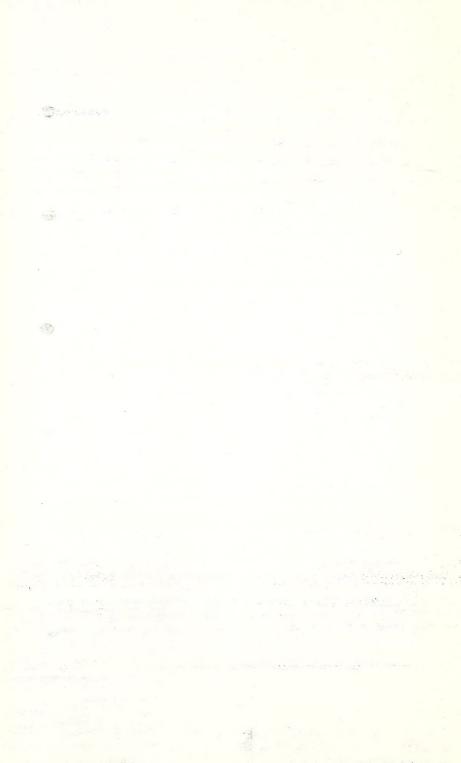
Well might the Old World look upon it as brazen effrontery. Impoverished by the War for Independence and facing a financial crisis more serious than any of its experiences on the battlefield, the knight of the west looked to the east for the loan of sufficient funds to secure the bare sustenance of life—but without sympathy.

The aged monarchies proclaimed it a hazardous risk and forcasted short life to the bold knight, pronouncing self-government as the vision of irresponsible theorists.

The tournament of the Nations has been swift. From thirteen scattered states in the wilderness the American Republic has swept from ocean to ocean. It has pushed the light of liberty to the far ice-bounds of Alaska. With a leap it has carried the dawn of a new day into the Hawaiian Islands and into the Philippines; it has extended its arm to struggling Cuba and Puerto Rico as the champion of freedom, until to-day the American knight holds the commercial supremacy of the world, and with a wealth estimated at one-tenth of a trillion dollars, and increasing at the rate of twelve millions a day, it is the richest Nation on earth—in men and gold.—Mrs. Henry Champion in Journal of American History.

* *

The Spanish Main is a familiar phrase on our lips, and practically every one who uses it believes that he is referring to an old name for a portion of the ocean. As a matter of fact, however, Main is merely a contraction for Mainland. The term was applied to that part of the north coast of South America which was washed by the Caribbean Sea. The name is simply a survival from the days when Spain was the mistress not only of the West Indies but also of the mainland.



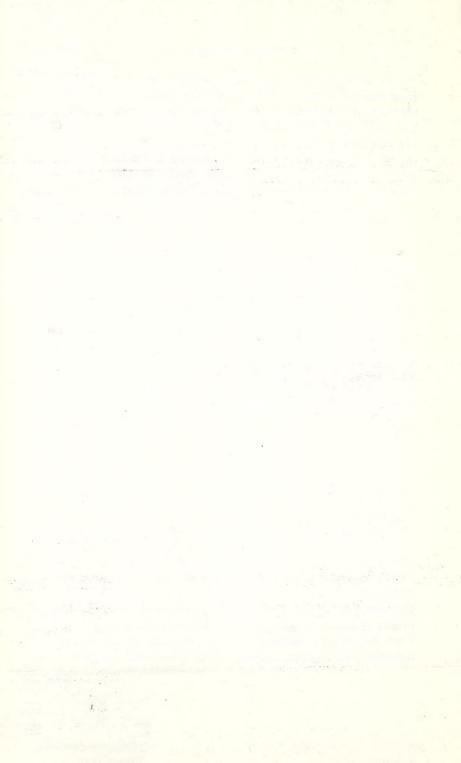
A most puzzling geographic mystery has come down from ancient times. This is the old question as to the identity of Ultimate Thule. It was about 400 B. C. that Pytheas, a citizen of Massilia, sailed on his famous voyage. He discovered Albion, and then continued farther north till he reached a spot which he named Ultimate Thule. What this country was has never been determined. It may have been Shetland, or Norway, or Iceland.

* *

Another ancient puzzle is that of Atlantis. It is commonly believed nowadays that this vanished continent did once actually lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and there are theories unending concerning it. Some regard the Canary Islands as fragmentary remains of it; others think that the supposedly lost land was really America. But, in considering these speculations, it is well to bear in mind the fact that the first mention of the country was made by Plato, and many scholars are sure that the philosopher merely indulged in an imaginative fight. The solitary evidence that Atlantis ever existed is his reference to it.

* *

Three traits of character were prominent in the lives of the early pioneers of Londonderry: Sobriety, industry and tenacity of purpose. One of their ministers naively remarked that "It behooveth a Scotchman to be right, for if he starteth wrong he must forever be wrong." It was told of one of them that "I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see the man who can convince me." If at times stubborn to a division of action upon even church matters, they were united in their efforts to establish schools, and in this respect were ahead of the English colonists. They were exceedingly industrious and guarded their little manufactories with zealous interest. The wives and daughters



of these thrifty people were true home-makers, where the hum of the linen wheel was the music of busy workers and the steady stroke of the loom the song of active life.

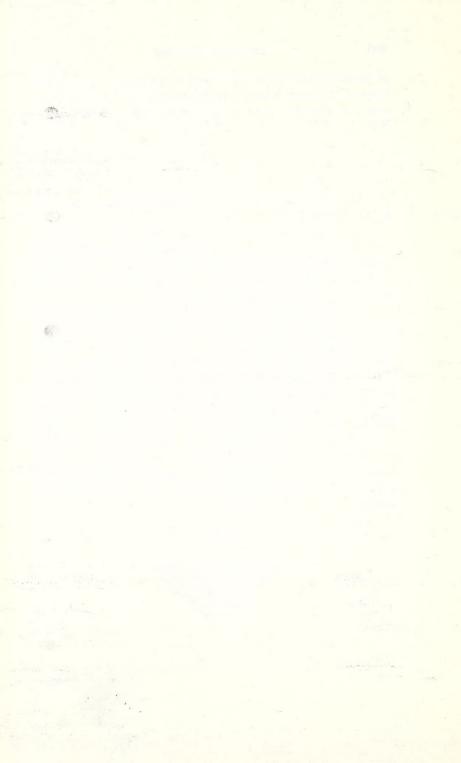
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Let me preach you a two minutes' sermon upon the value of optimism.

The cry of despair was never the war-cry of victory. The Pessimist lays down his sword at the beginning of the battle. The tone of the voice is the measure of purpose, and there was never a victory won without the ring of triumph ere the rubicon has been passed.

As it is in armed strife so in civil walks of life optimism paints the pathway with flowery possibility, and leads the feet up stepping-stones of hope and faith to the templed height of success. The light may be but the illusion of a dreamer and the ladder he climbs but the frail flashes of lacework of invisible vines thrown across his pathway by phantom hands. Yet, notice it when you will, he who climbs the rugged path of great fortune does so with a countenance illuminated with the light of the stars and who throughly believes in himself. He may be visionary, he may seem impracticable, but he leaves the misanthrope groping in the dark while he climbs into the sunlight of glory.





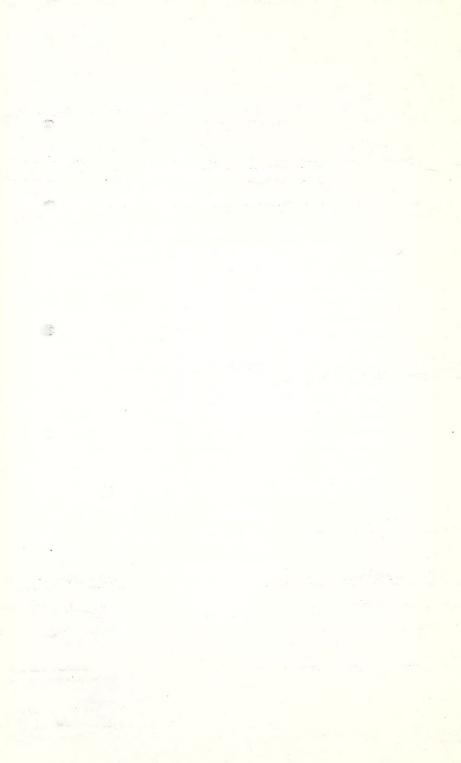
THE PICTURESQUE LAND

Illustrations From Oakes' White Mountain Scenery

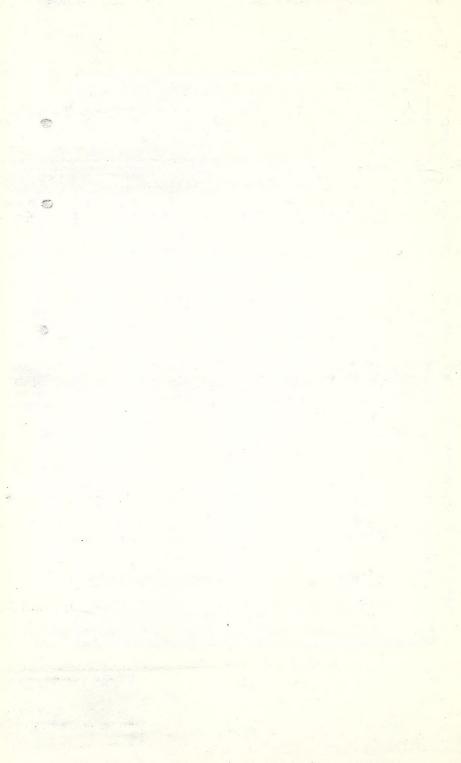




Oakes' "White Mountain Scenery" was not only the earliest, but the most ambitious among the illustrated works upon the White Hills. While some of the drawings are not of a very high class of art, yet they created considerable attention at the time of their appearance, and are usually accurate in their detail as well as in their general conception.



WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE... VIEW FROM GIANT'S GRAVE From a Painting by Isaac Sprague, 1847



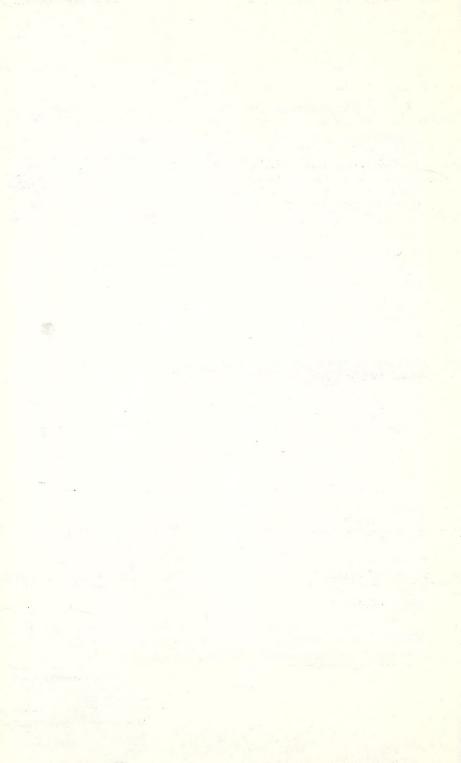
Mountains of the Snowy Forehead

OUNTAINS are the monuments of the Creator's work of world-building. Not alone for the grandeur of their majestic presence are they noted, but as sources of busy rivers that

control the progress of industry, the barriers between empires of eminent domain, the refuge of the seekers after political freedom, mountains are ever objects of respect, if not veneration, to those who dwell under the shadow of their stately dominion. The far-reaching prairie may forever beckon with its invisible fingers the wayfarer into the heart of its realm, but it offers no recompense for his endeavors; no haven of safety at set of sun. The mountain not only protects him from the biting blasts of the northland, but it unfolds, from its lofty summit, the very scroll of nature's handiwork; spreads at the feet of him who climbs the map of the universe, and points the way to his own hearthside. The breath of the plain is the fitful wooing of the syren of desolation. The spirit of the mountain is always the song of hope and freedom, love for the strong, protection for the weak.

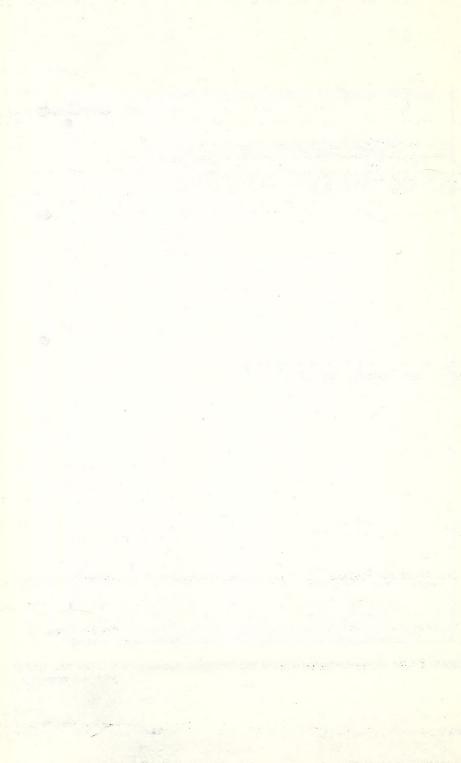
The Appalachian chain of highlands following the Atlantic coast finds its loftiest elevation and its grandest perfection in the White Hills of New Hampshire. This noble range was known to the Amerind by the poetical designation of *Waumbek Methna*, "The Mountains of the Snowy Forehead." Properly speaking, this series or group of mountains is about fifteen miles in length, with Mount Washington the central and objective figure. In breadth it is but a few miles, finding its greatest width at the base of this monarch.

From the vantage ground taken by our artist an extended view of the lofty range is obtained, probably the best in all the region about. While over sixty years have





WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH...SHOWING WILLEY HOUSE

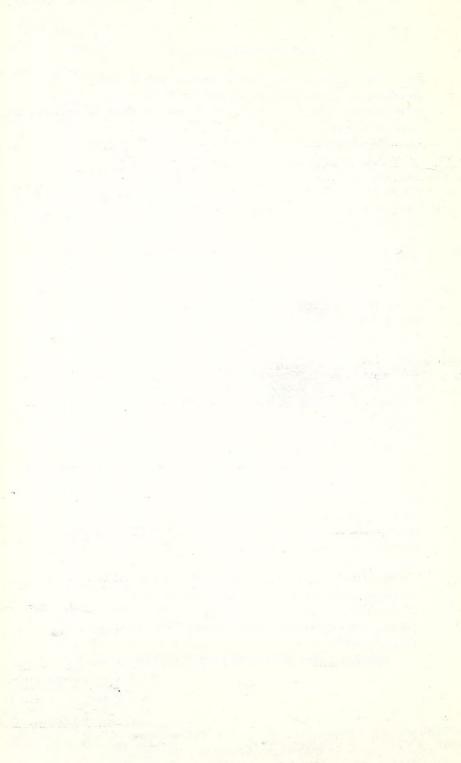


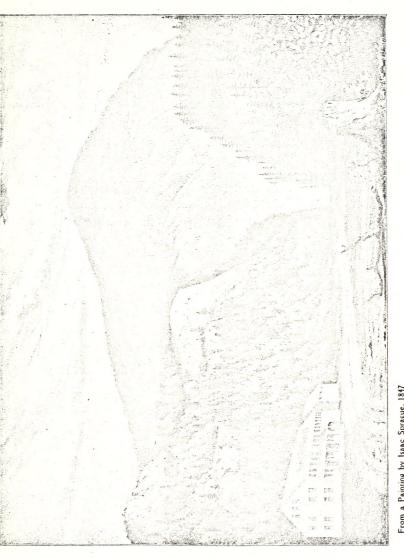
left their imprint on the face of nature since he made his drawing, the scene has changed very little. It is true great inroads have been made upon the forests at their bases, sundry storms have cut here and there huge gashes down the sides of these giants, while man has dared to scale the very highest with his car and bound it with iron bands; still the general effect is the same as then. The dome-like summit of Mount Pleasant on the extreme left, the flat brow of the namesake of Franklin, and the double crests of Monroe remain undefiled. A greater sufferer from vandal hands than either of these is the monarch of the range, Mount Washington, its high, broad pyramid affording the crown for all. Its shoulders of loose grey rock thrust above the spiky collar of its coat of green, patched with brown where barren ledges pierce the threadbare garment of stunted spruces, from all points of the compass, the seashore on the south to Mount Kathdin in Maine, hence northward to the Laurentian wall of the St. Lawrence valley, thence making the circle to the Adirondack hosts, then southerly and easterly past Uncanoonucs' twin crests and old Pawtuckaway to the Isles of Shoals, it is always the silent, lofty sentinel that keeps its ceaseless watch as the army of years passes by.

Without casting any reproach on the illustrious names that this range of mountains bears, no greater injustice was done the heritage of history than in robbing it of the patronymics given by the dusky race that read their very moods in the passing clouds, saw in their shifting shades the passing of the anger of an offended god, or perchance discovered a token of mercy and of hope in the lifting countenance.

To the Amerind the lofty summits were looked upon as hallowed retreats, where it was believed only the chosen of the Great Spirit could ascend. Their name for the highest was Agiochook, which meant "The Home of the Great Spirit."

Spaulding, one of its most faithful historians, says elo-





GATEWAY OF THE NOTCH---CRAWFORD'S NOTCH HOUSE IN FOREGROUND From a Painting by Isaac Sprague, 1847



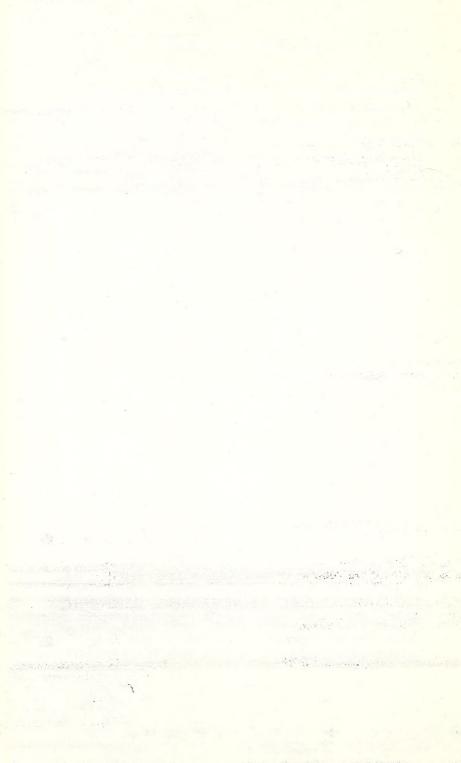
quently: "In olden times, from far and near have come the brave and fair red children of the wilderness, to offer, in wild, shadowy glens, their sacrifices of vengeance and love, and where their songs rose, with the echoes of the thundering waterfalls, to mingle with the roaring wind of the tempest cloud, upon the snow-crowned rock, there they reverently believed the Great Spirit listened with satisfaction to their tributes of esteem. When the first white man came here to climb to the top of this bald mountain, an old Indian, with his tomahawk of stone, flint-pointed arrow, and tanned war-dress, from the skins of moose and bear, standing proudly erect, shook his head, and said, 'The Great Spirit dwells there; he covers steps above the green leaves with the darkness of the fire tempest. No foot-marks are seen returning from his home in the clouds.'"

Gone is the red man's nomenclature, and with it fled the romance of the mountain and the forest, more's the pity, until we can only say with Hiawatha:

> Lo! all things fade and perish! From the memory of the old men Fade away the great traditions, The achievements of the warriors, The adventures of the hunters.

The present naming of the mountains was done by an exploring party setting out from Lancaster in the autumn of 1820. Better far had they stayed at home, and left us instead of the Presidential Range the red man's Kan Ren Woraity, which spoke of the resemblance to the gull in the serrated crest lifted against the sky.

If the poet is singularly silent in giving to us the songs and legends of the hills, the artist and historian has, each in his own way, sought in the White Hills an inspiration for his work, until it would truly seem that the subject had long since been exhausted. As a matter of fact, it never can be. Every day in their presence discovers some new charm, affords a fresh beauty, awakens an unexpected interest, so until the end of life, though painters and prophets



may come and go, even readers join the silent procession winding down the avenue of eternity, the theme will still throw the spell of its splendors over the beholder.



The White Mountain Notch

The last word belongs wholly to New England, and is not to be found elsewhere. It seems peculiarly applicable to him who slowly ascends the valley gradually growing narrower as he advances after leaving Upper Bartlett, until it requires a strong will and determination to keep on where the evidence increases foot by foot that there must be an end to the journey soon. The murmuring of Nancy's Brook, as if it were crooning over and over its pathetic story, still rings in our ears, and fits us for the visible impression of mountain unwillingness to let us reach the regions above. Where the awful jaws of the granite monster seem about to close upon us we come in sight of the place where a few years ago stood the lonely hostelry, the Willey House.



The Gateway of the Mountains

The entrance is guarded on either side by high sentinels of granite, the perpendicular wall rising to a height of fifty feet. About a quarter of a mile from this point is the dividing ridge where the Saco runs eastward with its tribute to the Atlantic Ocean, and the Amonoosuc, flowing westward, carries it offering to the Connecticut River.

Entering the narrow gateway, the beholder gazes with new wonder and amazement upon the wild and shifting scenery that baffles adequate description. Hugh rocksplinters, hung with seemingly slight hold upon immense sloping ledges, threaten to topple upon the intruder as he advances. Cascades of picturesque beauty drop from high cliffs like slender white ribbons rolling from the great spool of rock. High over all frowns down upon the circumscribed scene the lofty brows of the overhanging mountains.

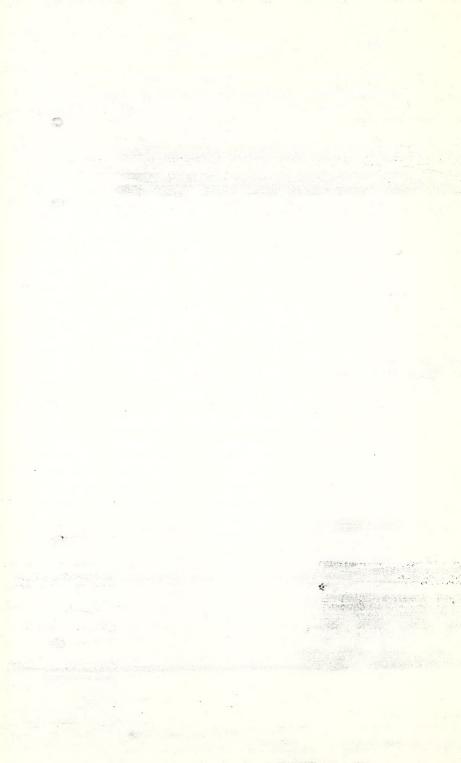
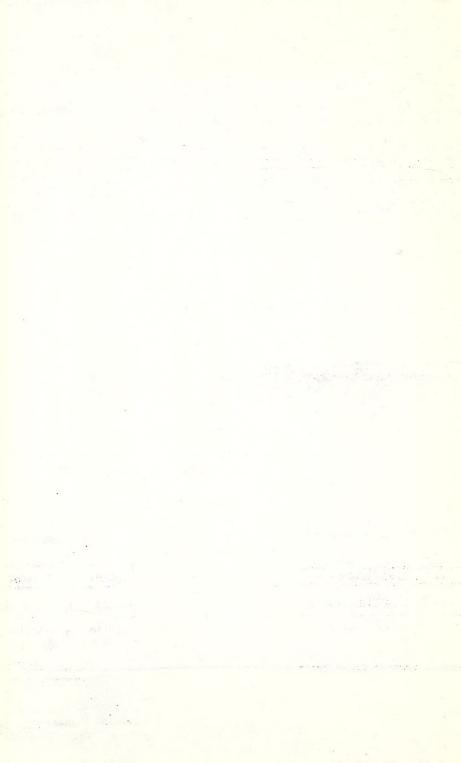


Photo by BLOCK & FLVNN, Boston MEST 1

WEST HOPKINTON OF THE PRESENT



West Hopkinton-Past, Present and Future

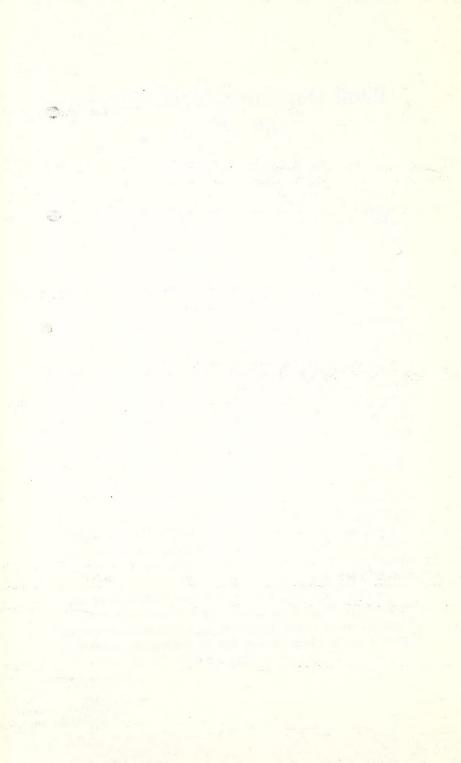
By ARTHUR G. SYMONDS

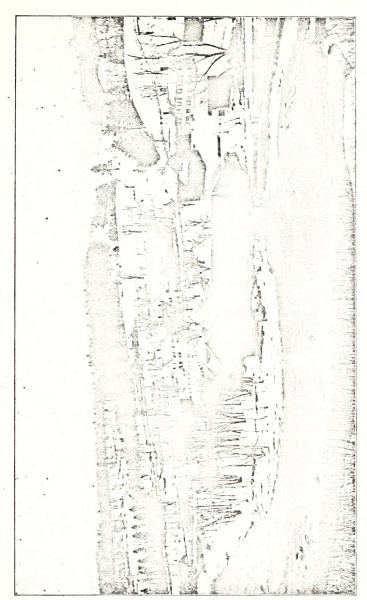
OUR years ago West Hopkinton was a quiet hamlet with no life to stir its rural population except the buzz of a saw-mill which was busy but a few months in a year. Years ago a grist-mill and later a kit-factory furnished employment for a few men. To-day how changed! Few who have not visited this place in the last few years would recognize the little village that has sprung up almost in a night as the same town of old, and certainly the new industry that has created new life and activity would excite their wonder as well as their admiration.

Early in 1906 the Davis Paper Co., which formerly operated a paper mill at Davisville, N. H., purchased the water rights of Frank H. Carr, who had operated a sawmill here for years and who reserved the privilege of using the power necessary to run his mill whenever the water ran over the dam. The old dam was torn away and a new and higher one constructed of logs, plank, rock and concrete.

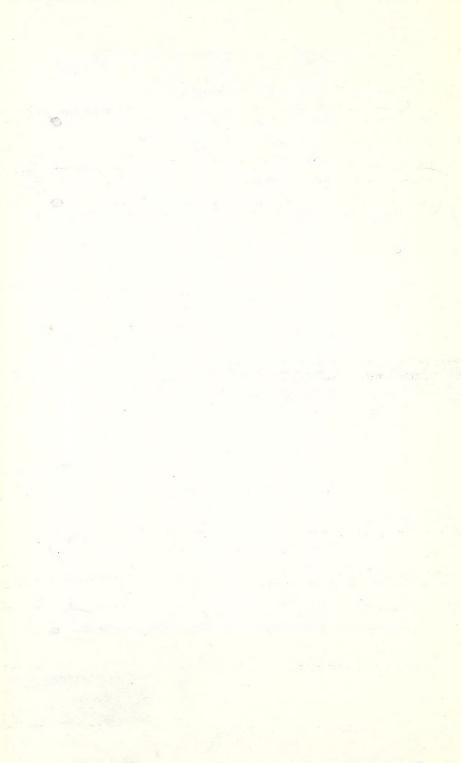
Just below Carr's land, bordering on the river, they purchased the interval farm which has been in the name of the Rowell family for several generations. Here, side by side, two large mills were erected, one a leather-board mill, 180x60 feet; the other a paper-board mill, 200x30 feet, constructed of concrete, except the upper story of the larger mill, which is of wood.

A canal was dug, leading the water some three hundred feet to their land below where a gate was erected. Then the water is conducted through two large penstocks 150 feet to the wheel pit in front of the leather-board mill,





WEST HOPKINTON IN THE PAST Photo by Union Photo Co., Chester, Vt.



which is run entirely by water power, while the paper mill receives its supply of water through a smaller pipe from the same source.

The plant is equipped with two large boilers, a 65-h. p. Westinghouse Standard double-cylinder engine, an electric dynamo, a water reservoir with eight feet head, a rotary fire pump with a capacity of 1,000 gallons per minute, an automatic fire sprinkler and alarm, and all the machinery necessary for making leather-board and box-board.

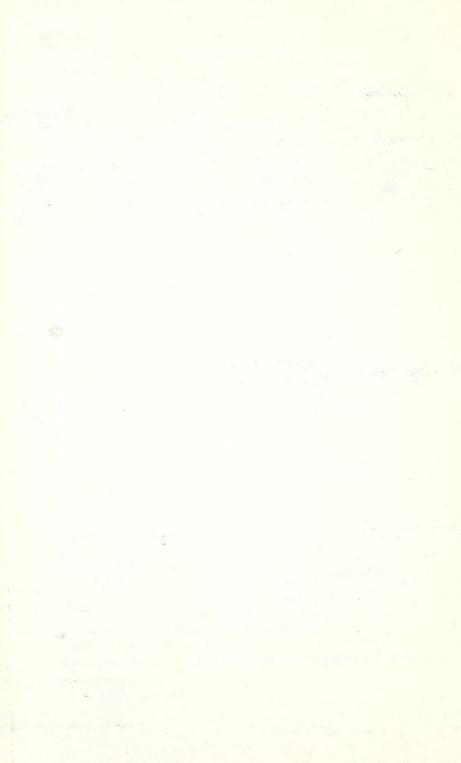
On the evening of December 20, 1907, the Davis Paper Co. invited the public to attend a house warming and social dance. This was held in the upper story of the large mill before any machinery had been set up there and was largely attended. Special trains and scores of teams brought people from several of the surrounding towns. Over six hundred were present to enjoy the festivities. No such event of so great magnitude ever before occurred in this part of the country and it will ever be remembered by young and old alike as a gala day in the history of the town.

A number of houses have been built for the employees and a large store house erected adjoining the Boston and Maine railroad, just across the river from the plant.

A vast amount of labor and capital was employed to carry on this work and men from many climes and nearly every calling participated in bringing this enterprise to its completion.

Henry C. and Horace J. Davis of Contoocook, who were formerly associated in making straw board and leather card board at Davisville, are at the head of this concern. Both have served in the New Hampshire legislature and are both quite well and prominently known throughout the state. Nathaniel Davis, a recent graduated of Dartmouth, the son of the former, is acting as resident and assistant manager. About thirty men are required to operate both mills which run day and night except on Sunday.

A store has been opened; the patronage of the post office increased; a telephone exchange now reaching into



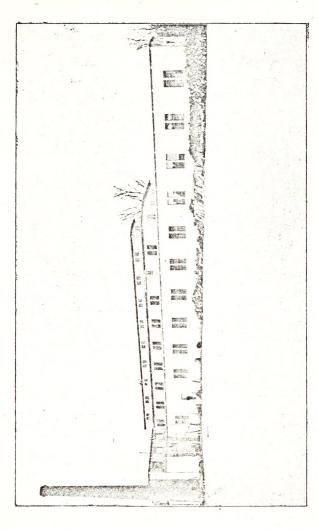
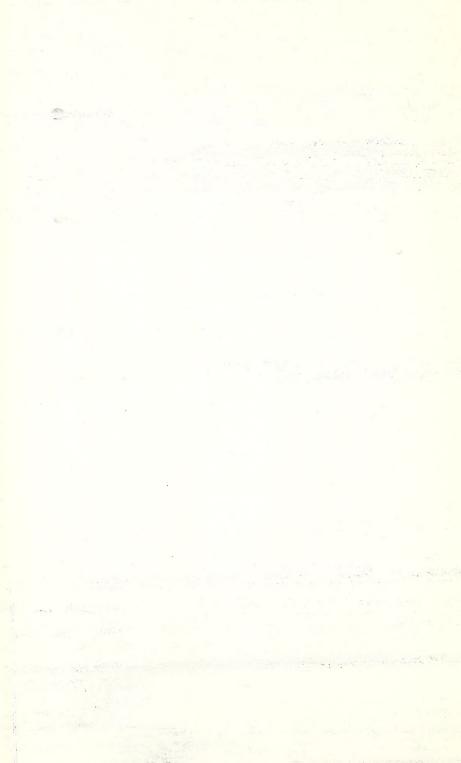


Photo by BLOCK & FLVIN, BOSTON
NEW MILL AT WEST HOPKINTON

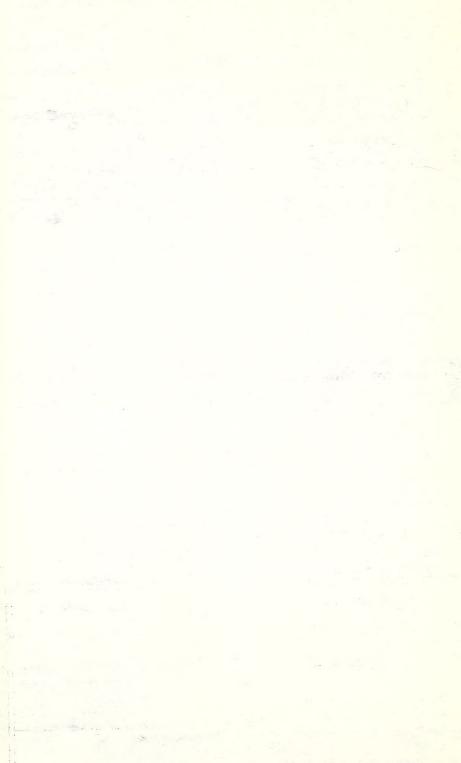


several towns originated here and bears the name of the place; milk is delivered daily; Carr's saw mill has been renovated and a steel penstock added; a new and larger school house is projected; for miles around the farmers set their time pieces by the whistle that goes hand in hand with the hum and wheels of industry, and marks the advent of day and night; the depot, for the first time in its history, is heated and in charge of an attendant; and every passing train stops to accommodate the increasing traffic and travel.

Such has been the marvelous change at West Hopkinton, and who can truly speculate upon its future growth and development? Nowhere on the Contoocook is there a better location for an industry or a better chance to utilize the splendid water power. Here it almost seems that Nature forestalled man in her preparation to dam the river's mighty resources. On either side of the stream the banks rise to a great height and the river falls many feet in coming a short distance above the present dam. Whenever the power is properly harnessed it will be productive of far greater results than it is capable of producing to-day. The time is not far distant when here, as upon other streams and sources of water power, a dam will be so constructed as to conserve much of the power that is now running to waste over the dam.

A mile or more from West Hopkinton is a pond fed by springs and its bottom is of clear white sand. This would make an excellent water supply for the town, and its head is several hundred feet higher than the town.

Fertile farms which could produce the necessary food supply surround this place so equipped by Nature and so ideal a location for a larger growth.



Nove At Eventide

By FLORENCE LOUISE BUSH

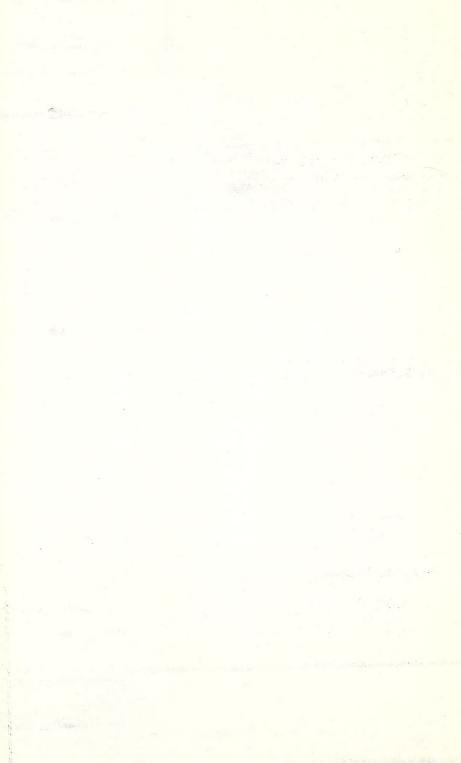
"Love" came to me at eventide,
Garbed in pure robe of white;
A vision fair and beautiful,
That filled me with delight.
I felt my heart go out to her,
Nor sought the fact to hide;
And thus it was "Love" came to me,
At peaceful eventide.

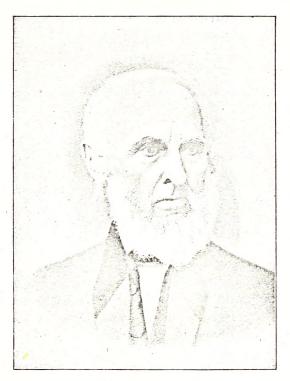
"Love" came to me at eventide, Glad smiles wreathed her face; I opened wide my arms to her, In loving, fond embrace.

The memory of that fond caress, Must with me e'er abide;
And thus it was "Love" came to me, At peaceful eventide.

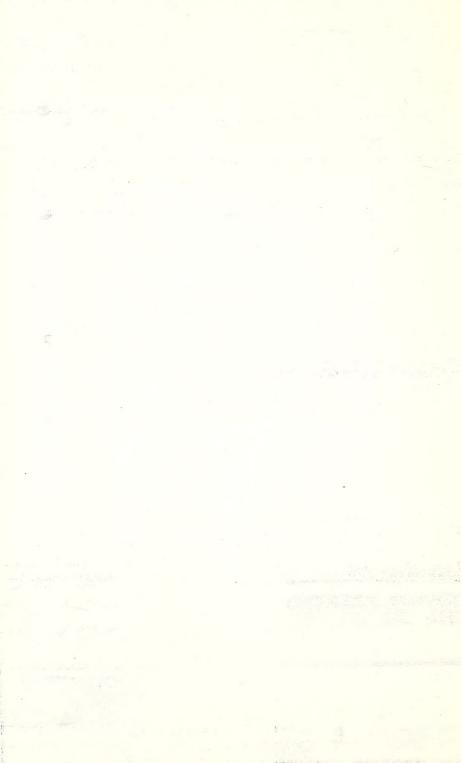
"Love" came to be at eventide,
And on my lips she pressed,
A soft, sweet kiss, replete with love,
And innate tenderness.
The soothing influence of that kiss,
Nor would I be denied;
And thus it was "Love" came to me,
At peaceful eventide.

"Love" came to me at eventide,
As sank the sun to rest;
And told me that of all God's gifts,
Love surely was most bless'd.
For evermore within my heart,
Will "Love," sweet love reside;
A welcomed guest, the guest that came
To me at eventide.





JOHN G. WHITTIER



Kambles in Whittier-Land

By Martin W. Hoyt

"To him who in the love of nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language."

-William Cullen Bryant.

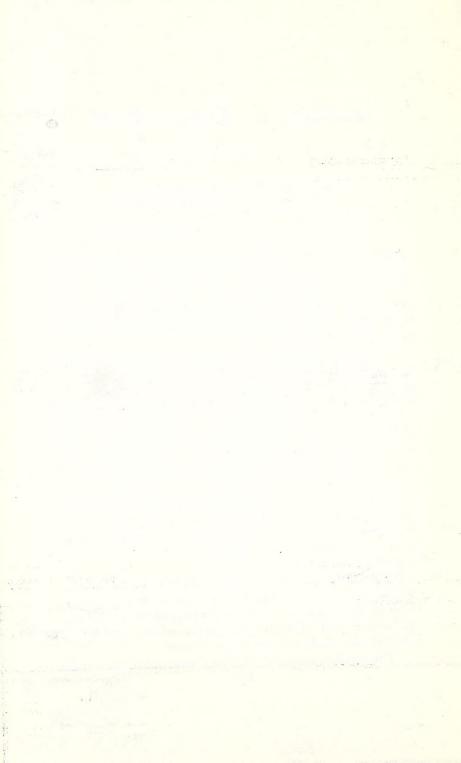
LL great poets have been pre-eminently lovers of nature from the days of "Scio's blind old bard" down to the present age, and the infallible guage of each one's greatness has ever been the exactness and vividness with which he has depicted nature's constantly varying phases.

Every real lover of nature, with the ability to put himself in touch with her inner teachings, and her veiled inspirations, is, in a way, a poet, albeit he may never, in a lifetime, have even so much as conceived the idea of framing a single line of metered language. All persons of poetic temperament have the faculty of perception, but all are not alike expressive. Very few are they upon whom the "silver tongue" has been bestowed with anything like unstinted lavishness.

Bryant was notedly able to come at the spirit of nature, insomuch as to be frequently, nay even commonly, spoken of as Nature's poet, and not many degrees behind him in this respect we meet with John G. Whittier, "Poet of the Merrimack, and of the People."

It is often said that his environments make the individual, but I do not think this can be true; but environments certainly do always act as a powerful agent in developing the innate and characteristic genius which nature has stamped upon each and every man of note.

The environments of Whittier were most admirably

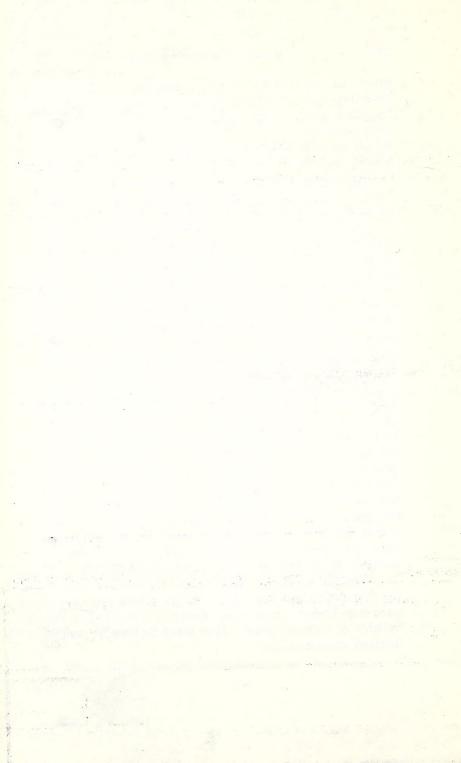


fitted to make him the child of nature and the brother of his fellow-man. Cradled in a rustic glen somewhat remote from any thickly settled centre, passing his childhood and early boyhood with little but the unmarred voices of nature to fall upon his attentive ear, Whittier advanced through the stages of life up to early manhood in an unrestricted round of delicious absorption of all those essential elements which later on enabled him to pour out upon the world grand and noble ideas with so much of zeal and fervor.

If solitude was essential to his development it is certain that this feature was not lacking in his surroundings; for in the time of his boyhood no neighbor's dwelling was to be seen from his home, and the same may said of it today. Nestled among the hills nearby the spot where, four generations previous to the poet's birth, the first sturdy Whittier had choosen to carve out with his axe a home in the primeval wilderness, it lies now as it lay then, saving that the vast forest has vanished, while grass grown fields and open grazing grounds have taken its place.

Little though there may have been in the immediate neighborhood of young Whittier's home likely to arouse into action his poetic instinct, yet it was not a great distance to that far-famed gem of the valley, that beauteous sylvan dream, the Merrimack River. Herein lay all that was needful to call forth the best that was in the poet. Here were the Fierian springs of his genius, and here beside this silver ribbon lying in the lap of the green meadows were the oft-frequented haunts where he dreamed and communed with nature until the music latent within him burst into audible song. Some of his dreams he has bequeathed to us clothed in the garb of verse immortal.

Whittier loved the Merrimack. He drank deeply of the inspiration it offered him, and in return for what it gave him he has rendered it celebrated down to the last syllable of recorded time. How much he loved it may be inferred when he sings:



"Home of my fathers!-I have stood Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood; Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade Along his frowning Palisade; Looked down the Apalachian peak On Juniata's silver streak; Have seen along his valley gleam The Mohawk's softly winding stream; The level light of sunset shine Through broad Potomac's hem of pine; And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna; Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be Thy wandering child looked back to thee! Heard in his dreams thy river's sound Of murmuring on his pebbly bound."

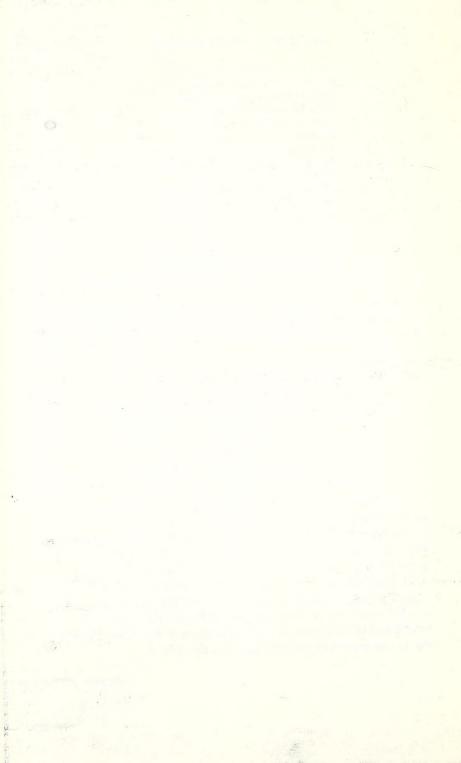
-The Merrimack.

How deeply he regretted the marring of its pristine beauty and the sacrifice of its poetry to modern industrial demands is voiced in a few lines from "The Bridal of Pennacook:"

"O Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

"Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees."

·To-day it is given us to wander where he wandered, for he has left the wherewith to guide our footsteps, and if we cannot dream his dreams we can at least read of them that which he has left to us. This we shall do if we love nature and nature's true children—the poets. If we love Whittier what keener delight can there be than, with our treasured volume of his poems in hand, to trace out his favorite walks by the river side or through the "remembered groves" or beside the lakelet with sunlight glinting o'er its waters, trying in our poor way to enter into his thoughts?



Let us give our attention for a brief time to Rocks Village, the scene of some of his best loved poems.

"Over the wooded northern ridge,
Between the houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

"You catch a glimpse through birch and pine,
Of gable, roof and porch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

"The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

"You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw;
You start—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise a creaking draw.

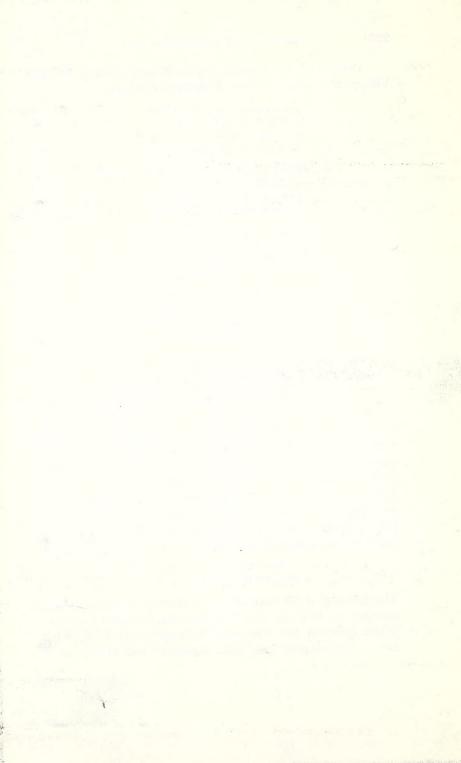
"A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
Left by the stream whose waves are years
The stranded village seems."

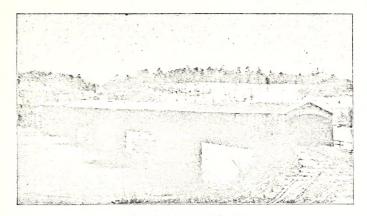
-The Countess.

How many, many times, have I passed over that ridge and between the houses brown! Unhappily the growth of wood has now largely disappeared, and the poetry wellnigh gone out of the "dark tunnel of the bridge," for one-half the old wooden structure has been removed, and a graceful iron fabric has taken its place. The West Newbury portion is still standing as in days of yore, but time will eventually demand its removal, too. No longer can one

"Hear the pier's low undertone Of waves that chafe and gnaw."

The rippling of the current above the stone work is audible enough, but it is not now that peculiar, low, pensive moan which formerly the long reverberating tunnel bore to the ear. The river's "steel-blue crescent" still curves as in

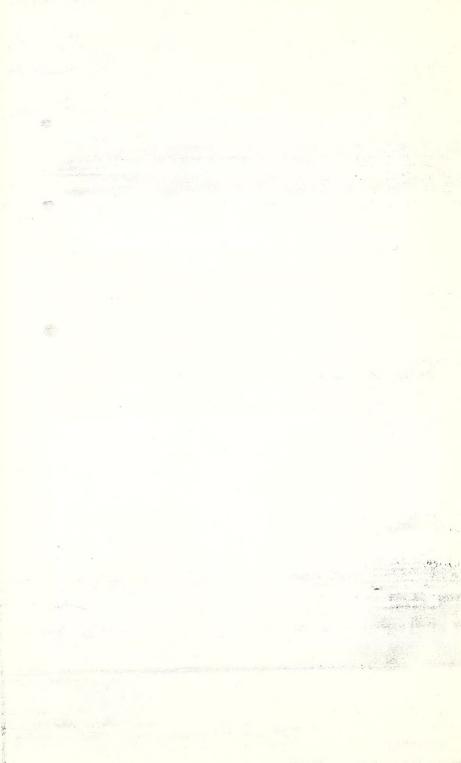




OLD ROCKS BRIDGE



BIRTHPLACE OF THE COUNTESS



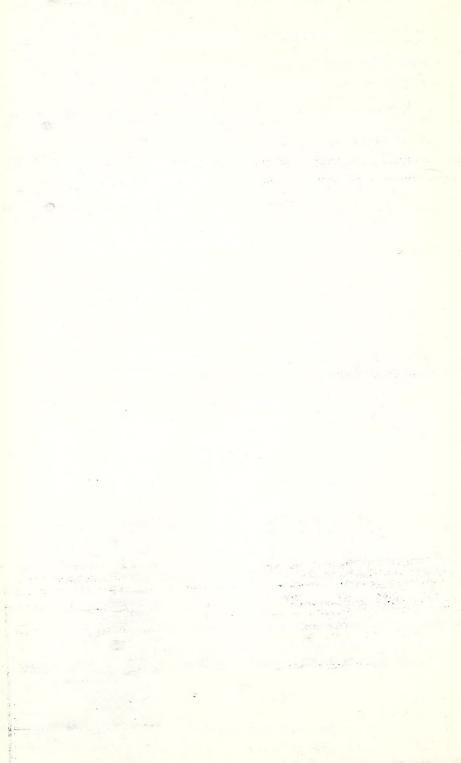
the poet's time, but no longer "meets, in ebb and flow, the single broken wharf that serves for sloop and gundelow." At low tide a few blackened and mouldering timbers protruding from the river bed serve to mark the former site of this wharf, and nothing more of it now remains.

This bridge spanning the stream at "Rocks Village" serves as a species of pleasure resort for the villagers. Here, upon its broad deck, they love to linger, and saunter and watch the steamer Merrimack, laden with her human freight, as she glides easily through the draw on her way from the city to the sea, or from the sea to the city. Here the younger element of the community sometimes gathers to ride upon the draw as it slowly turns on its massive foundation to admit the passing of the plying craft. At the sunset hour the river here is liberally dotted with motor boats, a numerous fleet of which has rendezvous at Haverhill city.

Some miles below this, and nearer the vicinity of Amesbury, there is a riverside scene of remarkable beauty to be enjoyed when one can be so fortunate as to catch nature in the proper mood.

Whittier makes mention of it in his poem, "The River Path."

- "No bird-song floated down the hill, The tangled bank below was still;
- "No rustle from the birchen stem,
 No ripple from the water's hem.
- "The dusk of twilight round us grew, We felt the falling of the dew;
- "For, from us, ere the day was done, The wooded hills shut out the sun.
- "But on the river's further side We saw the hill-tops glorified.
- "A tender glow, exceeding fair,
 A dream of day without its glare.
- "With us the damp, the chill, the gloom: With them the sunset's rosy bloom;



"While dark, through willowy vistas seen, The river rolled in shade between.

"Sudden our pathway turned from night; The hills sprang open to the light;

"Through their green gates the sunshine showed, A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

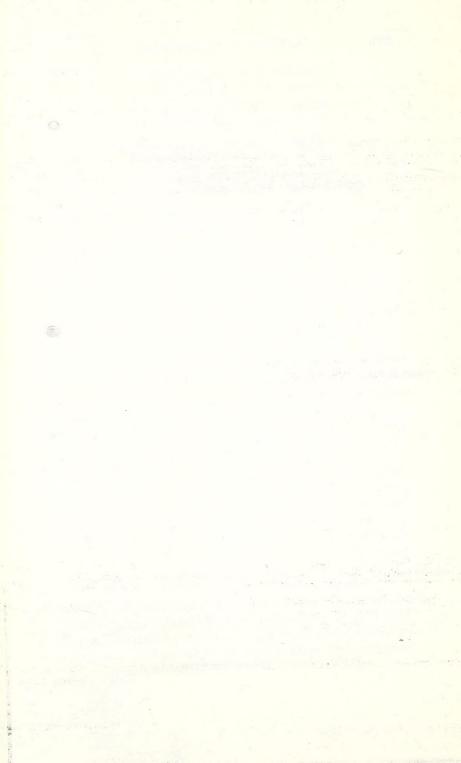
"Down glade and glen and bank it rolled; It bridged the shaded-stream with gold;

"And, borne on piers of mist, allied The shadowy with the sunlit side!"

It is a scene of indescribable beauty to see the rising slopes of Newbury thus suddenly flooded with all the glories of a golden summer sunset while the enthralled spectator stands immersed in the shadow of the heights on the Amesbury side of the stream. Even Whittier himself has not been able adequately to depict its charms in his word picture. This river path is easy to find and follow, and there is no difficulty in picking out the identical spot where the poet must have been to conceive his verse, while rowing near the sunset hour.

The Merrimack river is, indeed, a veritable dream in itself—a thing of beauty all the way from Haverhill city down to the sea. At times, when the air is quiet, and the tide, having reached the limit of its flow, pauses for a brief period ere it begins to recede, the water's surface becomes a vast and glittering sheen, a flawless reflector, mirroring back with perfect fidelity the green, grassy fields sloping down to the river's very brink on either bank, as well as the blue vault of overarching sky flecked with here and there a fleecy cloud.

There are many places of interest to the student of Whittier in East Haverhill, that section of the township now forever celebrated as the envied birthplace of the "Quaker Poet." Here may be seen the old home of the gentle, beautiful village maiden who married the exiled Gascon Count, to be in few short months borne by sorrowing friends to Green-



wood Cemetery, where now for a century she has been sleeping away the last, long sleep on a beautiful river terrace. A protecting iron grating guards the slab marking her resting place from the depredations of vandal hands, for the poet has immortalized the home of the living and that of the dead girl until many curious visitors visit both each year, all anxious to bear away with them some souvenir of the spot.

"Her rest is quiet on the hill,
Beneath the locust bloom:
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

"The Gascon lord, the village maid,
In love still clasp their hands;
The love that levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands.

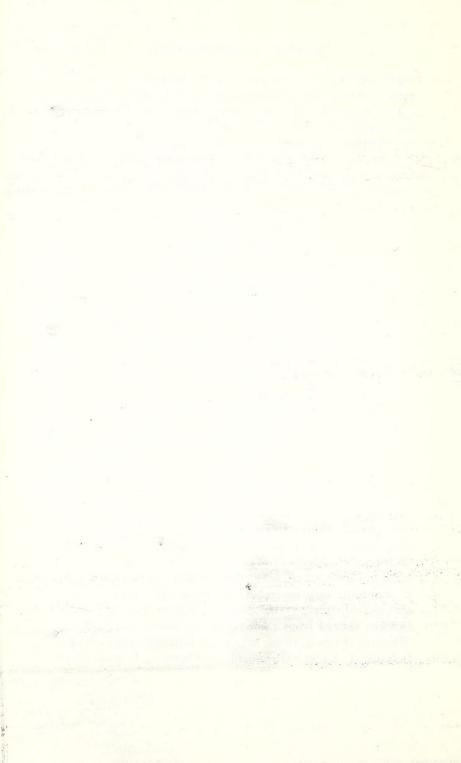
"What matter whose the hillside grave Or whose the blazoned stone? Forever to her western wave Shall whisper blue Garonne!

"And while ancestral pride shall twine The Gascon's tomb with flowers, Fall sweetly here, O song of mine, With summer's bloom and showers."

-- The Countess.

To those who may care to read it, the poem, "The Countess," will tell the tale.

On a little plain, something like half a mile from the river, stands the Old Garrison House, a grim and forbidding structure, relic of that former perilous period when the "painted demons" of the forest were wont to make nights a terror with their slaughters and burnings. To-day it stands in very much the same condition as when it afforded shelter to the helpless women and frightened children driven from their homes by the ruthless savage. Whether it was ever the scene of a midnight attack by the Indians, I have been unable to learn. I have often



wondered why Whittier has made no mention of the place. He may have done so, but there is nothing extant, so far as I know. On a calm and peaceful evening it is sometimes a pleasure to stroll around the old structure and try to picture the scene when the wild wilderness was all about on every hand, and no one knew at what moment the red fiends might fall upon him out of its depths. Speaking of those times of the early settlements, the poet says:

"Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untraveled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set,"

meaning, of course, the White Mountains.

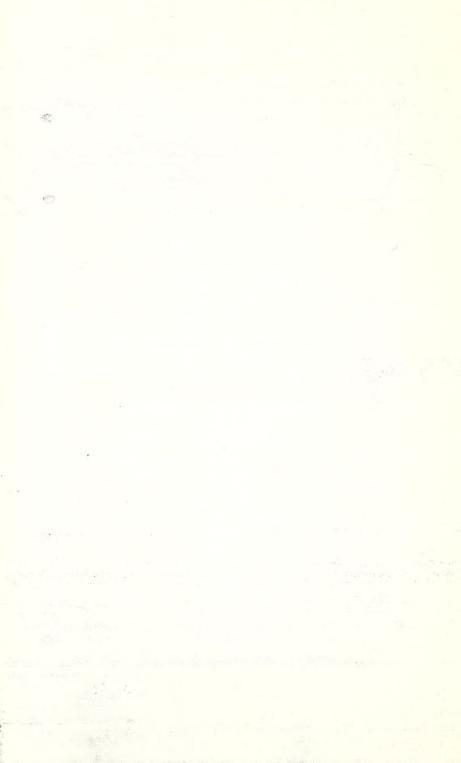
Though he has given us nothing about the Garrison House, he has sketched a vivid picture of a midnight massacre, occurring only a few miles away from it, when the settlement at Pentucket lay one night buried in peaceful and unsuspecting sleep.

"What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle dress!

"The morning sun looked brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air,—
No shout was heard,—nor gunshot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the greensward many a stain,
And here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped.
Pentucket, on thy fated head."

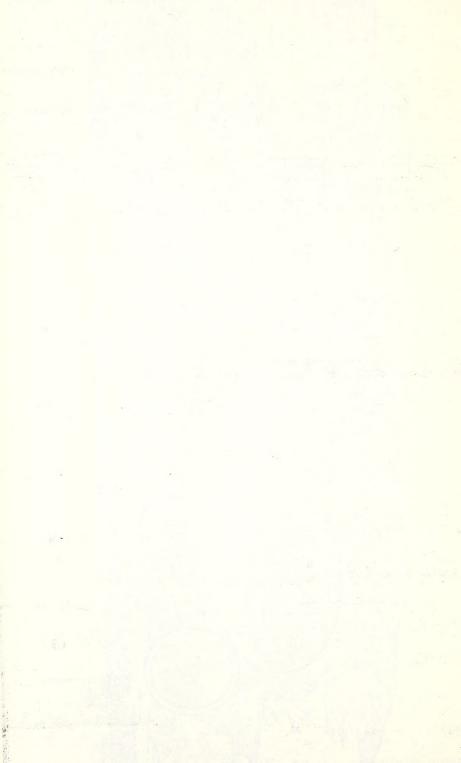
—Pentucket.

(To be Continued.)



STAGE COACH OF 1818

From an Old Print



In Stage-Coach Days

By George Waldo Browne

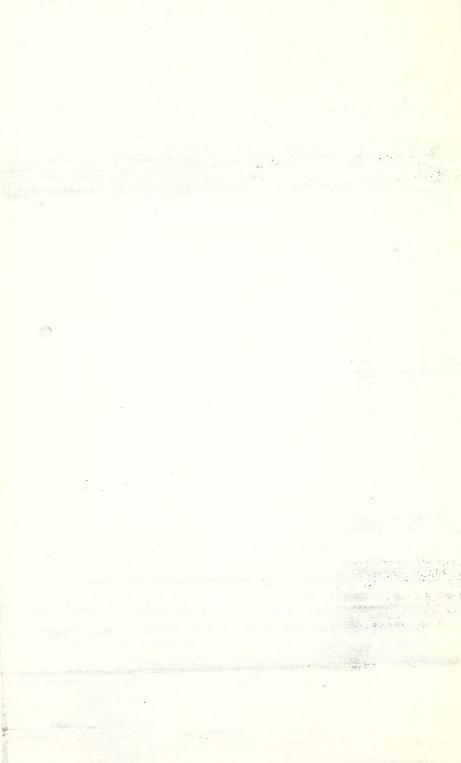
II

From Post-Riders to Mail-Coaches

O more varied or picturesque type of earning a livelihood could be found than the post-riders; and the experience of any one of them, spiced with the anecdotes of their acquaintance and seasoned with the hardships of their long drives, would fill a volume.

One of the most successful of New England postriders was Ginery Twitchell of Worcester, Mass., later President of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, and then elected to the United States Congress. In the midst of the great national excitement during the Mexican War, when an invasion of Texas was threatened, a steamer from Liverpool arrived in Boston January 23, 1846, with important documents upon which President Polk was expected to base his plans. Anticipating these facts, the leading New York papers had arranged two lines of express riders to get the news to them as quickly as possible. Both these riders were to go to Worcester by train, and there separate, one traveling by way of Hartford and the other by Norwich, Conn. Ginery Twitchell was selected to go by Hartford, and this indomitable rider showed that he had prepared for even snowstorms by having relays of horses at every ten miles beyond Worcester.

The wisdom of his forethought was apparent when the train pulled into the station and it was learned that the roads were blocked with snow, while it was still storming. Nothing daunted, the gallant post-riders left the cars and mounting their waiting horses rode bravely away on their



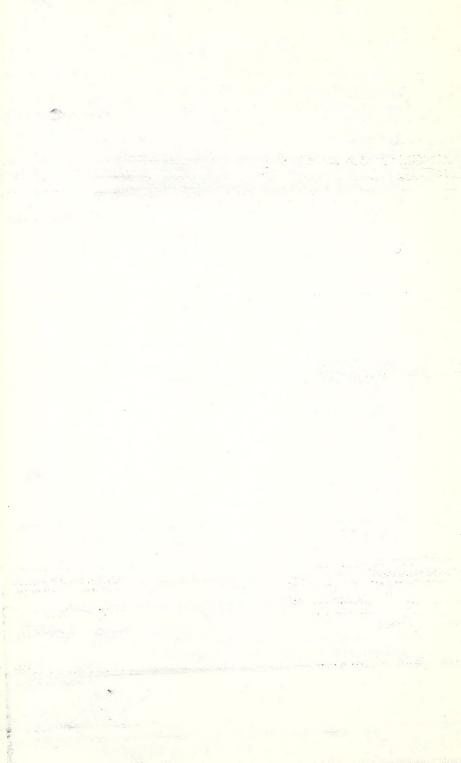
long journeys. Despite the drifted and drifting snows the doughty veteran, Ginery Twitchell, pursued his laborious course, making the frequent change of horses he had planned, always finding them in readiness for him, so that he reached Hartford, a distance of sixty-four miles, in three hours and twenty minutes. Leaving a budget of news there, he kept on without stopping to recruit, to reach New York four hours ahead of his rival, who made a determined effort to win, and who was no mean competitor.

A notable achievement of a post-rider was that of Rev. John Whitman, who rode across the continent with an appeal to our government to save the Northwest country to the United States. The great political question then before the people was the fixing of the international boundary line on the north between this country and Great Britain. It was thought by many that it might involve the two countries in war, and it came near to doing so when during the campaign which resulted in the election of James K. Polk for President, the rallying cry was "54-40 or fight!"

Under the treaty of 1842 the northwestern boundary was fixed at the east base of the Rocky Mountains on the forty-fifth parallel. The continuation of this line to the Pacific would have given Great Britain the entire state of Washington and the valley of the Columbia River. Mr. Webster was then Secretary of State and he fell into the grave error of thinking that this rich country was worth but little to us. Accordingly he was willing to make concession of this territory in order to avoid war and save a few fishing rights. Mr. Whitman started on horseback and alone to bear the petition of a handful of people to be saved to the Union. He arrived in Washington in October, and immediately sought Mr. Webster, who listened to his vivid account with wonder.

"Oregon?" he asked vaguely, "why, we are about to trade it off for some cod-fisheries!"

The appeal of the missionary post-rider was opportune and successful. The interest of the Great Expounder was



quickly enlisted, and our "Grand New Northwest," as it was soon styled, was saved to us.

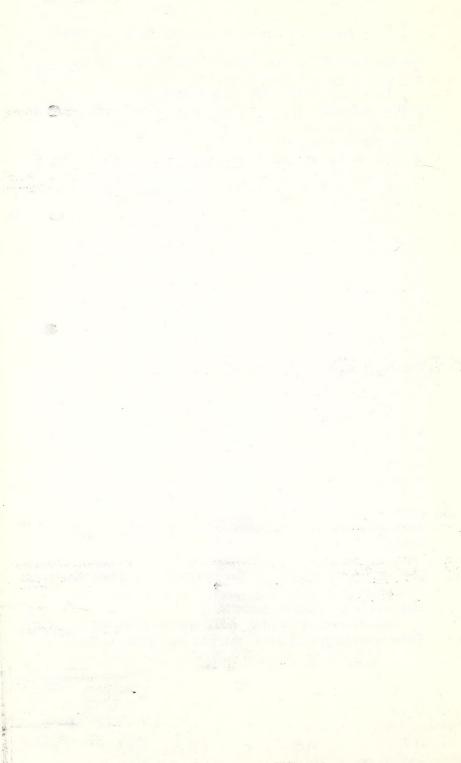
The routes of the post-riders could be traced by the notices in the local papers. The newspapers and packages were carried in large saddle-bags, and the letters in a pouch slung over the shoulder of a rider. Merchants not infrequently employed them to carry their articles, and it was not uncommon for them to take along horses for delivery at certain places. They usually bestrode animals worthy of their own mettle.

Fault-finders were as common in the days of post-riders as since, and no doubt were just as human. At least not all postmen met with popular favor, and prior to the Revolution it was said of one Peter Mumford, the rider from Boston to Newport, R. I., that he not only started out late, dallied on the way, but that he often fell asleep! It was charged of another that he allowed his Whig friends to open and read the letters during a political campaign. It was described of the scene along the route from Charlestown to Wilmington that "death is painted in the countenances of those you meet."

In 1775 the colonists were driven to their wit's end to maintain a system of mail distribution. The provincial congress of Massachusetts in May, 1775, established a postal system of fourteen offices at its own expense. The head-quarters was at Cambridge, and the route extended as far north as Falmouth, Me. Portsmouth was included in this system. Beyond Falmouth the post-riders were paid by congress. The average distance covered by one of these postmen was from thirty to fifty miles in summer and about one-half this in winter.

A pleasant and characteristic story is told of the postboys of the old school by S. Baring Gould, in his account of one George Spurle, which I cannot do better than to incorporate in my rambling narrative:

Like every other postboy old George loved his horses. There was one gray mare of which he was especially fond.



One night she got her halter twisted about her neck and was found strangled. George Spurle sat down and cried. The landlord endeavored to comfort him.

"George," said he, "don't take on so. After all, it was only a horse. Now if you had lost a wife—"

"Ah, maister," replied the postboy, "wives! One has but to hold up the finger and they'd come flying to y' from all sides—more than you could accommodate; but a hoss, and such a mare as this—booh!" and he burst into tears.

The secret of his affection for the horse came out long after. Some of us asked him if he had ever been robbed on the road.

"I'll just tell y', gentlemen. There was some bullion to be sent up to London from Falmouth. I knowed nothing about it, and drove up with a closed carriage to pick up a gentleman at Tavistock. I hadn't got half way across the moors, when I was stopped by a man on horseback, with his face blackened. He leveled a pistol at my head, so I pulled up.

"In a rough voice he asked me who was in the chaise. 'No one,' said I. 'But there's something,' said he. 'The cushions,' said I. 'Get down,' said he, 'and hold my hoss, you rascal, while I search the chaise.' 'I'm at your service,' said I, and I took his horse by the bridle, and as I passed my hand along I felt that there were saddlebags.

"Well, that highwayman opened the chaise door and went in to overhaul things, and meantime I undid the traces of my horses with one hand and held the highwayman's horse with the other.

"Presently he put his head out and said, 'there's nothing within; I must search behind.' 'You've plenty of time,' said I, and so saying, I leaped into his saddle and shouted, 'Gee up and along, Beauty and Jolly Boy!' and spurred his horse, and away I galloped with the stage horses a-galloping after me, and we never stayed till we got to Chudleigh.

"And the saddlebags?"



"There was a lot of money in them, but there's my luck. That fellow had robbed a serge-maker, and he went and claimed it all and gave me a guinea and the highway-man's hoss; and that same hoss, gentlemen, is the old gray mare as folks ha' laughed at me for crying over. Now it was a coorious sarcumstance that that there highwayman went scot-free and the poor innocent gray was hanged."

George Spurle lived to old age. He fell ill suddenly, and died before any one in town suspected his danger. But he had no doubt in his own mind that the sickness would end fatally, and he had asked one day to see the landlady of the inn.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, from his bed, touching his forelock. "Very sorry I han't shaved for two days, and you should see me thus. But please, ma'am, if it's no offence, be you wantin' that there yellow jacket any more? It seems to me postboys is gone out altogether."

"No, George, I certainly don't want it."

"Nor these? You'll certainly understand me, ma'am, if I don't mention 'em?"

"No, George."

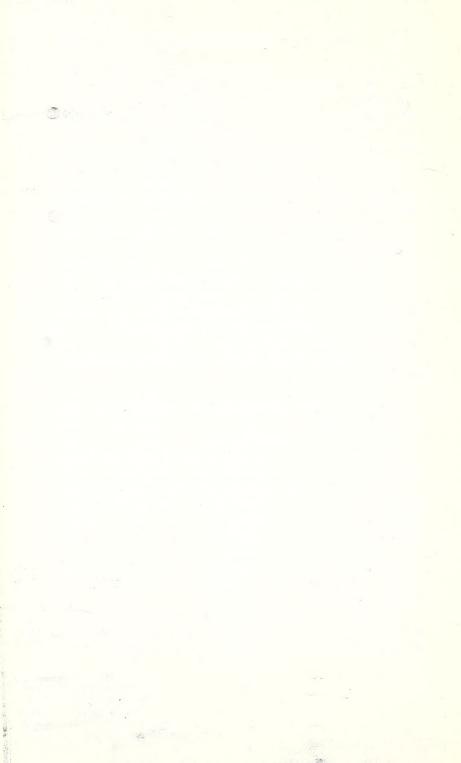
"Nor that there old white beaver? I did my best, but it's a bit rubbed."

"I certainly don't need it."

"Thank you, ma'am. Then may I make so bold, might I be buried in em' as the last of the old postboys?"

The first stage coach in this country was inaugurated by John Wardwell, proprietor of the Orange Tree Inn, Boston, and was a line running from his tavern to Providence, (?) Rhode Island. This was opened for travel May 13, 1718, and three years later a road-wagon was run over this same route. This line must have flourished, for in 1734 we find two stage-coaches advertised in the Boston papers to run on this road.

In 1784, when the post-road had become somewhat of a back number, Capt. Levi Pease, a Connecticut farmer, established a regular stage line between Hartford and



Boston, which line was extended later to New York. Captain Pease afterwards removed to Shrewsbury, near Worcester, Mass., where he became the moving spirit of the new enterprise, stage-driving. He may be credited with being the "Father of the Turnpike," as in 1808, through his energy and enterprise, the first Massachusetts turnpike was laid out, running from Boston to Worcester.

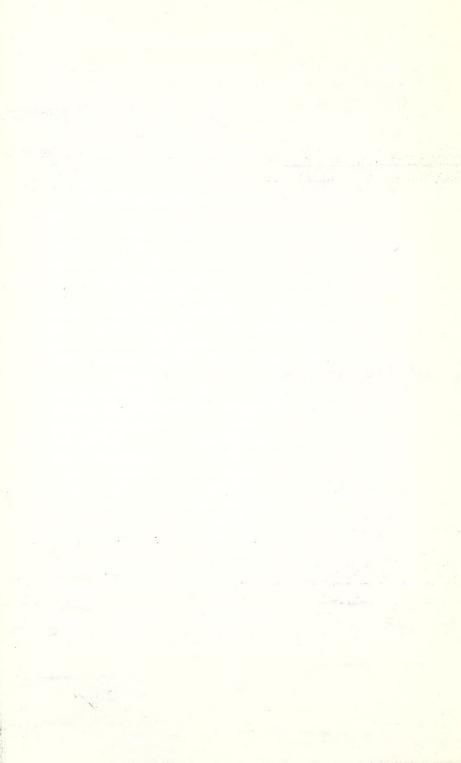
A great stride in the advancement of the postal system was inaugurated in 1753, when Benjamin Franklin was made deputy-postmaster for the American Colonies. Franklin had already shown his capacity and interest in this direction through his management of the postal affairs of Pennsylvania. During his first year of the office he made a personal tour of the country, visiting every postoffice in the colony except that at Charleston, S. C. He not only inspected the routes already established, but he planned and laid out new ones. He rode in a chaise with a registering wheel attached, marking the distance made, men going with him to set up mile-posts on the "Old Road" or "King's Highway." It is interesting to note that no salary was fixed to the office, but Mr. Franklin, and also Mr. William Hunter, who was associated with him in the work, were to receive six hundred pounds if they could get it out of the profits of the department. For the first four years they run behind nine hundred pounds, but from that time on it not only paid them but yielded to Great Britain considerable profit. On account of his sympathy with the colonies Franklin was dismissed from his office of deputy-postmaster-general January 31, 1774.

He visited Portsmouth and established routes wholly

or in part in New Hampshire.

James Franklin, a brother of Benjamin, was made postmaster of Boston in 1754, and he had his office in his house on Cornhill.

Post-riders and postmasters, by an act of the General Court, were exempt from military duty July 5, 1777.



The evolution of the stage-coach forms an interesting bit of history. It will be noticed we have already spoken of the stage-coach and the road-wagon. In 1767 a line of conveyance was established between Boston and Salem, known as the "StageChaise." The vehicles used on shorter routes seemed to have been generally known as the "Stage-Coach," "stage-wagon." Boston was connected in 1872 with Marblehead by a carriage transportation called "the stage-chariot."

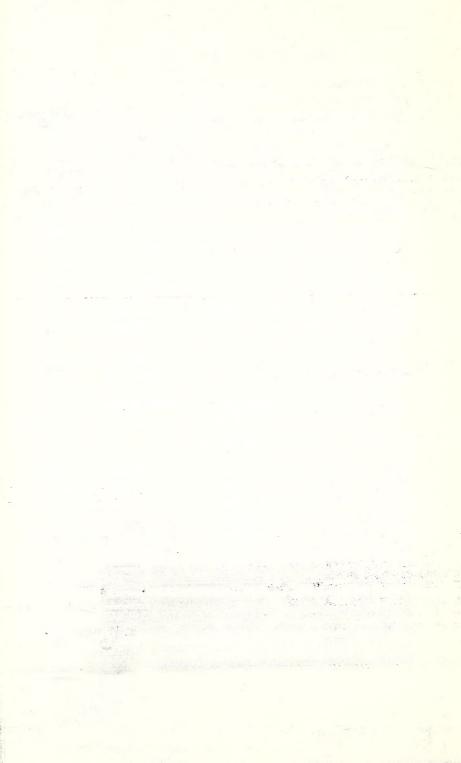
Even this was outdone by Bartholomew Stavers, who in May, 1763, announced that his "Flying Stage-Coach" was running with four and six horses and that he would take passengers from Portsmouth, N. H., to Boston for 13s. 6d., including fare "at good inns on the way where good entertainment and attendance are provided for the passengers in the coach." This coach could carry six persons inside.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Stavers had opened a line to Boston with the following advertisement in April:

"For the Encouragement of Trade from Portsmouth to Boston

"A LARGE STAGE CHAIR

With two good horses, well equipped, will be ready by Monday the 20th inst. to start out from Mr. Stavers, innholders, at the Sign of the Earl of Halifax, in this town to perform once a week; to lodge at Ipswich the same night; from thence through Medford to Charlestown Ferry; to tarry at Charlestown till Thursday morning, so as to return to this town the next day; to set out again on the Monday following: It will be contrived to carry four persons besides the driver. In case only two persons go they may be accommodated to carry things of bulk and value to make a third or fourth person. The price will be Thirteen shillings and sixpence sterling for each person from hence to Boston, and at the same rate of conveyance back again;



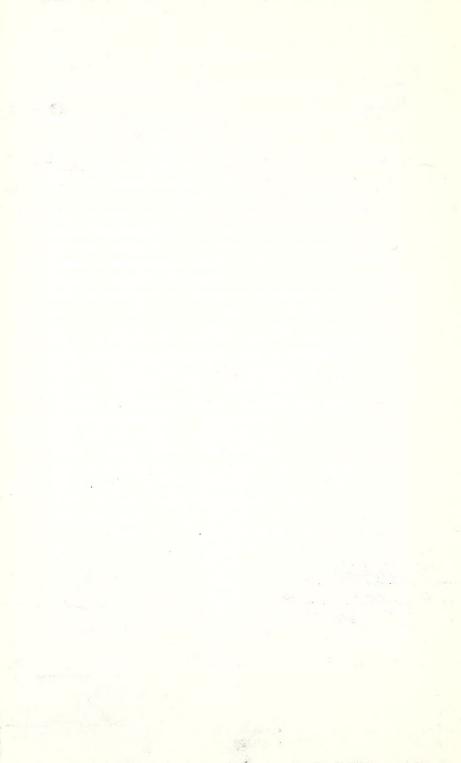
though under no obligation to return in the same week in the same manner.

"Those who would not be disappointed must enter their names at Mr. Stavers on Saturday, any time before nine o'clock in the evening, and pay half at entrance, the remainder at the end of the journey. Any gentleman may have business transacted at Newbury or Boston with fidelity and despatch, on reasonable terms.

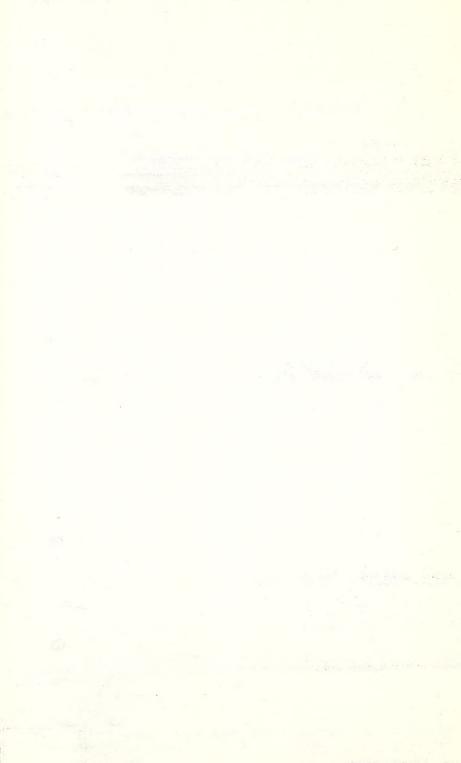
"As ladies and gentlemen are often at a loss for good accommodations for traveling from hence, and can't return in less than three weeks or a month, it is hoped that this undertaking will meet with suitable encouragement, as they will be wholly freed from the care and charge of keeping chairs and horses, or returning before they have finished their business."

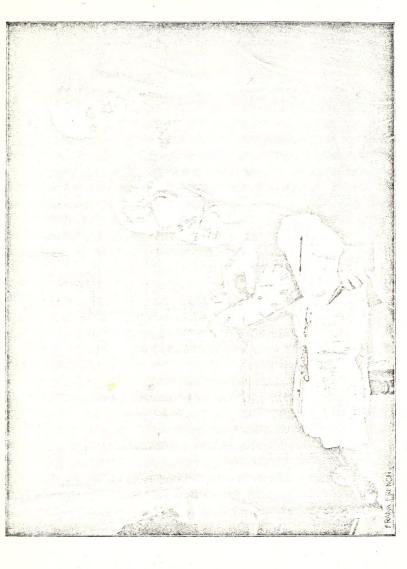
Bartholomew Stavers, who must be considered as the pioneer stage-driver in New Hampshire, or northern New England for that matter, seems to have come to Portsmouth, with his brother John in 1755. He was a very energetic man, described as being rather below medium height, with a florid countenance. As has been shown, his stages were started from his brother's stable at "The Earl of Halifax" inn, on what was then called Queen's street, since changed to State street. It is needless to say that the opening of this stage route was an event equal to the opening of a railroad in the four-score years to follow. Hitherto there had been no means of public passage anywhere in the state. Mr. Stavers inherited a strong love for his native land, and he looked upon the movements of the discontented colonists as uncalled for and likely to bring the necks of the "rebels" to the halter. In this frame of mind he returned to England in December, 1774, leaving his wife and unborn son behind. He never came back to this country, and thus he never saw his son William born after his departure.

(To be Continued.)



CHARACTER SKETCHES No. XI THE CLOCK TINKER



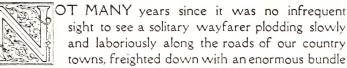




Character Sketches

ΧI

"The Clock Tinker"



on his back. So big and bulky was this load sometimes that it seemed a wonder one small man could stand under it, much more carry it for miles over the hills whither wound the road. But it was not as heavy as it looked, it may be, and the carrier had become used to bearing his burden. So let the weather be hot or cold, the day long or short, he did not fail in his regular round of calls, until at last came the day which failed to send him forth.

With this traveling peddler was another class quite as well known and fully as much looked for as he. This was the traveling repairer of the time-pieces of the rural homes, the "clock tinker," in common parlance. He, too, carried his burden, which consisted chiefly of a kit of tools needed in his craft; he, too, was good-natured, and was the vender of the gossip of the hour, which he had picked up in his wanderings. These two, the pack-peddler and the clock tinker, were in a way the daily--no, the occasional papers of the times.

By this it must not be supposed their duties were of slight importance. Far from it. There was the old wooden clock in the corner, the clock grandfather had made, which needed occasional attention. So he was always certain to receive a warm welcome, and a generous patronage. At least sufficient patronage to meet the demands of his frugal habits.

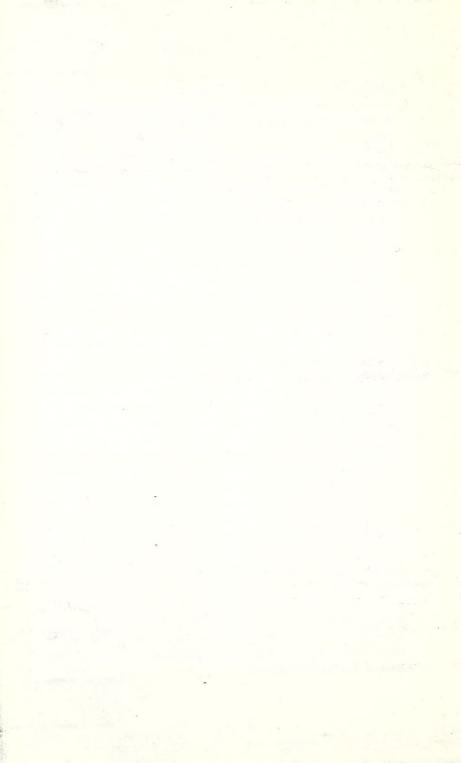
We remember two or three of this class. One was kindly known as "Old Crombie." He was a silent, tacitum man; tall, with stooping shoulders, a countenance that had little



claims to good looks, but was withal kindly. It was said by those who had succeeded in obtaining his confidence that he had taken to the road on account of an opposition of his parents to his marriage with the girl of his choice. He was heir apparent to a good fortune; she was poor, except in her beauty and womanly grace. For more than two-score years Old Crombie came and went, as regularly as the pendulum of the old clocks he repaired with loving care ticked the minutes into hours; and then there came a season when he failed to come. Some said he had gone to the home of his childhood, to spend his remaining years in idleness and comfort. Aunt Jenny, whom we knew as a boy and who knew him well, shook her head, declaring that "Old Crombie was dead." We still like to think that he was not unfaithful at the last to his early love.

It was not long before in his steps came another called in the same kindly spirit, "Old Greene." Sometimes we wonder why, when we wish to speak reverently of one, we apply that adjective. Is it because we love old age so well? Let it be as it may, Uncle Greene has now laid aside his kit, and gone where clocks are supposed to be perpetual, if neeeed at all. Peace to his ashes; ay, peace to the ashes of the little army of clock tinkers that once were such familiar figures in New England.

Now that leads the reader to infer that they are known no more. We did not mean just that. Mr. French, in painting the life-like picture we are giving, fortunately found one of the craft, who gladly posed for the artist. Had the latter cared to turn his subject, so as to bring his strong profile into view, many of you would doubtless recognize him, for he still plies his vocation; still pursues his route over the hills and through the valleys of New Hampshire, though not regularly as the others mentioned. We know him, as typical of his class, good-natured, easy-going, faithful to his task, the same imperturable caller at your hearthstone if you employ him or not. Long may he live to ply his vocation, if the last not the least of his fellow-craftsmen.



The Editor's Window

Legend of Ghost Hollow

William C. Walker, "Uncle Billy," as his friends know him, vouches for the truth of the following o'er true tale of Thornton, situated at the gateway of Franconia Notch. Even if there is a vein of fancy in the story, it has proved good enough to outlive the memory of more than one generation. The time was when the village tavern was kept by one Moody Elliott, something of a wag as well as a cheery boniface. In his employ was a young man by the name of Richard Dustin, the Christian part shortened to "Dick."

It so happened, and we do not know why it should have been different, that Dick had a girl he used to call upon as often as once a week. As this fair damsel lived in a remote section known as Mad River settlement, the lover had a good long distance to go in order to pay his court to the object of his affection. But Love's miles are short, and the journey never seemed overlong to the young man.

The landlord proposed to a friend that they treat Dick to a surprise, thinking perhaps it would serve to keep the lover from falling asleep after his long vigil by the side of his sweetheart. It was a sleepy place, known in local parlance as "The Valley of Contempt," where this plotter and his confederate planned to waylay Dick. Why this old maidish name was given it, even Uncle Billy did not explain. It might have been called "Blind Man's Gulf," or some other hair-raising title. But we will not dwell upon that matter.

Promptly at the time when it was expected that Dick would be returning, Mine Host and his companion, one 237

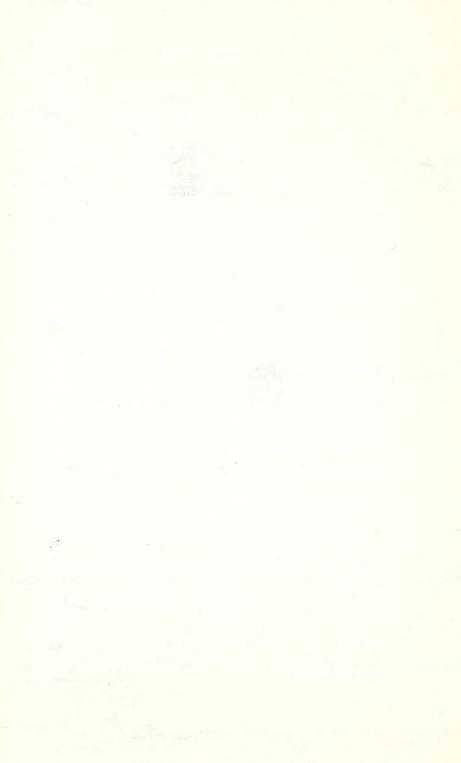
Tilston Blaisdell, were on hand at the valley. The last-named had robbed his own bed of the sheet, and this ghostly raiment he had pulled about him until his bulky form loomed in the dim starlight like the spectre of Hamlet's father. So weird did his companion look to him, the inn-keeper, who had helped to deck out the other in his grave clothes, could scarcely look upon him without a shiver. He carried a lantern, carefully concealed under a thick blanket, and a cow bell, intending to flash the first in the face of the terrified Dick, while he awoke the silence of the dismal woods with the sonorous reverberations of the latter. They were satisfied that they had laid their plans well. All that they waited for was the victim.

For him they waited long. Far away a nightbird finished its song ere he came. A lonely owl hooted dismally and became silent. The hour when the forest folk, the elfins and naiads, are supposed to people the woods, passed without further disturbance than the creaking of a couple of boughs in a distant pine as they rubbed elbows in the space between the darkness of earth and sky. He in ghostly attire muttered something under his breath that proved he was a ghost of a very depraved mind. Perhaps he was thinking of the reception he should receive when he returned to meet his spouse, who might be even then turning the house topsy-turvy in her wild search for the missing sheet.

But hark! It must have been two o'clock when the steady tread of iron-shod feet aroused the sleepy twain to a sense of their purpose in being in that unhallowed spot at that unreasonable hour.

"It's Dick," muttered the inn-keeper, "and I do believe he is asleep on his hoss. Are ye ready, Tilt?"

The horse must have have scented danger, for it suddenly pricked up its ears, and snorted. This awoke the rider to the realization that something was amiss. And as he wondered, lo! a white-robed figure sprang in front of him and a voice, had he not been so frightened he must have recognized, bawled:



"I am the devil and I've come for you!"

Dick gave an unearthly yell, and struck at the spectral form in his pathway with his huge cotton umbrella. This shows that he was a fellow of good metal. But this wouldbe defence with the umbrella proved his undoing. Instead of becoming a weapon of use in his hand, the wings of the thing opened right and left, until they fairly enveloped him. Frightened at this unexpected development, the horse started forward at a wild pace, and with Dick shouting at the top of his lungs "whoa! whoa!" and the umbrella fluttering in the air, it quickly vanished in the night, leaving a badly scared "ghost" rolling in the dirt and a man with a lantern trying to find out just what had happened.

Dick reached the tavern not entirely composed in his mind, yet glad he had escaped his terrible enemy. The others came later, or possibly it might have been called earlier in the day. Of course Dick a few days later told of his startling experience in the valley, the facts of his wild ride losing nothing in his telling. He believed he was telling the truth. So there are many to-day who repeat the stirring account in all sincerity. In time the inn-keeper and his friend ventured to assert the part they played, but somehow Dick's story had a stronger hold. Perhaps people like better the weird and mysterious than the commonplace. At any rate the Valley of Contempt, ever since that night, has been known as "Ghost Hollow."

Cown Histories

The Lancaster Gazette touches upon a subject that is so nearly what we would like to say, that we are going to quote it here, with the suggestion that if any one will send us a complete list of town histories to date, we will print it.

"Why is it that some of our literary people do not make more of an effort to get into print some of those vastly

important records before the old timers move on? The story of every town in the state ought to be printed now. Population is changing so fast that every year adds to the difficulty of collecting information, as old people die and leave no descendants living in the state.

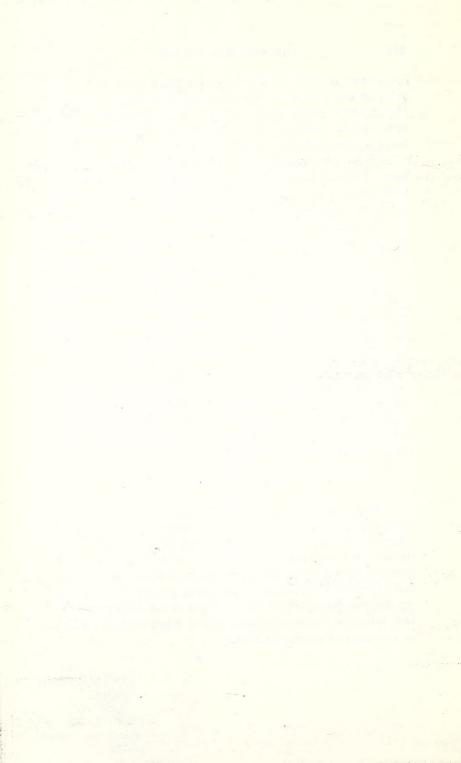
"Few have the patience for research work along this line. Burrowing among the yellowing archives is not popular among most writers. Yet to those who know them, these old records are full of human interest.

"The most routine appearing minutes of old town meetings, church and society organizations, often yield material for fascinating pictures of the life that was lived around here many years ago. To the few who love such exploration, it must be as fascinating as the finding of strange scenes in a foreign land. It is probable that the life of Coos county to-day differs more from its life in the days of the first settlers, than the life of our town of to-day differs from the life of the Breton peasant of France, or of the Latin quarter of Paris.

"But one must admit that is hard work studying the old records, peculiarly on the eyes. Where writers are willing to undertake such labor, they ought to be offered a good fair payment by state or towns, so that they should not have to assume all the risks of publication."

* *

What the early histories call "Concession Roads," were really not roads in the direct meaning of the word. They were wide avenues cut through the forest so as to dviide the lots of respective settlers. Incidentally they frequently became courses of travel, but as a whole they proved too expensive to maintain. The young growth soon sprang up, and the passage soon became lost in the wilderness. A few, however, became the originals of what are still known in Canada as Concession Roads.



THE PICTURESQUE LAND

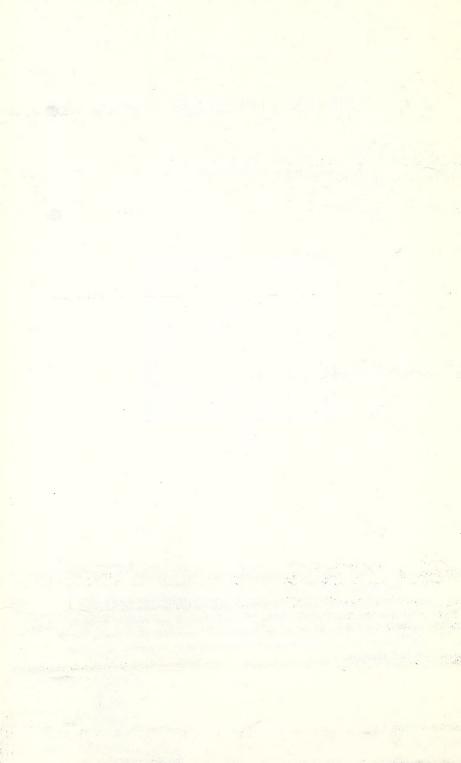
Illustrations From Oakes' White Mountain Scenery

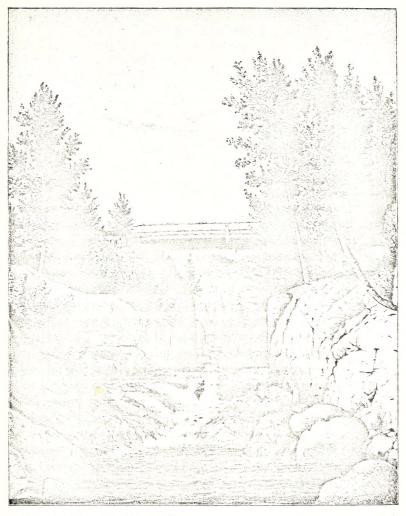


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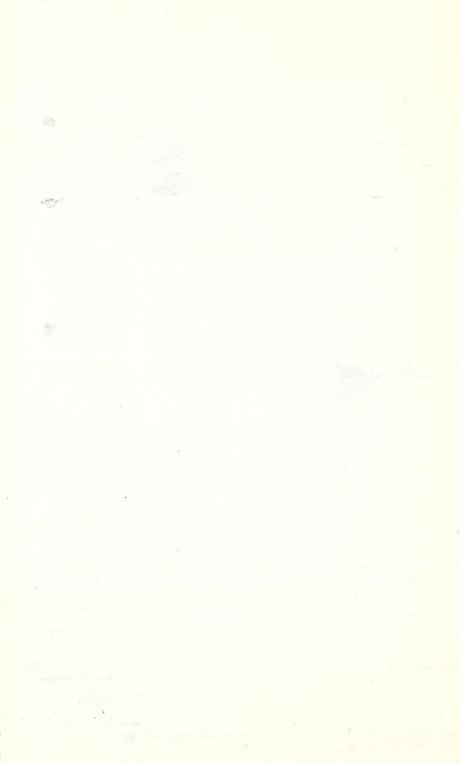
Mr. William Oakes, who was the originator and compiler of "Scenery of the White Mountains," was not himself an artist, but he was an author of a work upon the lichens of the White Mountains, and it was while investigating this subject that he conceived the idea of the work from which the following illustrations were taken. Unfortunately he was drowned in the summer of the year his book appeared.





From a Painting by Isaac Sprague, 1847

NANCY'S ROCK



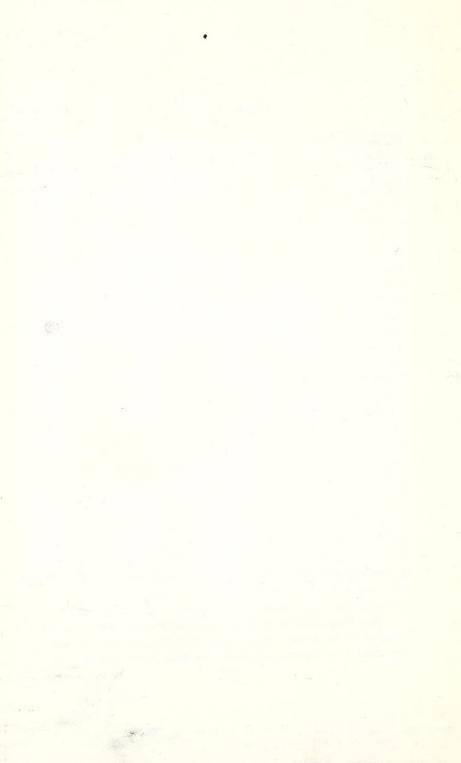
Nancy's Rock

TARR KING, the prose poet of the White Hills, is led to exclaim: "In Scotland a highland pass so wild and romantic as that from Upper Bartlett to the Crawford House, would be

overhung with traditions along the whole winding wall of its wilderness; and legends that had been enshrined in song and ballad would be as plentiful as the streams that leap towards the Saco, down their rocky stairs. But no hill, no sheer battlement, no torrent that ploughs and drains the barriers of this narrow and tortuous glen, suggests any Indian Legend. One cascade, however, about half a mile from the former residence of old Abel Crawford, is more honored by the sad story associated with it than by the picturesqueness of the crags through which it hurries for the last mile or two of its descending course. It is called 'Nancy's Brook,' and the stage drivers show to the passengers the stone which is the particular monument of the tragedy, bearing the name of 'Nancy's Rock.'"

The story of the ill-fated Nancy is worthy of the poetic treatment of a Whittier. Her name is also worthy of remembrance from the fact that she was the second woman to pass up through the Notch, as one of the family of Colonel Whipple, in the spring of 1776. Among Colonel Whipple's men servants was a young man who won her affections and promised to marry her. In order to make the necessary preparations for their wedding, he started on a journey back to Portsmouth, with the understanding that he should return as soon as possible. She not only placed explicit faith in her lover's word, but trusted him with her earnings for the previous two years' services in Colonel Whipple's family.

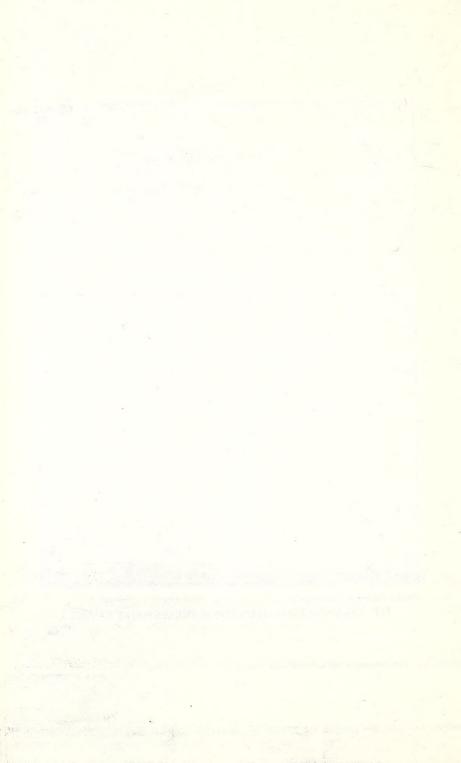
Not long after he had departed she learned that he had boasted of the money he had got from her, and that he did not intend to return,—that he had been false to her. In





From a Painting by Frankenstein

MT. WASHINGTON---SEEN OVER TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE

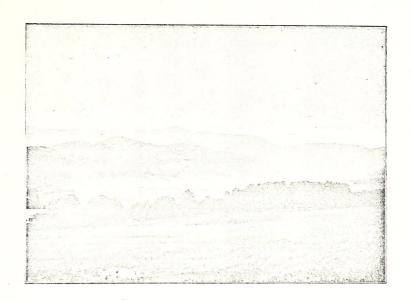


her grief she resolved to follow him, and recover her hardearned money if she did not win him back to her allegiance. It was more than thirty miles to the first house below the Notch, and as it was late in the season, her friends tried to dissuade her from starting. Believing that they had accomplished their purpose, and that she had abandoned such a dangerous journey, where there were only marked trees to guide her footsteps through the lonely country, the household went about its duties.

But the distracted girl had not been fully persuaded. By starting at once she believed she could overtake her recreant lover before he should have reached the Conway Intervales, and so she went away on her perilous mission. Snow had already fallen, and soon drenched by the wet bushes she plodded wearily along. The day was short, and as darkness closed in upon the mountain pass she wandered on through the night. At daybreak it appeared as if she had come upon his campfire, the embers of which were still burning, telling her that he could not be far ahead. Wet, cold and hungry, with tired limbs, but with a shadow of hope in her heart, she resumed her lonely pursuit. As no one ever listened to the story of her sufferings, of her illusions and her feelings of despair, as she advanced with benumbed feet and hands that refused to kindle the fire she fain would have started, it can only be imagined that she finally stumbled and fell at the foot of the rock which still bears her name, and near the stream still singing the sad refrain it sang on that wintry morning one hundred and thirty-three years ago.

Her friends had started in quest of her before morning and they found her lifeless body, with her head resting upon one hand, while the other still clasped the stout stick she had carried as a slight means of defense against wild beasts as well as a support in her tedious descent where only a sure foot could tread with safety. So great was the grief of her false lover upon hearing of her fate that, it is claimed, he lost his reason and died bemoaning her untimely death.

Track to the state of the



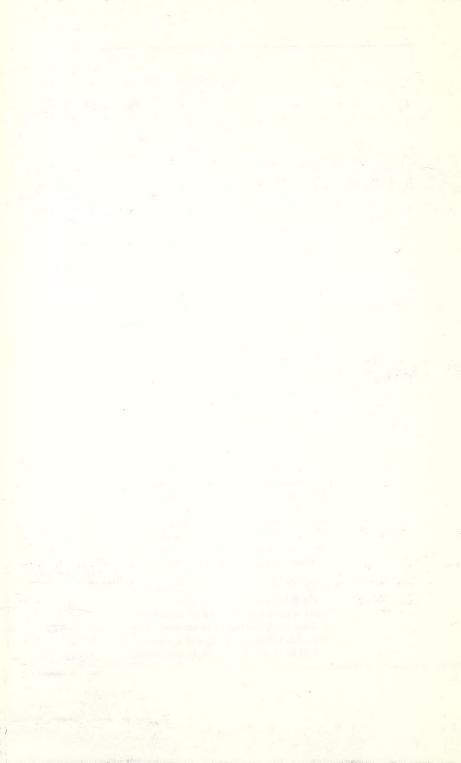
The Hills of New Hampshire

By LUCY ALICE PERKINS

Illustration by S. E. Taylor

O, beautiful hills of New Hampshire, Enrobed in their garment of green, And tinted by sunshine and shadow, Or veiled in a silvery sheen. We love their still, sweet resting places, Their forests of oak and of pine, Their wide and far-reaching horizons, Their visions of beauty divine.

O, grand are the hills of New Hampshire, Uplifting their tops to the sky; Dear emblems of strength all unfailing, That earth's storms and tempests defy. We, too, would be strong and enduring, Our faith reaching up to God's throne;



Our love reaching down to His children Who toil in life's valley alone.

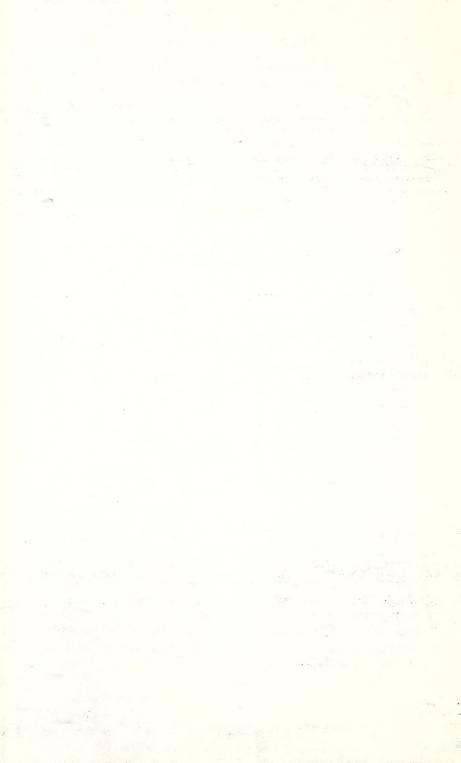
O, wonderful hills of New Hampshire!
We fain would remain with them long;
But duty awaits in the valley,
And where duty calls, we belong.
But memory's canvas shall give us
Fair views of their loveliness still;
And better the work in the valley,
Because of the rest on the hill.



Mt. Washington, Seen Over Tuckerman's Ravine

The artist has chosen one of the wildest and grandest views we get of the peerless mountain, and thrown about it the white drapery of the clouds driven by the wind. Tuckerman's Ravine is furrowed out of the side of the mountain, with ragged walls that are enormously steep. Where these meet at the bottom a silvery stream winds the entire length, at places leaping in thin layers rocky shelves and forming beautiful cascades. At its lower extremity are two small ponds, their shores formed by slides of gravel and granite that have filled the valley below. This ravine was named for Edward Tuckerman, a mountain climber and explorer, and who wrote several excellent works on the lichens of the mountains.

Spaulding, in his "Relics of the White Mountains," denominates this vast amphitheatre as the "Mountain Coliseum." "In one place Hermit's Lake,' set like a rich gem in its fanciful frame-work of changeless evergreen appears; and, stopping to enjoy the prospect, the idea of overwhelming wonder rushes upon our spirit in this solitary spot. Across the little lake, high up among the rolling clouds, frowns Mount Washington, a view of which from this point strangely contrasts with the sparkling water and evergreen freshness of the surrounding woods. To the westward rises the craggy top of Mount Monroe, and upon all sides,

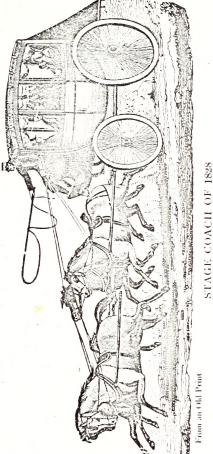


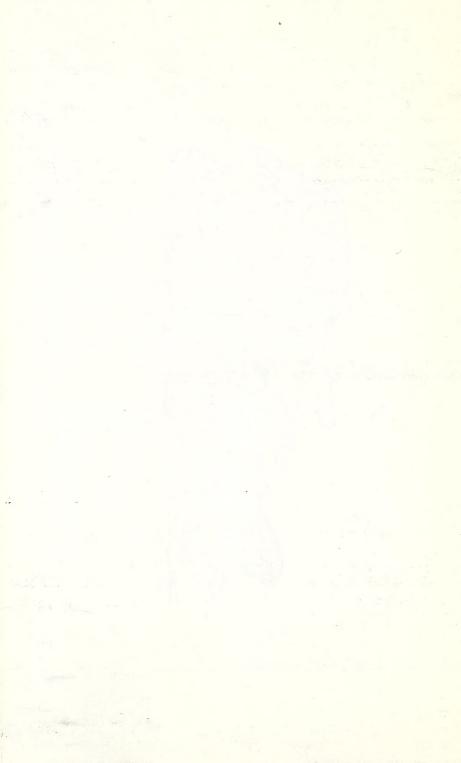
except the outline of this little lake known as Crystal Stream, appear high, towering cliffs, rendered pictures of desolation by the deep, wide tracks of many an avalanche. Little spots of verdure, blasted shrubbery, and piles of granite fragments appear below, with the long snow bank and snow-arch, over all in bold relief against the sky, the mighty pile of mountains streaked by the silver threads of the famous fall of a thousand streams."

Above the ravine is the great alpine plain which lies on the southeast slope of Mount Washington, about twelve hundred feet below its summit, and affording one of the noblest views of alpine scenery in this country. It was up these declivities that some of the earliest explorers, Cutler, Gibbs, Bigelow, Boot and Peck, ascended the dangerous pathways of which they were the pioneers. Since their day the course of travel has changed; so few climb in their footsteps, but those are paid by beholding vistas of the mountain world unsurpassed for grandeur and variety elsewhere.



THE PARTING OF THE WATERS





Pioneers of Sagamore Creek

By John M. Moses

HE lands bordering Sagamore Creek were very early occupied, as they were nearest and most inviting to the first settlers at Little Harbor. Its extensive salt marshes were especially prized, as they yielded without tillage a kind of hay on which cattle throve well, and the adjacent uplands were as good for cultivation as any in that not very fertile region.

The largest and best farm, about 1660, was that of Thomas Walford. It consisted of some two hundred acres of marsh and upland at the head of the creek and was called Walford's Plantation. Its owner is said to have come from England, with his wife Jane, to Wessigusset in September, 1623, with the Robert Gorges expedition. He was found by the Puritans, prior to 1631, living at Charlestown, Mass., in "an English palisadoed and thatched house," and banished by them for his Episcopalian tenets. He probably went immediately to Portsmouth, where Mason was collecting people, with a preference for those of Episcopal faith. A record of May 25, 1640, names him and Henry Sherburne as wardens of the Portsmouth Episcopal church. He held other important offices up to his death, which occurred in 1666 or 1667, when he was probably about seventy-five years old. His wife Jane, born by deposition about 1598, was living in 1669.

His only son as appears from his will, was Jeremiah, who lived on the southwest part of Newcastle Island where he died April 11, 1660, leaving four small children, Thomas, Jeremiah, Mary and Martha. The sons died without issue, bringing the name to an end. Mary married Joseph Mazeet of Newcastle, and had a son Thomas. Martha married

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More, and had sons John and Samuel, who were of York, Me., in 1735.

The daughters of Thomas and Jane were Jane (Peverly, Goss,) Hannah (Jones, of Newcastle,) Mary (Brooking, Walker,) Elizabeth (Savage) and Martha (Hinckson, Westbrook.)

Daughter Jane, with husband, Thomas Peverly, had the farm next east on the south side of the creek, on Peverly Hill, separated from the Walford farm by Peverly brook. This Thomas may have been son of a John Peverly said to have been sent over by Mason. He had seventy-five acres allotted him by the town in 1660. The site of his house can probably be located from a clause in Thomas Walford's will, which gives his grandson John Peverly "a point of marsh north of the creek, one-half an acre, lying before his father's door." This John, born by deposition about 1649, had younger brothers, Thomas, Lazarus, Samuel and Jeremiah, and sisters, Martha, Mary and Sarah, who married respectively Christopher Noble, John Holmes and Michael Hicks. Noble and Holmes were living in the vicinity in 1678.

Daughter Martha Walford, born by deposition about 1645, married, first, Thomas Hinckson. He died in June, 1664, leaving an infant daughter Mary, who was living in 1680. Martha married, second, before 1666, John Westbrook and had a son John, who is mentioned in her father's will. Martha died before May 26, 1680. The Westbrooks had the farm next west of the Walford plantation, extending up to the Parade at the Plains. In 1716 another son, Colonel Thomas, was licensed to keep the first public house at the Plains in consideration of his laying out six acres, the present Parade, for the use of the militia. He built the Waldron house, still standing, which was afterwards occupied by his son-in-law, Richard Waldron, secretary of the province.

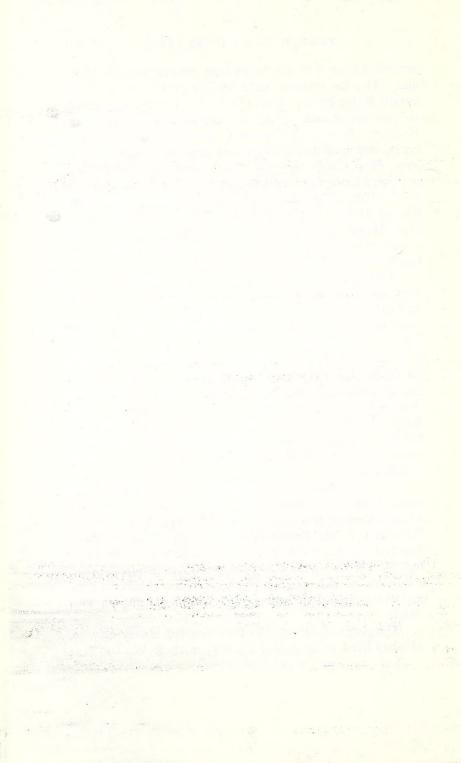
John Westbrook had by will from his grandfather Walford twenty acres off the north side of his plantation,

separated from it by the brook that crosses Greenleaf Avenue. The Westbrooks had a landing on the creek at the mouth of this brook. East of this twenty-acre tract, across another brook, was upland and marsh of John and Mary Holmes. Next to this, easterly, on the north side of the creek, was upland and three acres of marsh of Mary Hinckson. Next east of this was a tract of marsh owned in 1680 by Hugh Lear, who had wife Mary. This marsh seems to have belonged in 1667 to Walford's daughter Elizabeth, wife of Henry Savage, entailed to their daughter Mary. Had Hugh Lear married Mary Savage? East of this marsh was one owned, in 1667, by William Brooking, perhaps given him by his father-in-law Walford.

Daughter Mary Walford, born by deposition about 1635, married William Brooking. A William Brooking is said to have been sent to the Pascataqua by John Mason, sometime prior to 1636, as Mason died December 12, 1635. Rev. E. E. Stackpole in Old Kittery quotes a list, taken from the New England Historical and Genealogical Register of 1848, of "Names of Stewards and Servants sent by John Mason, Esq., into this province of New Hampshire." Among them are Sampson Lane, Francis Matthews, Francis Rand, James Johnson, Henry Sherburne, John Peverly, William Seavey, William Berry, Jeremy Walford, William Brookin, Thomas Walford and Alexander Jones, mentioned in this article.

In 1655 William Brooking had a house on the north shore of the creek west of the Middle road, not far from where his marsh was located (2-50b*, 13-115, N. H. Probate Records 1-58, and Provincial Court Papers May 26, 1680.) The tything men's list of 1678 seems to place him about there. He died before 1695, leaving five daughters and widow Mary, who married, second, William Walker (4-62a,) who is referred to as owning land in that vicinity in 1694 7-79.)

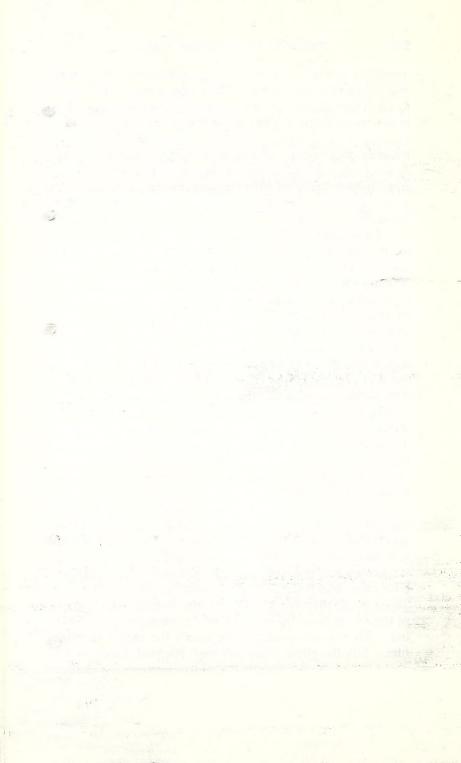
Daughter Elizabeth Walford married Henry Savage, who had lived prior to May 29, 1655, with J. W. Davis as



neighbor, on the north shore of the creek just west of the Middle road (2-50b, 3-138a.) The tything men's list seems to place him there. He died between 1693 and 1708, Elizabeth surviving him. They had a son John who died before 1726, probably leaving a son John of age, (N. H. Probate Records 7-54, Deeds 20-440, also 7-79, 10-51, 13-102 and 13-101.) A more genealogical account of the Walford and allied families may be found in the Boston Transcript of Sept. 30, 1907. The present article aims more to give locations.

Thomas Walford left the bulk of his estate, 164 acres, in the care of Henry Sherburne and Richard Tucker as trustees for his grandsons, Thomas and Jeremiah Walford. Thomas died soon after coming of age. Then came litigation and a long period of divided and disputed ownership. In 1697 the plantation was bought by Matthew Nelson, ancestor of the Nelsons of Exeter, Gilmanton and Barnstead, as well as many in Portsmouth. He was evidently a man of ability. He started as an apprentice but left at his death in 1713 an estate of about a thousand pounds. His "manor house" is mentioned May 23, 1740 (62-210) as still standing. It was evidently on or near the site of the house marked "J Sides" in the Atlas of 1891. He was succeeded on the farm by his sons, Matthew, Joseph and William, and by his son-in-law, Nathaniel Tuckerman, who lived at the corner of Elwyn road and Greenleaf avenue. I have many notes on the Nelson family.

The brothers, Henry and John Sherburne, were leading men of their times. As they have been well written up by others, I will pass them briefly. They were extensive land owners. Henry, born about 1611, died 1680, was inn-keeper and maintained a ferry across Little Harbor. This ferry was ordered by the court in 1643. A deed of January 29, 1677-8 (3-145) shows him living on land south of the creek, bounded easterly on the waters of Little Harbor. That is where the tything men's list seems to place him. His daughter Mary married Richard Sloper. He



was a resident before 1657 and had seventy-eight acres in the land allotment of 1660. He had a farm of one hundred and fifty acres next east of the Peverly farm on the south side of the creek. He died in 1712. Brewster gives some account of this family.

Elizabeth, another daughter of Henry Sherburne, married, first, Tobias Langdon; second, April 11, 1667, Tobias Lear, who died in 1681, she surviving him. Tobias Langdon was a resident before 1657 and had thirty-eight acres allotted him in 1660. The Langdons and Lears are noted families. Their land lay next east of the Sloper farm and is now separated from it by the LaFayette road. Portsmouth records of July 18, 1682, show that Mrs. Lear's farm was bounded easterly by that of Joseph Walker.

John Sherburne, brother of Henry, owned the land at the Plains next beyond the Westbrooks, January 28, 1661, (3-92) he deeded a tract twenty-five rods wide to John Brewster. Here was the original Brewster homestead, "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," page 60, gives views and an account of this region. John Brewster left an only son John, whose son Samuel succeeded him on the homestead. Other sons, Joshua, inn-keeper, Joseph, shopkeeper, and John, tailor, lived in the vicinity.

John Sherburne was succeeded at the Plains by son John, he by his son John, and he by his son Nathaniel, who was ancestor of the Epsom Sherburnes. A condensed Sherburne genealogy prepared by the late E. R. Sherburne of Boston, is to be found in Volumes 58 and 59 of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register. He left a completed manuscript Sherburne history, publication of which has been promised.

At the end of the Middle road, and probably accounting for its location, was Lane's sawmill. I am not aware that the location of this has before been given in print. For its discovery I am indebted to T. M. Jackson, Esq.,

Brooklyn, N. Y., as well as for much else in this article.

April 15, 1651, (2-73b) John Moses deeded Ambrose

Lane "the little point of land adjoining to his sawmill lying nearest on the southeast of said mill." This "point of land" has been identified as "Moses Island" and remains of the dam have been discerned at low water. The "island" is peninsular or island according to the state of the tide, and two hundred fifty years ago may have been more a point of land, or rock, than an island.

It is well understood by geologists that the New England coast has settled in recent geologic time and that the present estuaries and harbors are drowned valleys. Parsons' History of Rye has an impressive picture of stumps of trees in the sand of the seashore where trees could not now grow. From measurements made at the Charlestown Navy Yard a few years ago it was thought to be determined that the coast at that point had settled nine inches in seventy-five years. With an average of two and one-half feet less water at Moses Island its insular character would pretty much disappear.

The mill was deeded March 22, 1649, (Suffolk Deeds 1-137) by Sampson Lane to Ambrose Lane, described as "one sawmill now in building at Sagamore Creek." It was not very successful. In 1653 in a petition by the inhabitants to the Massachusetts General Court (Provincial Papers 1-208) they say that Portsmouth has only one sawmill, "not yet perfected nor like to be." In 1655 Ambrose Lane had left the place and Richard Tucker was settling up his business. The dam is mentioned in a deed of January 25, 1722, (13-10.)

The Moses house, one hundred twenty-five years old, the third on the site, stands near the south shore opposite the Middle road. John Moses with wife Alice was living here in 1648 (1-56.) He was a large land owner and of considerable prominence as a citizen. He lived to old age and was succeeded on the place by his son Aaron, and he by his son James. The farm was bounded on the west by that of Henry Beck. Next west of Beck's was Joseph Walker's, which extended back from the creek more than

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that of Hogy illed. "Negrocat or finelys" as (Negro-Verbeer's, the presented bear our time are such along Verbeer's, the presented bear our time are such as one hundred and seventy rods and was bounded westerly on the Lear farm (Portsmouth Records July 18, 1682.) Adjoining the Moses farm, and probably near the cove to the east, was in 1668 the home of Thomas Creber, seaman, a son-in-law of John Moses, who had given him twelve acres of land. This fell to Creber's only daughter, Alice, who married Richard Shortridge, third of the name. December 27, 1725, she, a widow, with her son Richard Shortridge, deeded the land back to James Moses (14-411.) James sold his brother Josiah, December 10, 1726, (19-86) three acres on the cove, which he two years later sold (17-8,) with his house, to John Tucker. This, with other land, was held by the Tucker family till recently.

Joseph Walker, who had married John Moses's daughter Elizabeth, was likewise complimented by his father-in-law with a gift of land,—in this case salt marsh, which was a favorite kind of wedding present. The deed, March 5, 1664, (3-55a) locates Walker's house at the head of a branch creek to the southwest. He married, second, Hannah Philbrick, born September 26, 1651. She survived him and married, second, John Seavey, son of William first. Joseph Walker had a son George, who was a citizen of prominence.

Ferdinando Huff, perhaps another son-in-law of John Moses, in 1764 (-55a) owned land adjoining John Moses and Thomas Creber. He was born by deposition about 1640, his wife Mary about 1645. In 1681 they were living in a house of John Sherburne's (probably son of Henry) and boarding Henry Sherburne's deaf and dumb daughter Rebecca.

Sylvanus Scott, a weaver, bought of his wife's brother, James Moses, about 1633, two acres on the Elwyn road next the Beck farm, and lived there some twenty years. His son Sylvanus sold the place to Joseph Tucker, who occupied it from 1673.

The two volumes of Moses genealogy by Zebina Moses give a good account of the family. They fail to mention

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The two volumes of Moses conculogy by Zelfina Moses.

a Samuel Moses who deposed in 1670 aged thirty, and a Joseph Moses, whose new house by the waterside is referred to in 1666 (3-23a.)

Henry Beck came from London in 1635 at the age of eighteen. He was taxed in Dover in 1648; was of Portsmouth before 1657; was allotted sixty acres in 1660; was at the creek as early as 1664. He lived there to old age and was succeeded on the place by his son Thomas, who died November 7, 1734, aged seventy years. The house stood on a bluff near the Moses house, a decidedly picturesque spot, affording a view up and down the creek. A garrison house was maintained there. The farm remained in the family nearly two hundred years.

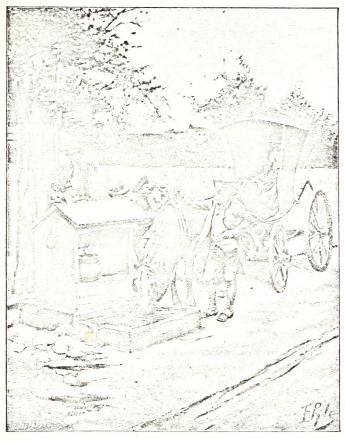
I have but fragmentary information of land occupancy farther down the creek. James Randall, carpenter, bought July 20, 1668, (3-3b) a dwelling house on Little Harbor and a tract of land reaching from the house to the sandy beach, about a mile and a half. The Randalls became numerous in that vicinity.

George Wallis, "sometimes of Newfoundland," bought of James and Mary Johnson of Little Harbor November 6, 1660 (2.45a) land and buildings at Little Harbor south of the creek. Johnson and Wallis were there before 1657 and had jointly an allotment of 112 acres in 1660. George Wallis, Jr., and William succeeded to their father's estate in 1686 (4.43a) and held it for about forty years. George, Jr., left only daughters and an idiot son Caleb. Descendants of William have been numerous in Rye, Epsom and Northwood, and the Wallaces of Greenland probably descended from him. Some account of them may be found in the Boston Transcript of June 10, 1907.

William Seavey settled very early at Little Harbor, it is supposed by Seavey's creek. He had sons, William, born 1640, John and Stephen. See History of Rye. Most likely the earliest settlers had a grist mill on Seavey's creek

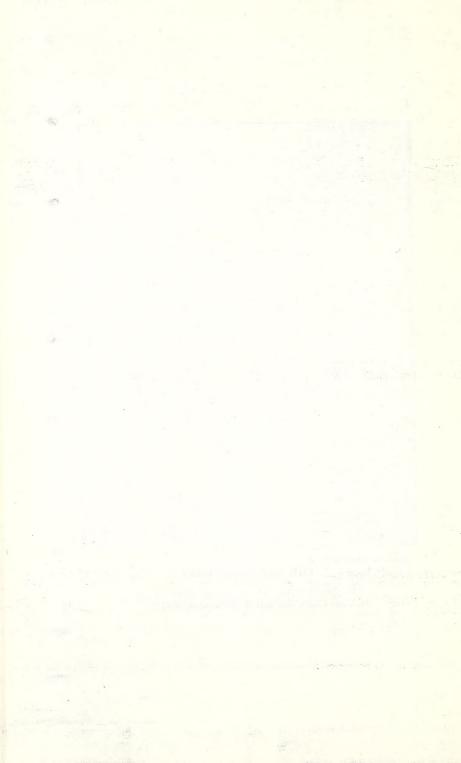
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Drawn by Howard Pyle
THE CAPTAIN'S WELL

"He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

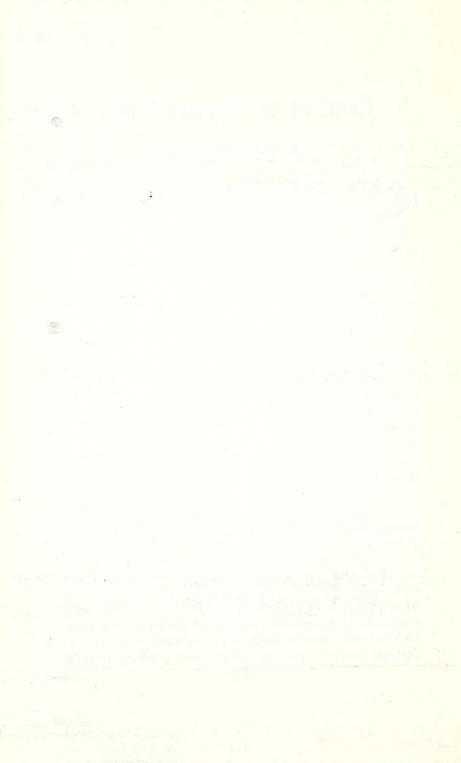


Kambles in Whittier-Land

BY MARTIN W. HOYT

O him who enjoys reading from the great book of nature an occasional chapter on the geological history of this little planet of ours, East Haverhill offers a field filled to the brim with features of interest. First of all he will be struck by the appearance of the innumerable "drumlins" all around him, with their smoothed and rounded sides and oft-times oval summits, rising from a few to frequently many feet above the general level of the country. They are smooth and grass-grown to their very tops, to the casual observer appearing as if rocks were a nearly unknown quantity in their make-up. But let one chance to find where some excavation or cut has been made into one of them, he will at once discover that they are but a mere medley of worn, rounded, and striated rocks thrown together in a promiscuous fashion, and imbedded in earth which is nothing more, after all, than the remains of thoroughly disintegrated rock which has gradually accumulated over and around them during the untold ages that have elapsed since they were deposited in their present situa-Much of eastern Massachusetts is noted for the great quantities of drift scattered broadcast over its surface during that distant geological epoch denominated as the glacial age.

Lift but a spadeful of earth from almost any spot beside the highway and one finds it full of these rounded and water-worn rocks, eloquent witnesses of that far-away time when the great ice plow of the north forced its way down across New England, turning up and displacing the earth for hundreds of feet in depth, and sometimes to the very underlying bed-rock, pushing before it and grinding beneath



its mighty mass, huge accumulations of detritus, borne along from the higher latitudes of the continent.

Again we may find high banks of finest sand, it may be of the purest white, or it may be of varied colors, with an occasional stratum of gravel, or possibly a layer of small pebbles, sorted and placed as if by some designing hand—all showing the agency of water in motion or water at rest in their arrangement. There is scarcely ever an angular fragment among these stones, large or small, but all are well-worn and rounded by their long and rough journey from the northern clime.

From the summit of one of the highest of these drumlins, known as Job's Hill, one may distinguish the mountain peaks of northern Rockingham county, N. H., particularly of Pawtuckaway in Nottingham.

When the great glacier came down in the ice age and made of New England a veritable Greenland, with its thousands of feet of ice-cap over the entire section, it nearly obliterated all the old surface features of the land, and left it but a wild waste of rocky detritus, as it, after many ages, slowly wasted away under the influence of a returning warmer climate. The beds of former lakes had been filled up, and new ones chiseled out in other places. The courses of streams were obstructed and often completely obliterated, and as the ice gradually turned again to water and the water sought its way to the sea, it was compelled to sweep clear the obstructions from the former river beds or to seek new channels elsewhere.

Thus it was that the Merrimack, whose course previous to the ice age seems to have been southward along the site of the old Boston and Lowell canal, found it much easier to find a new road to the sea by turning eastward from Lowell, than to remove the accumulations from its old-time bed.

All the little lakes of this section are simply hollows dug out by the moving ice, which filled up as the glacier turned into water again. Lake Kenoza, the most beautiful

turned mis gate again. Like Exercise, the most beginning

of them all, has such an origin. In traveling from Haver-hill city to Merrimac on the Haverhill and Amesbury Street R. R., one rounds a small portion of its shore and catches a brief glimpse of a charming picture. The clear waters of the lake, together with the high drumlins at its southern bank densely wooded to their summits with dark-hued evergreens, offer a tempting morsel to the artist's pencil.

Kenoza, too, was a cherished spot to Whittier. Here, as a "barefoot boy," he lured the pickerel from his haunts to his fate, and beneath the trees lining its shore he gathered the glossy brown nuts of autumn-time. Listen to what he says of the little sheet:

"Kenoza! o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh-resounding din
The quiet of thy banks of shade,
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
The shy loon sound his trumpet-note;
Wing-weary from his fields of air,
The wild goose on thee float.

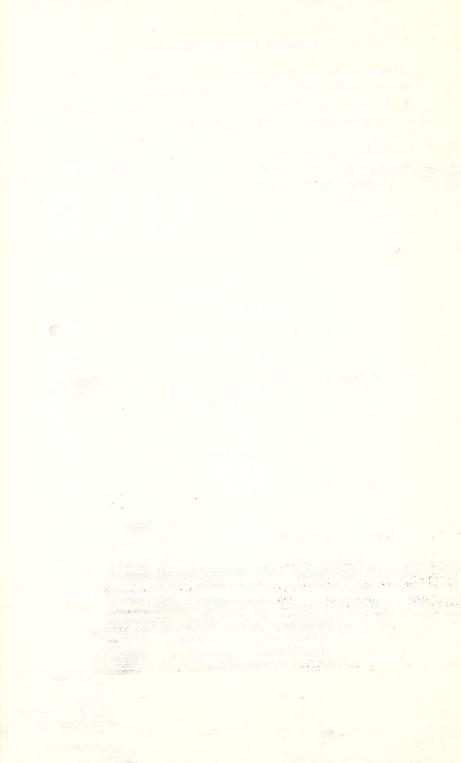
Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
Thy beauty our deforming strife;
Thy woods and waters minister
The healing of their life."

-Kenoza Lake

The laws of the city now protect this lake from contamination, and it will always be kept as Whittier loved it.

All through his busy life Whittier seems to have kept warm an affectionate remembrance of the delights of his earlier years. He often speaks of the halcyon, golden days of his boyhood.

"Crowding years in one brief moon, When all things I heard or saw, Me, their master, waited for."



Oftentimes there is felt an undertone of regret that these days have all passed by never to return.

"O for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day, Health that mocks the doctor's rules, Knowledge never learned of schools!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
I.ooped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire."

-The Barefoot Boy.

Human nature is pretty much the same the world over, and all of us who are hastening on to the "sere and yellow leaf" of life's autumn are capable of looking back upon fondly-remembered days, and of realizing the tenderness with which the poet must have struck his lyre as he here and there touches upon the themes connected with bygone and youthful years. Whittier's work is fairly crowded with little pictures of rural life that come easily home to each one of us who has been so fortunate as to pass his youth amid country scenes in close contact with "old mother nature."

Hardly is it possible to open to a descriptive poem of his without being confronted by some familiar token of one's boyhood period. He lures us on, stanza by stanza, with mention of whispering winds and murmuring streamlets, with tossing branches of trees and fern-clad and mossy dells, until we fairly forget ourselves for a time, and become boys and girls again happily roaming once more the gladsome country side.

Day

Now, perhaps, he says to us:

With the summer sunshine falling On thy heated brow, Listen, while all else is still, To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing
By that streamlet's side,
And a greener verdure showing
Where its waters glide,—
Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth
O'er the sloping hill,
Beautiful and freshly springeth
That soft-flowing rill,
Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never In that magic well, Of whose gift of life forever Ancient legends tell,— In the lonely desert wasted, And by mortal lip untasted.

-The Fountain.

Again it is a harvest scene:

"The summer grains were harvested; the stubble field lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye,
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.
Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistening in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold."

And this takes us to "The Pumpkin," that exquisite bit dear to the heart of every boy who ever read it:

"O,—fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!

When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune, Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon, Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam, In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team."

And close upon it comes the old-fashioned husking party of note among our grandfathers.

"From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.
Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-forks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played."

Reader, do you not recognize these pictures? have you not lived these scenes of happy days? If not you have missed much of life's keenest enjoyment. Who of us would willingly forget the time when we, too, fashioned the rude Jack o'Lantern from the pumpkin's golden globe, and danced in childish glee adown the long pile of unstripped ears waiting for the huskers, while lanterns suspended on pitchfork handles cast their uncertain light over the scene?

Whittier was a dreamer. He, as a boy, was always glad when it came his turn to stay at home from "First Day" services at Amesbury, so that he could wander away to the summit of some near-by hill, and there, reclining in the shade of a towering forest tree, spend the hours in quiet thought. Nothing was more delightful to him than to lie beside the little brook running past the old homestead and listen to its musical ripple. Many an allusion has he made to this stream so dear to his boyhood.

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall."

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The following picture from "Snow-Bound," is one which none of us who are country-bred, and upon whose locks lie the drifted snows of sixty and odd years, can fail to recognize.

"Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.

We heard the loosened clapboards tost, The board-nails snapping in the frost; And on us, through the unplastered wall, Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall."

One could not well take leave of this period of the poet's life without some mention of the old schoolhouse wherein his schooldays, necessarily few, were mostly spent. This building, unfortunately, no longer exists, but its site is now marked by a tablet for the better guidance of those who would desire to visit the spot, associated as it is with a poem that will be read as long as the English tongue shall endure. One of America's most distinguished literary persons has pronounced it "the finest school poem ever written in the English language." It was written nearly half a century after the incident which inspired it occurred. To quote from it is impossible; it must be given entire, for every stanza, line, and word, even, is essential to the whole. One should be New England born, and familiar with the "little brown schoolhouse" of the last century for the proper appreciation of this poem. It is a living, moving scene, which no artist with brush or pencil could produce.

"IN SCHOOL DAYS"

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, A ragged beggar sunning; Round it still the sumachs grow, And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen.

Deep-scarred by raps official;

The warping floor, the battered seats,

The jack-knife's carved initial;

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The charcoal frescoes on the wall;
The door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun Shone over it at setting; Lit up its western window-panes, And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of grieving, Of one who still her steps delay'd When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pull'd low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he linger'd
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-check'd apron finger'd.

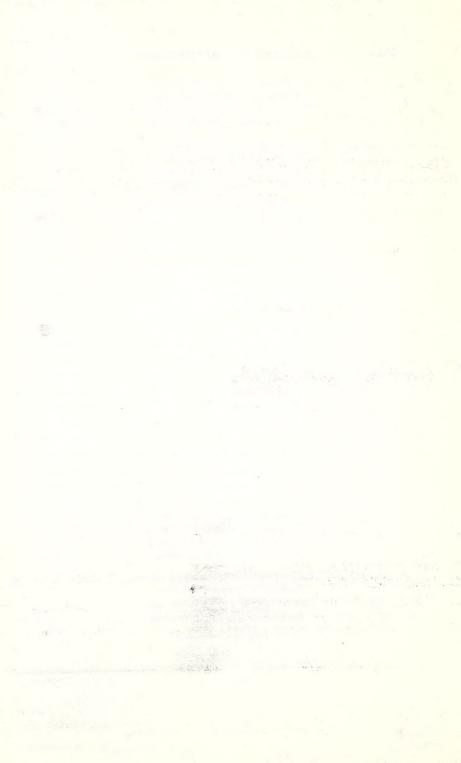
He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hand's light caressing.
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

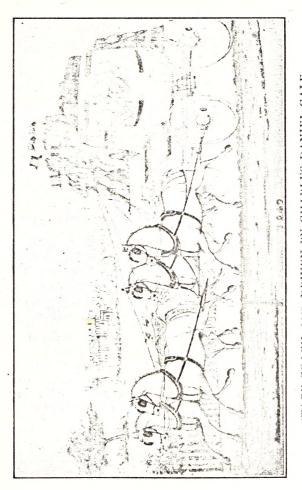
'I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you:
Because,—' the brown eyes lower fell,—
'Because, you see, I love you.'

Still memory to a grey-hair'd man That sweet child-face is showing. Dear girl! the grasses on her grave Have forty years been growing.

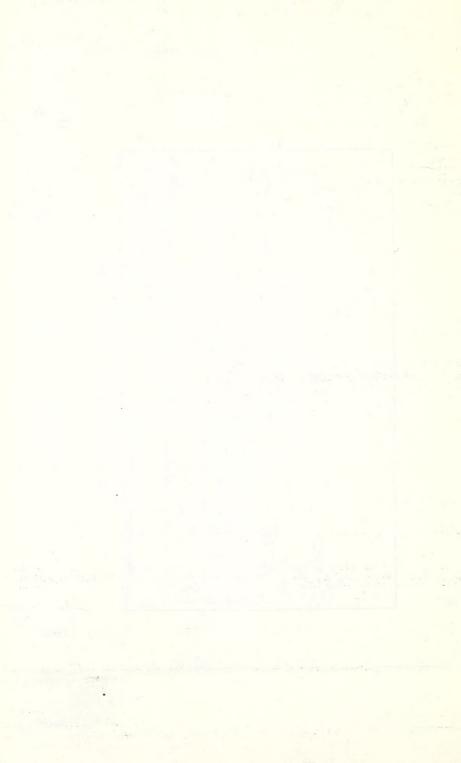
He lives to learn, in life's hard school, How few who pass above him Lament their triumph and his loss, Like her, because they love him."

(To be Continued)





STAGE COACH, 1842, DRIVEN BY CHARLES DANIEL GALE



In Stage-Coach Days

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

III

Early Mail Routes

HE enterprise of Bartholomew Stavers seems to have met with "suitable encouragement," from the first, for it not only proved a paying venture for him, but it also added to the business of his brothers, who kept "The Earl of Halifax," one of the most noted inns of that day. The line also marked a decided advance in the methods of travel, and other lines in New Hampshire, as well as elsewhere, began to seek the patronage of the traveling public. It seems to have dawned upon the public mind that it had more occasion to travel than it had ever dreamed of before the opportunity had come its way.

In 1763 Mr. Stavers in one of his announcements styled his carriage "The Flying Stage Coach." This would seem to indicate that even in those sedate days the matter of time spent upon the road was taken into serious consideration. He could now convey six persons inside, and he did not start until Tuesday morning, returning Saturday. The inn of John Stavers, his brother, was still the point of departure in Portsmouth.

The speed made by the Stavers coach was the pride of the owner, and it was his boast that his "express" actually performed the journey between his inn and Boston in a little over twenty-four hours, the exact time being from eleven o'clock in the morning to two of the following day in the afternoon, "Good entertainment was amply provided while on the route." Then the passengers were assured of "hospitable treatment at the end of their journey

when he turned them over to the care of his brother John. Truth told, John seemed to have fared even better than the other, by the conduct of "The Stage Chair," for in 1765 we learn that he removed from his hostelry on Queen street to more commodious quarters and into a building that soon became famous through its associations. The old sign "Earl of Halifax" was again called into requisition. In the upper story of this historic building, completed in 1770, the St. John's lodge of Masons held their meetings for several years, and the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire also met here.

Dame Stavers "in her furbelows" stood in the doorway of this inn as she looked with righteous disdain upon poor but proud Martha Hilton and her stockingless feet, to exclaim with a toss of her head:

"Oh, Martha Hilton! fie! how dare you go About the town half dressed and looking so!"

With righteous indignation equaling the other's cutting scorn, the proud girl retorted that she would live to ride in her own chariot, a boast that she could not have felt likely to ever be realized as it was on her wedding day with Governor Benning Wentworth, and she became the leading lady in the colony and mistress of

"——A Great House looking out to sea,
A goodly place, where it was good to be."

But the checkered history of Stavers, if told complete, would fill a volume, and not all of it would be as serene as this pretty love romance. For a time its owner fell under the bann of Tory sympathy and was compelled to escape by flight, only to be captured and thrown into Exeter jail-Fortunately the very one he had injured most obtained his release, and promising better behavior in the future he was allowed his freedom. The story of the Loyalist during those trying times has been but a half-told tale. Its telling does not come within the scope of this article, though we hope at some other opportunity to try our hand at it.

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One hundred years ago the fastest travel in the world was on the Great North Road, England, when the York mail coach performed its long journey at the tremendous rate of ninety miles a day! This was done by the frequent change of horses, and at the amazement of the public, many of the more ignorant persons predicting dire calamity to the drivers and those who dared to patronize the line.

Benjamin Franklin has told us that he spent four days in making the trip from Philadelphia to New York by stage coach, and that he whiled away his time en route by knitting stockings and listening to the stories of the jocose driver! Two stage coaches with four horses each sufficed for the passenger traffic between Boston and New York, and in the winter two weeks were consumed in making the round trip.

At first great opposition was manifested against any of the wagons or coaches designed to carry the mail taking on any other business, either in passenger traffic or the carrying of packages. This was first attempted in New Jersey under Jefferson's administration, when four men were given the privilege of running a mail coach with four seats on top to carry passengers. Then when congress tried to extend this privilege so as to allow all mail coaches the like favor a great hue and cry arose, and the project failed at that time. Later it passed, and the custom became general.

It was not until 1792, when Thomas Jefferson was Secretary of State that the feasibility of sending mail one hundred miles a day was considered. The number of letters in 1790 was less than 300,000 a year and the distance, counting each trip, about 350,000 miles. It would seem that during those days the office of postmaster was not altogether desirable, as witness the complaint of a Mr. Childs at Falmouth in 1773, who declares "that the office is of no advantage to him. Nay, it is a loss; he cannot withstand the earnest solicitations of indigent people, so he delivers their letters and receives no payment. Every person freely enters his home, looking for a letter or paper

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whether it is postday or not; he cannot afford to set aside an apartment in his house for an office, and is continually disturbed in his family."

It was not until 1786 that the mail was first carried in coaches from Portsmouth to the South. A writer remarking upon the time occupied in delivering mail matter aptly says: "In the mountains of New Hampshire, in the hill country of Pennsylvania, in the rice swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas, letters were longer in reaching their destination than they are now in reaching Pekin, China. Letters sent out from the principal offices spent five weeks in passing a distance now traversed in as many hours." In comparison to the cases cited, in remote regions it often happened that the post rider was a man of advanced years, who, as his jaded beast jogged along the lonesome stretches of country road, whiled away his time in knitting woolen mittens and stockings. Letters were not infrequently held at the office for want of the fees needed to pay for their transportation, or at the other end waiting for weeks to have the person to whom they were addressed obtain the money necessary to secure them. There was absolutely no protection over mail matter in transportation, and it was frequently claimed, with probably good reasons, that the rider opened and read them at his leisure. It was this reason which led many public and business men to correspond in cipher. At their destination letters fared no better. Post officers were usually kept in taverns or stores, where some corner became the receptable for the missives, and hither persons looking for letters were wont to turn and rummage through the collection in the hope of finding there some communication from friend or relative, or it might be a business proposition.

In marked opposition to the free and impartial distribution of newspapers at the present time, little if any mail of this kind was transmitted between the different sections of the country in those days. Boston got a few papers from New York and Philadelphia, and they knew little of each The first party of the summer of the control of the

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other. While the post carriers had to bear much of the blame for this, it was mainly due to the influences in the larger offices. Franklin, during his occupancy of the office, managed to improve this condition, though as late as 1784 only a few papers were taken with the letters, and these only after persistent appeals to the postmasters.

The franking privilege seems to have originated November 8, 1775, when congress resolved that letters to and from delegates of the united colonies should be carried free of postage. A year later letters to and from private soldiers were accorded the same immunity.

Newspapers at last became mailable matter, but it was some time before books and magazines were received by the postmaster general; and it was not until 1860 that other than written and printed matter was sent by post! In 1855 prepayment of postage became obligatory.

The increase in the postal receipts is somewhat remarkable. In 1776 there were only twenty-eight post offices in the country, while to-day there are 68,403. The number of pieces carried in 1794 was under two millions; now it it above 5,000,000,000.

In 1798 the rates of postage established by congress fixed the sums as follows, according to distance: Single letters, 30 miles, six cents; 60 miles eight cents; 100 miles ten cents; 150 miles twelve and one-half cents; 200 miles fifteen cents; 250 miles seventeen cents; 450 miles twenty-two cents; over 450 miles twenty-five cents. Double letters were double these rates, while triple letters were charged three times as much. Packets weighing one ounce or more were sent at the rate of twenty-four cents an ounce.

Two years later, 1800, these rates were raised somewhat. Then it cost eight cents to take a letter forty miles or less; not over 90 miles ten cents; not over 500 miles twenty cents; two pieces of paper, double rates; three pieces of paper, triple rates; four pieces of paper, weighing one ounce, four rates.

Another raise in the cost was made in 1821, and re affirmed in 1830, making the charges six cents for 30 miles;

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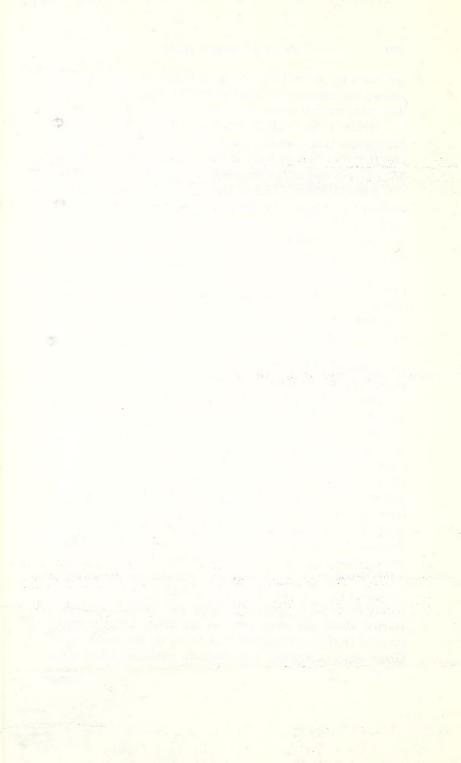
Before 1760, at least two roads styled post-roads had been opened between Boston and Hartford and New Haven. In 1764, the "Upper Post Road" was advertised. It was 162 miles in length. The Middle Road followed in 1769.

But older than either of these was "The Lower Road," opened or traveled as early as 1737, and advertised as the only road to New Haven and thence to New York. It was over this road that Franklin rode in his chaise, setting up mile-stones. This road was 278 miles in length.

Thus in 1768 New Haven was reached from Boston by three roads, though there was only one from thence to New York.

The Revolution served to check the increase of roads for a decade, but after that the growth was more rapid than ever, though it was not until October 20, 1783, that the pioneer of stage-coaching, Capt. Levi Pease, a blacksmith by trade, and a native of Enfield, Conn., gave a new impetus to the opening of roads and the distribution of mail matter.

Something of the estimation in which the railroads were held in public opinion is illustrated by the account of a certain Mr. Ebenezer Stowell Greer, who lived on the line of the Boston and Albany road before it had been completed to Worcester. It seems that work had been delayed on account of the lack of iron for the rails. Believeing that not enough iron could be procured to finish laying the tracks, and the cars having begun to run as far as they could go, Mr. Greer was anxious to have his daughter take a ride upon the strange vehicle. As she could not come back that night by rail her brother was to drive with their family horse to Grafton and bring her home. The team started about the same time as the train, but the latter reached Grafton twenty minutes ahead of the horse. Mr. Greer was so disgusted with what he considered the slow-



ness of the animal that he would have sold it at once had not his family dissuaded him from doing so.*

In the winter season it was not uncommon for a driver who carried the mail to be compelled to abandon his team and passengers, if he had such, and push on to his destination on snow-shoes, with the mail pouch flung over his shoulders. Or, it might be, the package too heavy for this, he would load it upon a hand sled and thus manage to dedeliver it in season.

Many stirring stories of stage-coaching days are told of narrow escapes from serious results, both to driver and passengers.

Stage riding in that way in the pioneer days of travel must have been no enviable undertaking, and, naturally, few attempted lengthy journeys unless business or stern necessity compelled them. Not only were the roads rough and unfinished, but the vehicles were rude in the extreme. One of the most pretentious of these stage coaches is thus described by a young Englishman, Thomas Twining, visiting this country in 1795:

"The stage-wagon is a long car with four benches. Three of these in the interior held nine passengers. A tenth passenger was seated by the side of the driver on the front bench. A light roof was supported by eight slender pillars, four on each side. Three large leather curtains

^{. * &}quot;The first locomotive steam engine used in New England was put in motion yesterday on the Worcester Railroad. The experiment we, learn was entirely satisfactory.—Boston Evening Transcript, March 18, 1834. Regular passenger service was not completed until May 16th. The same paper quoted above under date of April 4, says: "Crowds of people were assembled yesterday at the Tremont street terminus of the Worcester Railroad to witness the operation of the locomotive engine. We candidly confess that we cannot describe the singular sensation we experienced, except by comparing it to that which one feels when anticipation is fulfilled and hope realized. We note it as marking the accomplishment of one of the mighty projects of the age, and the mind, casting its eye backwards upon the past, as it was borne irresistibly onward, lost itself in contemplation of the probable future."—Editor.

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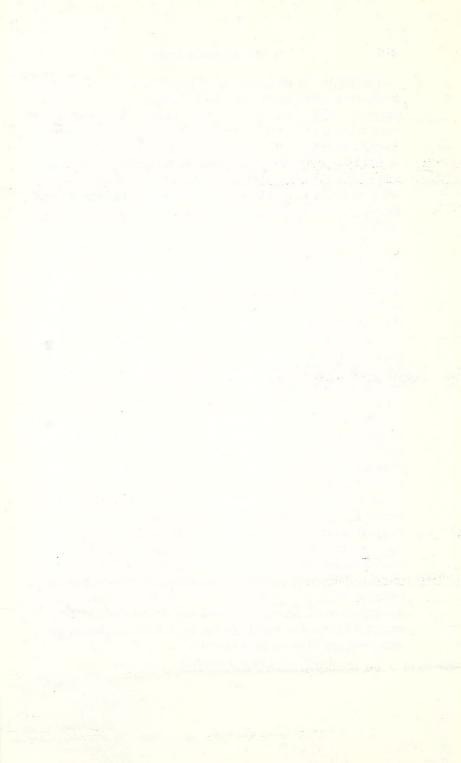
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suspended to the roof, one on each side and the third behind, were rolled up or lowered at the pleasure of the passengers. There was no place nor space for luggage, each person being expected to stow his things as he could under his seat or legs. The entrance was in front over the driver's bench. Of course the three passengers on the back seat were obliged to crawl across the other benches. There were no backs to the benches for support and relief to us during a rough and fatiguing journey over a newly and ill-made road."

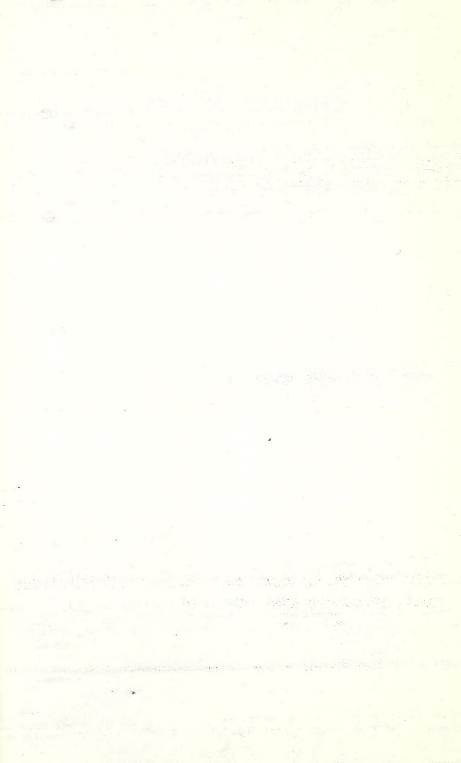
Of course the results of a ride of twenty miles in an old-fashioned stage coach bolstered up on thoroughbraces and drawn by four or six horses largely depended upon the make-up of the passenger. The driver might be as merry as Joe Miller, and the coach as easy of transportation as the rubber-tired, steel-springed buggy of to-day, still one would find much to worry over and to complain of, as witness the following account left us by a gentleman whom we believe to have been of English extraction, and whose trip was made in one of the coaches of our northern country:

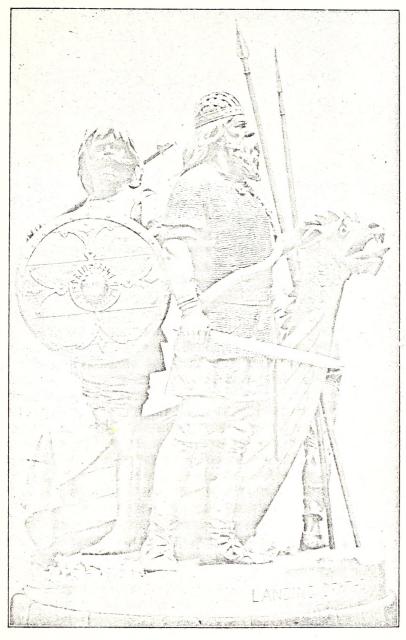
"I had an uncomfortable seat in the hind part of the wagon upon the mail bag and other goods. I might indeed have sat in front along with the driver, but my legs would have been cramped between a large chest and the fore part of the wagon. Of two evils I chose the least; but I shall never forget the shaking, jolting, jumbling and tossing, which I experienced over this disagreeable road, up and down steep hills which obliged us to alight, (for we had only two poor jaded horses to draw us) and fag through the sand and dust exposed to a burning sun. When we got into our delectable vehicle again, our situation was just as bad; for the road in many parts was continually obstructed by large stones; stumps of trees, and fallen timber; deep ruts and holes, over which, to use an American phrase, we were 'waggon'd' most unmercifully."

(To be Continued)



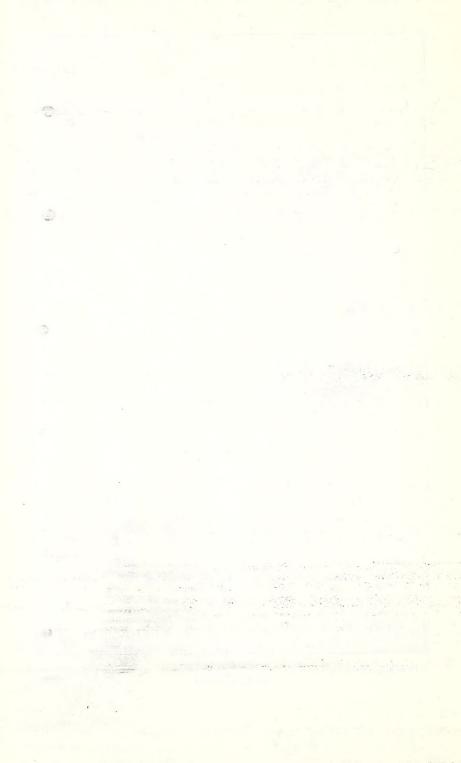
CHARACTER SKETCHES No. XII THE VIKING





From Rogers' Statuary

THE VIKING



Character Sketches

XII

"The Viking"

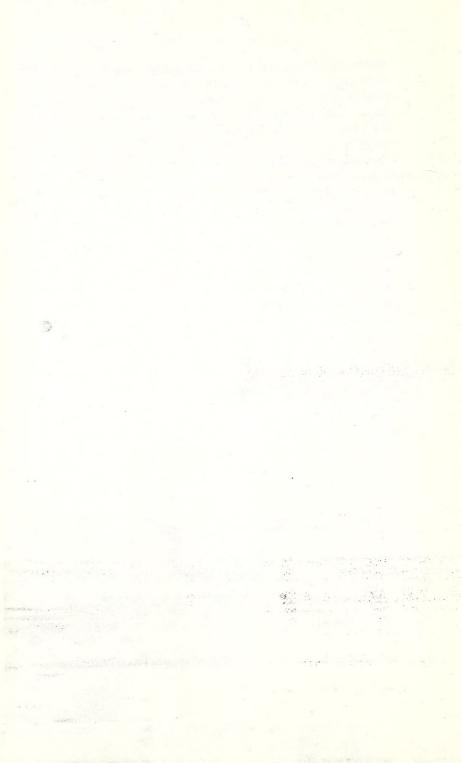
HE HISTORY of the world does not offer a character to parallel the Viking. A patriot and a hero, a home-maker and a freeman, he was yet a tryant and a terror; far too frequently a

stranger to mercy. He fought for his god and was a pagan of the most paganic type. He acknowledged a king, yet dared to defy him when the occasion seemed to demand it. Once had the voice of the Christian spirit been heard along the rocky shores of his native land, but he had turned a deaf ear to it. In frail barks, little fitted for long sea voyages, these hardy seamen crossed the ocean many times, and, it is claimed, even circumnavigated the globe. At any rate their name was a terror from the frozen north to the seven hills of Rome. Dragon ships, with grinning heads, clave their way through the waters of the deep, urged on by stalwart oarsmen concealed behind their shields hung around the bulwarks of the vessel. When not too far out at sea these strange-looking galleys were followed by flocks of ravens, which birds became the "war-wagers" used for their banners. Usually among the crew there was some "wise man" who could speak in the language of the ravens and talk with them presaging the coming conflict. Or, higher than flew the ravens, floated through the space a flock of wild swans, whose presence was hailed by these kings of the sea as the warlike shield of Odin, the Norns who wove the web of victory and defeat.

At length there came in the tenth century tidings of the New Religion. Upheld by their leaders, this doctrine swept like a whirlwind over Norway, and missionaries were then sent to that lonely island in the Northern Sea, whither some of the bravest of the Vikings had fled from their homeland,

much as the Pilgrims did seven hundred years later, to worship their gods. Eric the Red, the staunchest Viking that ever lived, a patriarch nearly a hundred years old, dwelt here in Iceland among his kindred Surely the old would not yield to the new where Eric held domain. Like true freemen these doughty warriors met in open council by the black, vawning rampart of the valley hemmed in by the mountains, to settle the mooted question whether Christ should supplant Odin: whether old beliefs should be swept away for this new faith. That meeting was one of the most dramatic moments in the history of man. Defiantly against the Christians stood the priests of the old faith, and their fierce, white-haired followers In the midst of the debate a peal of subterranean thunder rolled underfoot. Unperturbed by this, one of the champions of Odin leaped to his feet and cried: "Thor is angry at this treason." "With whom was he angry when he rent these rocks and burned them?" demanded one of the Christians, pointing to the volcanic relics about them. The swift question decided the matter, and Christianity was accepted by the great majority. No more remarkable testimony to the efficiency of self-government can be found; nor a grander refusal of the coming truth than that displayed by the patriarch of Vikings, Eric, who chose to die in the old belief rather than the new, the last of his heroic race.





The Prophet of the Pines

BY LACONICA

N a slight eminence of land near the headwaters of the Pascataqua River stand three pines. Seen when the sun's shafts of silver strike aslant their green clad figures a beautiful halo crowns the crests of the loftiest ones. And as this spirit light deepens, taking on the hues of emerald and violet and the yet deeper tints coming from the dusky azure overhead, lo! a mysterious transformation takes place, when the third and smallest tree lifts its drooping arms and lays them across the bosoms of its mates, until a perfect cross is made.

Unable to realize that he is gazing on less than what his vision discloses, it requires no grievous stretch of the imagination of the beholder to catch in the whisperings of the pines, as the autumn wind gives them speech, this tale which the Prophet of the Pines has told and retold many times since the dusky brotherhood stole away from the sacred spot in the twilight of long ago.

The maple was aflame with the gorgeous plumes of the sunset and the hazel was bending under the weight of its harvests treasures for the warriors of the wildwood, when a solitary figure burst from out of the solitude of the surrounding forests and paused under the two pines. His step was heavy like him who has come far, and his breath told that he had been long a fugitive no less than the hunted look overspreading his features, which were as white as the snow that lay on the distant mountains. The flowing robe of this stranger was darker than the coat of the pine, he carried two bars crossing each other and shining with the brightness of the sun's eye.

As he halted, unable to go farther, he pressed this glis-

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tening jewel to his lips, ever and anon, and as he did so a beautiful light settled on his kindly features. Then, clasping his hands, still holding the golden crucifix over his head, he sank upon his knees. His lips moved, though no sound came forth. He was thus engaged when a band of shadows stole from out of the forest and surrounded him!

The hunted priest, who had strayed far from his kindred, now looked up to behold himself in the midst of his red enemies. But his face grew no paler, though his lips moved faster and he lifted the golden cross higher.

With yells that were intended to drive from him his lingering ray of hope, the red men threw themselves upon him! And they bound him with stout withewoods, having first robbed him of the magical cross, and they fastened him to the bigger pine. Stopping only long enough to mock him in his distress, the warriors hastened on their journey to their campfires, leaving him there under the pine to obey the Great Spirit in his last call.

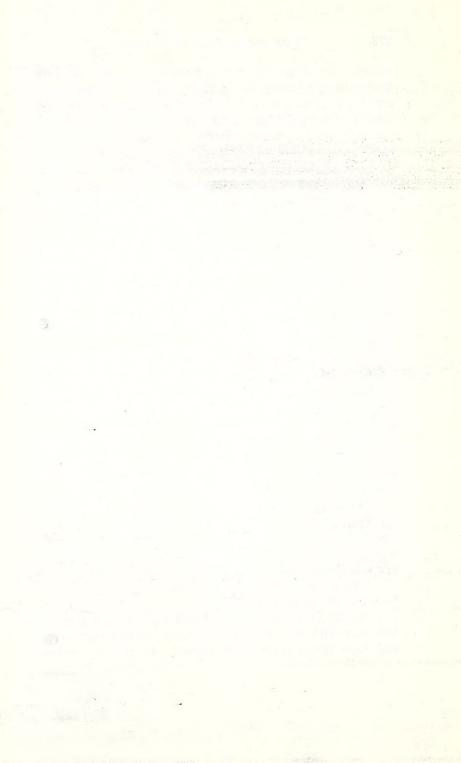
The poor white father scarce heard the sound of their retreating steps, he was so bowed with grief. He certainly did not hear the steps of the Indian princess, whose footfall gave back no more sound than the falling leaf, as she drew near the hopeless captive.

She swiftly loosened his withes and stepping back touched him as she did so on the shoulder. He must have thought she was an angel from the great sky wigwam of the Father, for he did not open his lips until she had said:

"Fear not Niamana, the chief's daughter. She has set the Paleface free. See! his hands are no longer bound, and here is food for him to eat, that he may speedily go a long way 'yond the trails of old Ravena, the evil bird," and as she said these words she gave him pounded maize to eat.

She stood by while he ate like one long hungered, and he spake kindly to her, saying:

"Good Niamana, you have saved my life. I was weak and worn with long fighting the terrors of the wilderness, and they found me an easy victim. In return I would



impart to you the great secret of life and show you how you may not only be saved for this life but for the next."

His words fell sweetly on her ears, and while she listened to his wonderful story, she believed and she felt herself drawn very near to him.

"Fair child of the woods," he said, "go with me that I may teach you——"

Thus far had he got, when the chief and his party suddenly appeared in the little opening on the hill, he having missed Niamana and returned to search for her. In a moment he understood it all—the freedom of the pale face captive, Niamana's guilt in freeing him.

Hast seen the fury of the autumn gale? hast seen the wild desolation the north wind brings from Chocorua's awful peak? then know something of Ravena's wrath. When he stamped his foot the earth trembled, and when he frowned the sky turned black!

"And this is the way Niamana pays her father for all his care of her, his silent solicitude, his love. Now feel his anger, which shall be sharper than the arrows of his quiver and more searching than the storm of winter."

Ordering his warriors to bind the white priest again to the bigger pine, with his own hands he tied Niamana to the other growing near by, exclaiming when he had deftly turned the last knot:

"Remain here until another sun rises that you may know how to obey your father."

Then it was that the white man spake, and his words awed the red men into silence:

"O chief of a benighted race, beware! There is One, for thy unmerciful acts against thine own, who will call thee to account. In yonder setting sun I read thy doom; in yonder cloud the darkness of thy fate. Thou hast stolen the twilight away and for thee——"

A deafening crash in the sky drowned the words of the white priest and as the solemn peal rolled away over the very hilltops towards the mountains, the chief and his warriors fled.

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e i e to te te te ma komme no ve est, a or air in ponte e le ne est aeva que a bollor lang mande e oda au bas d'assagnant e e e alla bas denie out santaniane est abraway apallist grev Ravena alone had the courage to look back, and as he did so he saw with dismay that the white captive held one hand lifted over his head, as if pointing towards the rising storm, which had come most unexpectedly. Around the golden crucifix, which he had stuck in the ground at his daughter's feet, while he bound her to the pine, and forgotten to take with him, he beheld a bright aureole of light playing in fantastic shapes.

The storm which raged for two hours or more was the most severe the oldest of the red men had ever witnessed, and in the morning, when Ravena dared to return to the hillock to look for his daughter, lo! she nor the priest were to be seen! And stranger yet, where he had left the golden cross a smaller pine than the two which he had previously seen was standing on the spot, and from that day to this, at the hour when its red chief had stolen the twilight away, the three pines make amends for his wrong by giving the sign of the cross and the sunlight lingers on the hallowed spot long after it has died from the neighboring hills.

The Hermit Thrush

BY MARY BAILEY

There was a sunset and a wooded hill,

There was a summer evening and a hush,

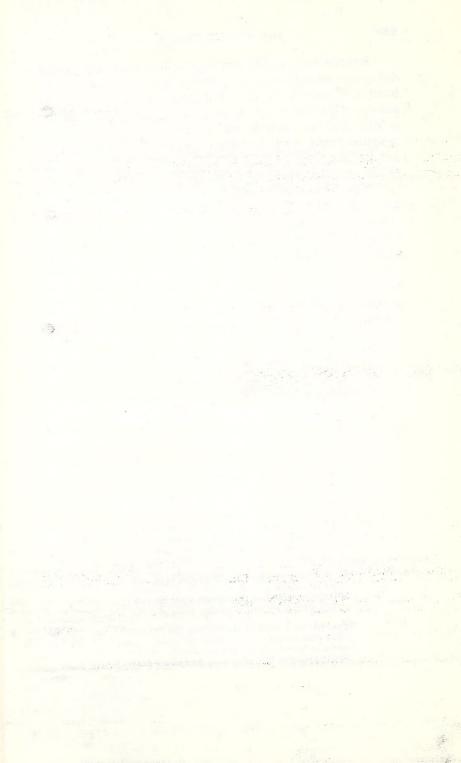
Then clear from out the gold-flecked depths so still,

There came the wondrous soul-song of a thrush.

And I was there to listen. Now the years
Are many since that evening and that song;
Thrushes make music now for other ears,
And other thrushes to that haunt belong.

But my sweet bird sang an immortal note,
The far call of a homesick heart for Heaven,
And, though the time and distance are remote,
Through all the weary waiting years at even

There comes a hush at sunset 'mid the stress,
The rush of labor with its fret and care;
I seem to hear from out the wilderness,
That plaintive bird-song that was like a prayer!



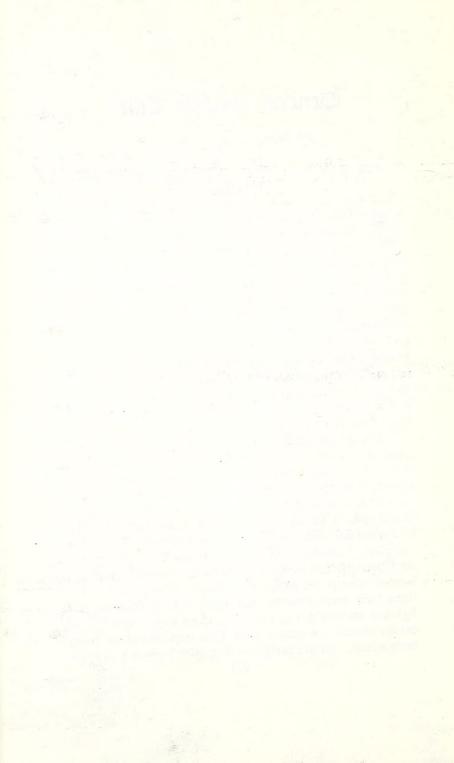
General Joseph Cilley

By John Scales, A. B., A. M.

Conclusion of the New York Campaign Against the Indians

FTER the army had completed the crossing of Lake Candagua, General Sullivan ordered General Hand to go with four regiments and capture a town a mile or more distant. General Hand hesitated and began to make excuses. He thought it would be a useless waste of lives; it would be dark before they could reach the village; in the dark the enemy would have the advantage on all sides and could stampede, or completely destroy the attacking force. Colonel Cilley was sitting on his horse listening to the talk between Sullivan and Hand. He became impatient at the hesitancy and delay; he straightened himself up in his stirrups and exclaimed, in the forceful way he had of saying things: "General Sullivan! give me leave and I will take the town with my regiment alone!"

The general looked at the colonel a moment, and then gave the word, "go!" Colonel Cilley's bugle call was sounded and the regiment was in battle array for marching, just at dusk; before the men got halfway there it was so dark that each soldier was obliged to take hold of his file leader to keep in line and not get lost; thus they marched in Indian file until the village was reached. They found the place deserted; nothing was left for them to fight except swarms of mosquitoes, of which it would seem there were hundreds attacking each man. Under these conditions they encamped for the night, which they spent in fighting mosquitoes and keeping close watch that the wily enemy should not return upon them unprepared to defend themselves. In the early morning they burned everything



that was combustible in the village, and returned to the army, where Colonel Cilley received the thanks of General Sullivan.

The capital of the Five Nations was at Big Tree; when Sullivan's army reached there Colonel Cilley and his regiment witnessed the last scene of that war which completely crushed the power of the Five Nations and the Indians who had greatly aided the British since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The town contained one hundred and twenty-two houses and wigwams. When all was ready General Sullivan gave the order to destroy it, in every part: make so much a desert no Indian could live in it. So, during one day, the whole army of more than four thousand soldiers were busily engaged in gathering corn from the fields and storing it in the houses. The task was not completed until about noon of the next day, as the crops were immense. The soldiers then struck their tents in the village, and marched out a short distance and halted on a hill which overlooked the town, from which they witnessed a scene unsurpassed in that war of eight years.

Soldiers had been stationed at each house, with torches. At the firing of a signal gun every house was set on fire, and all were consumed with the contents, leaving only huge heaps of roasted corn. Colonel Cilley was accustomed to say, in after years, that the sight of so many buildings on fire, the massy clouds of black smoke, the curling pillars of flame bursting through them, formed the most awful and sublime spectacle he ever witnessed. Awful as it were, it was trifling in comparison with the inhuman barbarities those Indians had inflicted on American citizens during the preceding years of the war.

The army then commenced their return march to Tioga Point, where they arrived in a very needy condition on September 30. When they started on the march up through the Indian country they left the principal part of their clothing at the fort, by general order; they were allowed to carry no more than they wore, with the exception of one

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spare shirt. The suits consisted of a short rifle frock, vest, shirt, tow trousers, stockings, shoes and blanket. Marching nearly the whole time in the woods, among thick underbrush, their whole suit became fearfully worn. Many of the men returned barefooted, and became very footsore. Thus in rags and tatters they arrived at the fort, having completed one of the most remarkable campaigns of the Revolutionary War.

They remained at Tioga Point until October 4, and on that day marched fourteen miles towards Wyoming (the modern town of Wilkesbarre). They arrived at that place October 7, about noon. From there they marched to Easton where they arrived October 15, and encamped near the river. There they received the report of the committee appointed by General Sullivan, (of which Colonel Cilley was a member), to estimate the quantity of corn destroyed by the army, that belonged to the Indians. It was computed at one hundred and sixty-five thousand bushels. Whilst there they were ordered to attend divine service, under arms, in a large meadow, to return thanks for the signal success of the expedition, and the unparalleled health of the troops. A discourse was delivered by the Rev. Ira Evans of Concord, N. H.

On October 27 Colonel Cilley's regiment commenced its march towards North River, and on November 25 they arrived at its south bank and crossed over to the New York side. Then they kept on their journey, by slow marches, until they arrived at their winter quarters in Connecticut, at a place about half way between Danbury and Newton. They began to build their huts December 3, and finished the job in about fifteen days, making everything very comfortable for the cold winter that followed. They remained in camp there until April 6, 1780, when they broke camp and marched for West Point; they remained there until August 4. It is worthy of note here that Colonel Cilley's son-in-law, Col. Thomas Bartlett of Nottingham, was there at West Point at the same time in command of another New Hampshire regiment.

Colonel Cilley's regiment left West Point August 4, and after crossing the river, by short marches each day they arrived, August 8, at Tappan, Orangetown, where the whole army encamped and remained there until August 23, when the army marched down to Jenerich, N. J., opposite the upper end of Manhattan Island. September 17, General Washington went on a journey to Hartford, Conn., and left the command of the army to Major General Greene. Three days later General Greene moved the army up the river to Tappan and they pitched their tents on the old camping ground.

Five days later, September 25, they were apprised of General Arnold's plot, and of his escape, and of the capture of Major Andre. Colonel Cilley with his regiment left Tappan, with the four brigades, October 6, under command of General Greene, and marched to Haverstraw. On October 8 Colonel Cilley encamped his regiment on Constitutional Island, opposite West Point. The Second New Hampshire regiment also encamped there. October 25, 1780, they crossed the river and marched to Soldiers Fortune, where they built their huts and encamped for the winter, but they were called out to the lines many times by alarms of the enemy, so had a rather wide awake winter of it without any fighting. The winter was unusually severe, and the soldiers were often on the point of starvation, and were for days without meat, and nearly all the time on short allowance, while most of them had received no pay for about a year. As for clothing they were often so destitute that many of them could not do guard duty without borrowing from their comrades, while for shoes they were still more deficient, and parties who were on fatigue duty for firewood and forage could often be tracked by the blood from their bruised feet.

(Continued from page 256)

where the road crosses. There is an old deed acknowledged July 6, 1680, from William Seavey to his son William, both of Portsmouth, of a "mill on the side of the creek the mill stands on." This is rather lacking in definiteness, but is believed to mean Seavey's creek and probably refers to more than one mill. A history of the Seavey family is being prepared by Mrs. A. C. Hall, Stamford, Conn.

John Odiorne, born about 1630, in Portsmouth before 1657, was another settler on the south side. He married, rather late, Mary Johnson and had sons, Jotham, who died in 1748, and Deacon John, who lived at Odiorne's Point. Other early residents on the Rye side were Robert Purrington and Richard Tucker, both prominent men. Tucker died in 1679. Search has failed to find any trace of his children, though Tuckers afterwards lived in the vicinity.

March 15, 1670, (3-138a) Robert Lang bought of Robert Townsend, both fishermen of the Isles of Shoals, a house and thirteen acres bounded westerly on Middle road eighty rods, southerly on the creek twenty-six rods, and easterly on land of Richard Goss. It is not said that Goss was living on this land. The tything men's list of 1678 seems to place him at the mouth of the creek. Robert Lang died February 16, 1615-16 leaving sons Stephen and Nathaniel, who had nine sons and seven daughters. A generation later John Lang, mariner, had land near Robert's, on the west side of the road back from the creek. His wife was Grace, daughter of William Brooking. They had a large family and were ancestors of the Langs of Lee and Wakefield. Robert Goss left two sons. Robert of Greenland. who had sons Robert and Joseph, and Richard of Rye, who who had many descendants.

October 5, 1659, (2-33a) Nicholas Rowe sold Richard Shortridge one-half of a neck of land at the entrance to Sagamore Creek excepting four acres-previously sold to George Jones. Shortridge had a son Richard born by deposition Service and the second

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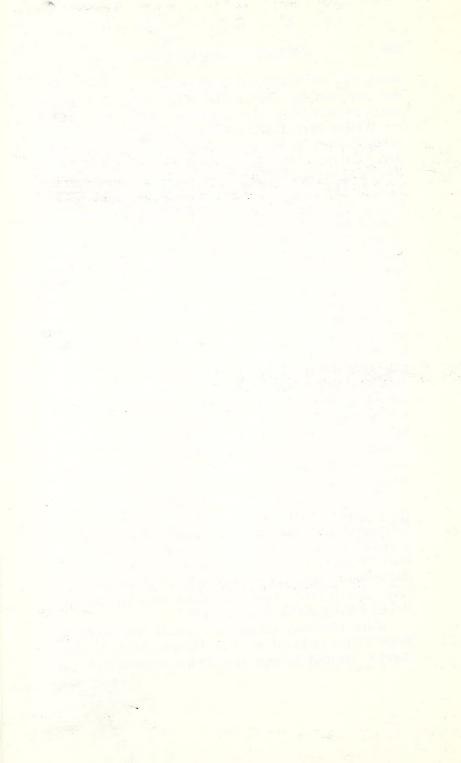
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about 1631, and a daughter that married a John Davis who had land near by. The Exeter News-Letter of April 6, 1906, had an article on the Shortridge family.

William Berry is said to have been the first settler at Sandy Beach. He had sons Joseph, John, James and William. February 11, 1673 (14-456b) Joseph and Rachel Berry sold Samuel Harris of Portsmouth land lying next to Richard Shortridge. In 1674 (3-105a) Joseph Berry of Portsmouth, planter, and wife Rachel sold John Bowman, "late of Isles of Shoals," fisherman, a dwelling-house "at or near the entrance to Sagamore Creek, formerly in possession of Andrew Sampson and Samuel Harris," also twelve acres adjoining, "beginning at or near Thomas Onion's fence next to the creek, thence along the creek northeasterly to the mouth near Richard Shortridge's field and the land of Samuel Harris and so up along the southward (?) side of the creek upon a southwest and by west line by the land of Samuel Harris to a pine tree marked four ways and from thence along northwest westerly by the said Harris's bounds to or near a black birch stump in the swamp, and next adjoining the land on bounds of Robert Pudnington [Purrington] and so along by his bounds upon a southwest line nearest to the bounds of Thomas Onion, from thence along said Onion's fence as it runneth nearest to the creek or waterside where it began, being about forty-five poles."

October 4, 1660, (2-44b) Robert Davis, carpenter, who was in Portsmouth in 1648, sold Edward Bickford, both of Portsmouth, one dwelling-house together with four acres of upland between land of Thomas Onion and land of John Hart "in Sagamore Creek." Thomas Onion was killed in the Indian massacre at the Plains in 1696, aged seventy-four. Robert Davis in 1667 (2-142a) deeded his estate to Robert Purrington for support for life.

Mark Hunking, shipbuilder, bought land north of Baker's Cove, eastward of Little Harbor, March 26, 1666, (6-287.) He died the next year (Essex Antiquarian 6-134)



leaving widow Ann, daughter Mary, who married Thomas Waycomb, eldest son Mark who was probably of age or nearly so, as he subscribed for preaching in 1671, and son Archelaus. The inventory mentions land at Little Harbor and on a neck of land, and a ship on the stocks. Twenty acres near William Seavey's, perhaps on Little Harbor, were willed to Archelaus. Mark appears in the tything men's list of 1678, apparently at Little Harbor. The Hunkings were an influential family, and intermarried with the Wentworths. Hunking appears as a first name in many families.

Probably the earliest road was the Pioneer road from Odiorne's Point westward. Other roads first needed. must have been from Little Harbor and the creek to the Great House at Strawberry Bank and the meeting house, which stood just east of the south mill bridge. A deed of May 29, 1655, (2-50b) mentions the highways from Lane's sawmill to the houses near by, and that to Strawberry Bank, meaning, I suppose, the Middle road, or the lower part of it. It may be doubted whether it followed all the way the present crooked route. If so, shorter cuts were no doubt used. At the town meeting of March 12, 1671-2, it was voted "that Mr. Henry Sherburne and Sergeant John Moses is to lay out a foot highway from Sagamore Creek unto the meetinghouse and to make a return thereof to the selectmen to be recorded." Their return has not been found on record. A footpath was in use some years before this, and is referred to in a deed of October 26, 1667, (3-11a) which mentions the dwelling-house of James Drew "standing near the common footpath that goes from Sagamore Creek to the meeting house." The house of John Jones, deceased, stood about forty rods east of Drew's.

^{*} The numbers in parentheses, except when otherwise stated, refer to volumes and pages of New Hampshire Province Deeds.

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Work for Small Men

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

Don't hate your neighbor if his creed
With your own doctrine fails to fit;
The chances that you both are wrong,
You know, are well-nigh infinite.
Don't fancy, 'mid a million worlds
That fill the silent dome of night,
The gleams of all pure truth converge
Within the focus of your sight;
For this, my friend, is not the work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Don't hate men when their hands are hard,
And patches make their garments whole;
A man whose clothes are spick and span
May wear big patches on his soul.
Don't hate a man because his coat
Does not conform to fashion's art;
A man may wear a full-dress suit,
And have a ragamuffin heart.
This, my good friend, is not the work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Hate not the men of narrow scope,
Of senses dull, whose brows recede,
Whose hearts are embryos; for you spring,
My dainty friend, from just this breed.
Be sure the years will lift them up;
They'll toil beneath the patient sky,
And through the vista of long days
Will all come forward by and by.
Hate not these men; this is no work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Despise not any man that lives,
Alien or neighbor, near or far;
Go out beneath the scornful stars,
And see how very small you are.
The world is large and space is high
That sweeps around our little ken;
But there's no space or time to spare
In which to hate our fellow-men.
And this, my friend, is not the work for you;
Then leave all this for smaller men to do.

Granite State Magazine

A Monthly Publication

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L. VI

JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1909

Nos. 1-3

TERMS:—Per Annum \$1.50

To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular er, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will underto put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found railable.

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Manchester, N. H.

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Potice to Our Subscribers

We wish to say to those subscribers who had paid in advance that ir subscriptions will be advanced so that they will lose nothing by the ay in publication caused by doubling several numbers during last year.

This number has been unduly delayed, but the succeeding issue is arly printed, and henceforth the magazine will be sent out regularly onthly. Several new features are to be added, and we have some of a finest articles upon important subjects that have come within our owledge.

The leading article in the November number, written especially for by a competent writer, who gives the proofs of what he says, will be the history of the building and running of a steamboat upon the nnecticut River several years before Fulton built his "Clermont." Committee in the Theorem

time, with the recent celebration upon the Hudson fresh in our and a subscription being raised to erect a quarter of a million monument to the memory of Fulton as "the inventor of the oat," this account is of great interest and value. It has been ted by an artist who has studied the subject thoroughly.

tark's Independent Command at Bennington," begun in this r, and which we believe to be the best description of that striking thly interesting movement, the most picturesque and important in volution, will be finished. Other articles of no less value will

Dotes and Queries

ith our next number we add to our own the subscription list of and Queries and Historic Magazine," published so many years late Mr. S. C. Gould. Some of the features of that entertaining ne will be incorporated with the Granite State Magazine, so trust those who were among its patrons will not feel that they st by the change.

ok for important announcements next month.

Literary Leaves

ee pamphlets of local interest and of value to all who are seeking for information early history of Peterborough come to us from Mr. James F. Brennan, the historic of the Peterborough Historical Society, entitled respectively, "Origin of the the Town of Peterborough, N, H.," octavo, 8 pages; "The Irish Pioneers and s of Peterborough, N. H., octavo, 8 pages; "Inscriptions on Gravestones in Two eteries on the East Hill'in Peterborough, N. H.," octavo, 68 pages. Copies of is presumed, can be obtained of the author.

E'S CORNERS. By E. Clarence Oakley. Ornamented covers, cloth, 12mo., 242 Richard G. Badger, Boston, Publisher. Price, \$1. For sale in Manchester by n.

le not what might be termed a "Wild and woolly western story of cowboy life," it cidedly breezy manner and is a story worthy of a reading. The hero is a live, who comes into a stranded cross-roads town and immediately awakens the people ization of his presence. The characters are well drawn and the love scenes are y pictured.

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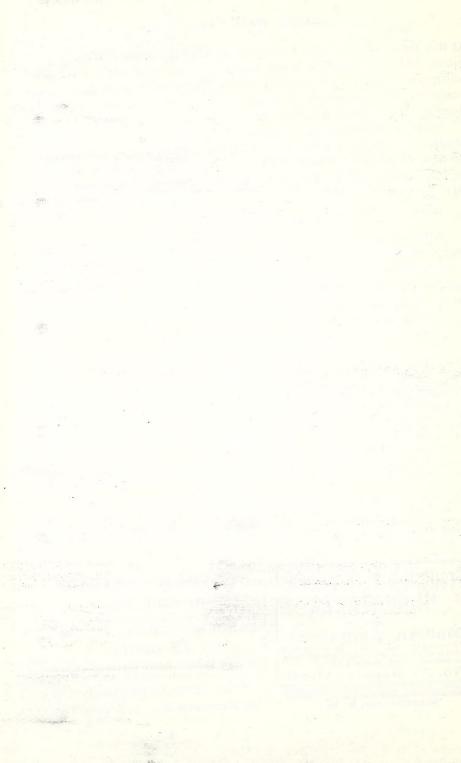
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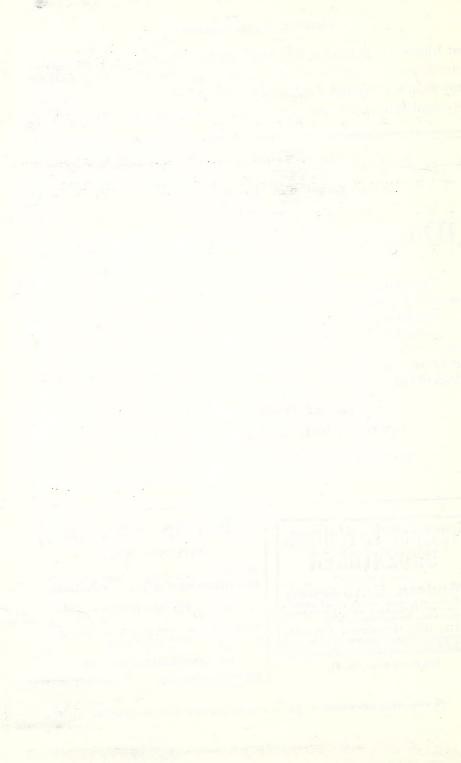
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OCT.-NOV. 1909

ZI.

No. 4

WALDO BROWNE	litor
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authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and leg who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a reg not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will un it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if for	ular der-
s plainly: Editor Granite State Magazine,	
GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., Inc.,	
64 Hanover Street, Manchester, N. H.	
second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, us the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.	nder
nted by THE RUEMELY PRESS 143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.	
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THE LAND OF PROMISE	49
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AND FACES. (Poem)	73 81

wing to the press of other matter, the article upon the first steamn this country, built by Captain Morey of Orford, has been ad until the December number, which will be out soon. Four tions, made expressly for this magazine will accompany the intersketch, written by Gabriel Farrell, Jr.

ne next issue will also contain a well-written sketch of Goshen, with several illustrations.

January we shall begin the highly valuable series of articles d, "In Stage Coach Days." The first number will describe "The

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DECEMBER, 1909

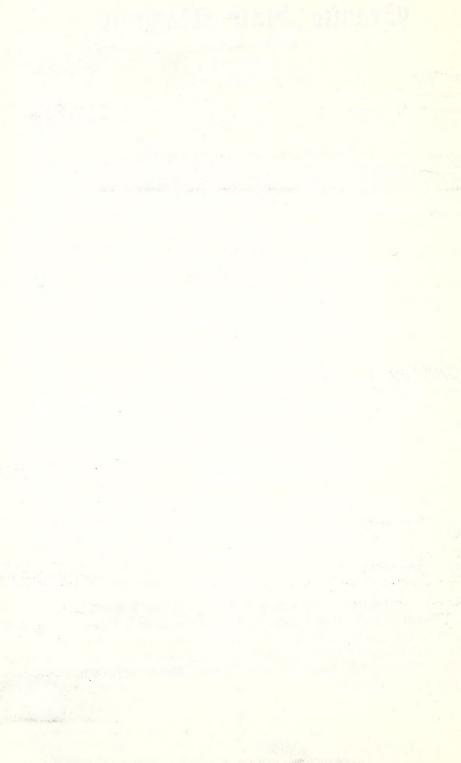
No. 5

WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor TERMS:-Per Annum Single Copy . . . thors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend ho are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular ot situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will under into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE, GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., Inc., 4 Hanover Street, Manchester, N. H. econd-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ed by THE RUEMELY PRESS 143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H. Contents RIFLE. Old Theme Poem, No 2. (Illustrated)..... 89 MUEL MOREY. (Illustrated by A. G. Gow).......... Gabriel Farrell, Jr. 93 113 116

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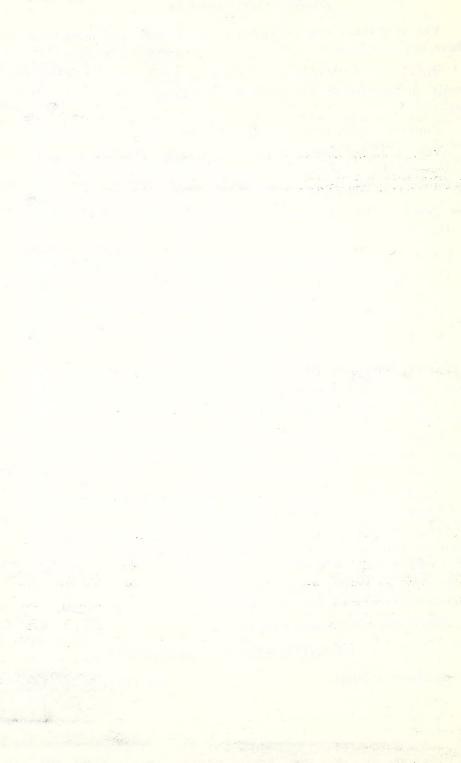
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- he New England Historical and Genealogical Register, edited Apthorp Foster, in reviewing these works says:
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Literary Leaves

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different octavo volume of 397 pages, with its hundred of illustrations, many purces unknown to the general historian, fully sustains the high character he former volumes. As the work progresses we become more impressed task Mr. Charles W. Burrows, the projector of the work, asked of Protein he invited him to write it. The arrangement of the subject matter is y, and Professor Avery has the happy faculty of keeping squarely abreast that he is describing in a manner which keeps the reader always informed attire situation of the period as well as the particular incident that may be er consideration.

simple and yet has at times the eloquence at the command of Parkman quently enlivened with romantic and picturesque incidents, slight in themiving us bright glimpses of the spirit of the times not to be found in the ortions of historical material.

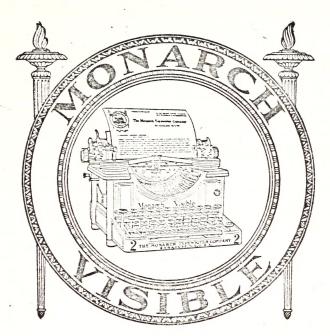
s W. Burrows has spent twenty years in collecting the material, and the wo volumes are lavishly adorned with reproductions of old maps, letters and traits and pictures, many of them in colors. These illustrations are really ant as the text. Dr. Avery is likewise giving his best years to the text, se, discerning, interesting and exact.

covers the French and Indian War, ending with the fall of New France in erokee and the Pontiac War, Washington, Pitt, Fox, Wolfe, Montcalm, thorpe, Franklin and other gallant figures appear, and the volume forms an eresting sequel to its predecessors.

It a dry or dull page in the whole book, which is a noble example of the livit abounds in history when told by one who is able to clothe his incidents in guage. Romance after romance is developed and the reader realizes, for his chapters as those describing the siege of Fort William Henry by Mont-French soldiers and Indian allies, when, after the English garrison was reder and, in spite of the fact that the French granted honorable terms, the in upon the hapless prisoners of war, murdering, pillaging and scalping; War of the Revolution was not fought by untrained Americans but by men in a land which had been harrassed by constant violence and treachery for it was a long and bloody period from Jamestown and Plymouth Rock to French and English fighting out in the new land, the feuds born in the old, ntly menacing all settlers, America in Colonial days was no safe haven of ardy bands of colonists who came from across the sea. These pre-Revolute surprisingly rich in military deeds, and Dr. Avery has illuminated the negfour history with a trenchant pen and many graphic descriptions.

TIONS OF SEVENTY YEARS. By Frank B. Sanborn of Concord. In two cloth, gilt tops, illustrated with rare portraits, scenes and noted buildings, lger, publisher, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

nptuous volumes, written in a clear, vigorous style worthy of the author in ars, are among the most notable produtions of recent years. As the editor field Republican, The Boston Commonwealth and The Journal of Social last of the founders of the famous Concord School of Philosophy, and as



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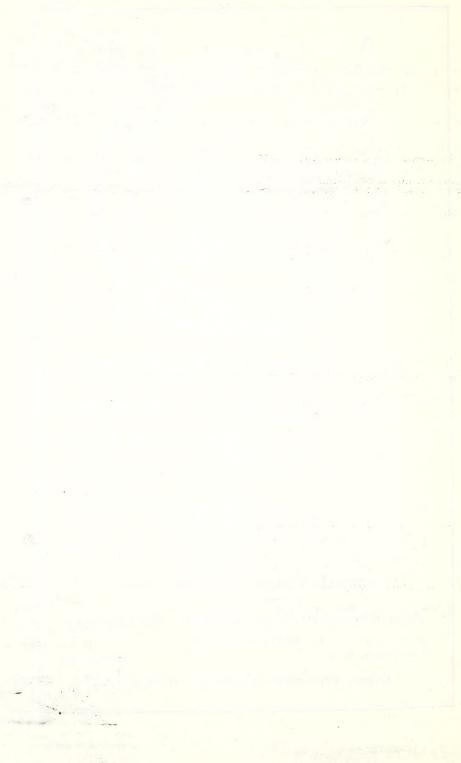
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d, often the literary executor, of such men as Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott and John Mr. Sanborn occupies a unique position and gives us in the reminiscences probacrowning achievement of a remarkable career—a wealth of hitherto unknown

ume I is devoted to his political life and Volume II to his literary life, the two ng an equal interest that few can claim. In the first instance we see his associated John Brown and other anti-slavery men of that turbulent period described with the en, and his experiences in helping to keep slavery out of Kansas and then as an ember of the Massachusetts organization to carry out that purpose in New Engmake him possibly the strongest living exponent of those trying years. He writes force and truthfulness of what he has seen and felt.

this second volume he again enters scenes quite as familiar to him and along walks famous, No mean member of that noted literary fraternity known as "The Connocl of Philosophy" of authors and philosophers, and the intimate companion last surviving member of that fraternity make his recollections of those noted men men exceedingly interesting reading. In speaking of these he says: "Variety in the Concord spirit, exemplified in Alcott, in Emerson, and perhaps most strikthoreau. . . . The neglect of fame in Concord was sometimes from pride, as in the continuity, as in Emerson; or carelessness, as in Channing; but usually it protom a clear view of its unworthiness, when contrasted with the inner motive and of the mystic. More than any writers of their century they threw themselves at the hat 'Love whose other name is Justice,' as Emerson said; and their serene conficcasionally passing into spiritual pride, was born of this devotion to an ideal sert Pantheistic, though it used the phrase of Pantheism, and as far as possible from the ern heresy of Agnostics. This is their chief claim title to a place in literary

portraits, views and fac-similes, of which there are a good number, are mostly unpublished, or else so long since or so privately printed that they will be new to o see the book.

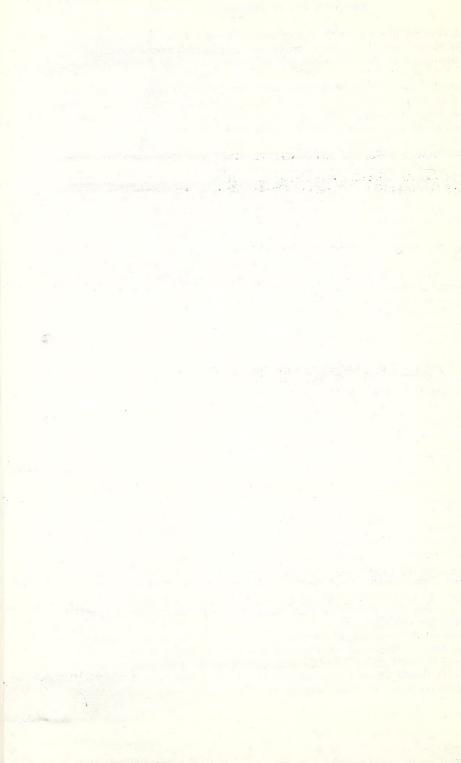
Sanborn is a native of New Hampshire and has never lost his interest in our state e facts make his work of enhanced interest and value to our readers.

E AMERICAN INDIAN PLACE AND PROPER NAMES OF NEW ENGLAND. By ouglas-Lithgow, M. D., LL. D. An octavo volume of 400 pages, with portrait of or. Salem Press, The Salem Press Company, Salem, Mass. Price, \$5 net.

the compiler shows a wide research in the collection of his material. While we the might have delved deeper into the derivation of our Amerind nomenclature is a long one and many hints are given relative to the meaning of local and general Each of the New England states is treated separately, over twenty pages being the names of rivers, ponds and localities in New Hampshire. Mr. Otis G. Hamssistant editor of the State Papers, furnishes an article on "The Orthography of impshire's Largest Lake." In this article Hr. Hammond gives one hundred and to different ways that the word Winnepesaukee is spelled in different records annuscripts and papers.

addition to the Dictionary of American Indian Names, occupying about three hunges, there is a "Representative List of American Indian Proper Names Occurring istory of New England," to us the most valuable section of the work, and a "List rincipal Indian Tribes, Representing the Aborigines of New England, The Princiects of the American Indian Language in New England," and a "List of Abnaki

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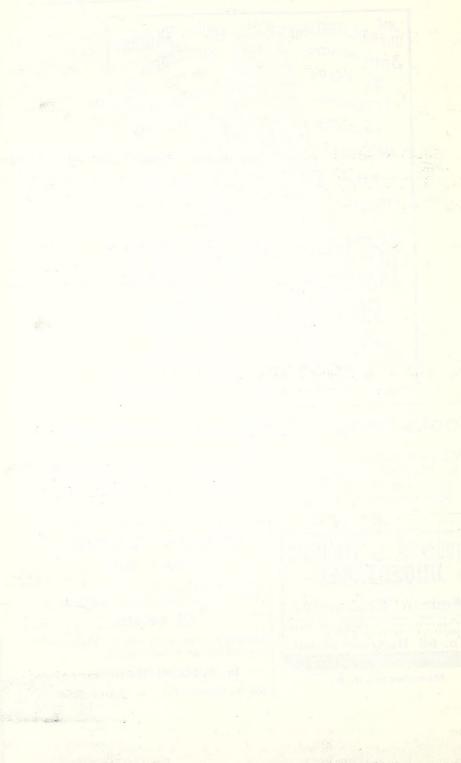
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in Maine and New Hampshire." The last-named list was reprinted from a y the Hon. John G. Crawford, published a few years ago in the Manchester Histollections. Though no place in the work shows Dr. Douglas-Lithgow to have made ep study of the subject, he has rendered a good service in his compilation of Indian and names.

W HAMPSHIRE AS A ROYAL PROVINCE. By William Henry Fry, Ph. D. An volume of 525 pages; price, \$3. New York. Columbia University, Longmans and Company, Agent, For sale in Manchester by Goodman. Sent from this office

is excellent work covers an interesting period in history and does it in a most and satisfactory manner. An introductory chapter gives the history of the settled describes the progress of affairs to 1679, when New Hampshire became a royal e. Chapter II treats of the executive system and condition; followed by succeedbers upon the legislature, the land system, finances, justice and military matters. Trative is brought down to 1775. The material has been drawn from the sources result is a first-hand presentation of facts concerning which it might be said there reat amplitude of detail in some parts. The work on the whole has been well d shows industry, historical insight and discriminating scholarship.

E ROLFE AND RUMFORD ASYLUM, 1852-1909. By Joseph B. Walker. Frontistarah Thompson, Countess of Rumford. Printed by the Rumford Printing Co., I, N. H. There are also a portrait of Count Rumford and three illustrations of se, making this pamphlet of 36 pages of more than passing interesting.

EAN LIFE IN THE OLD SAILING SHIP DAYS. By Capt. John D. Whidden numerous illustrations, 12mp. Price, \$1.50 net; postage, 15 cents. Little, Brown & blishers Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

scribing as it does a phase of sea life now past this book possesses more than com-

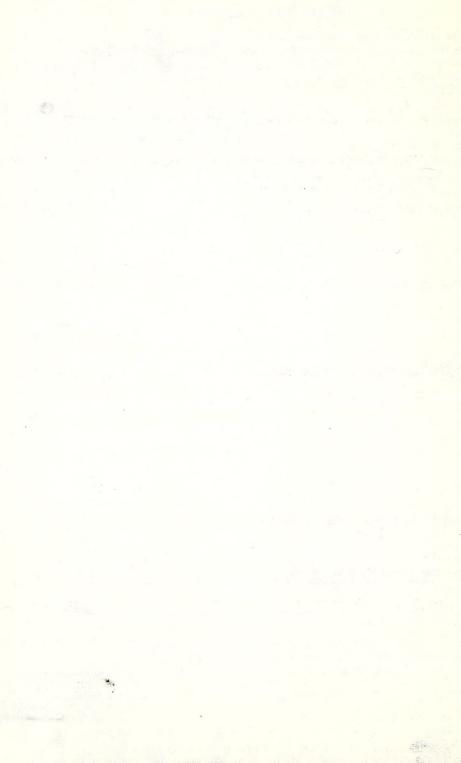
orphan at five, on shipboard at twelve, exposed to temptation in every port, subthe rough usage and strict discipline of our merchant marine of sixty years ago
apprenticeship as boy, ordinary, and able seaman in the forecastle, graduating to
econd, and first officer with quarters in the land of knives and forks, i. e., the
abin, and the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, ending with the command and
mership of a fine craft; in all that time his feet clear of a ship's plank but twelve
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his long service he visited many parts of the Far East, in South America, and the ranean. He was thrown in with many types of men, and his story shows a keen tion of human nature. The methods of the old seafaring days are here preserved ye-witness and a participant. The human interest is strong, and the book has a cyond that of fiction, being a personal record well worth preserving.

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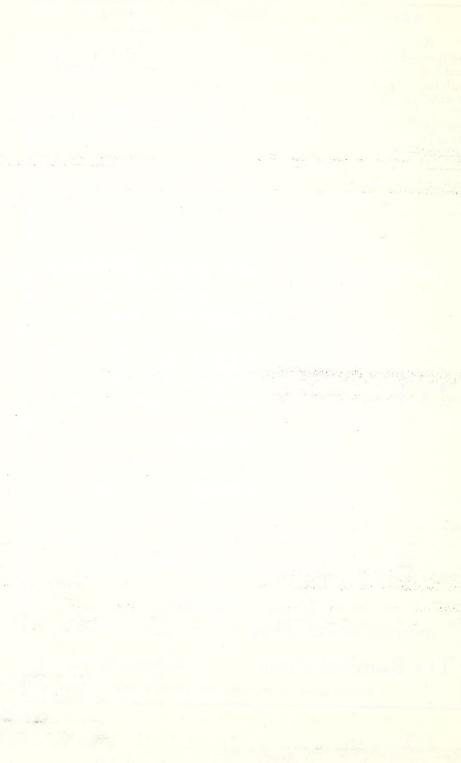
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Il of Amesbury, Mass., is a poem in fourteen chapters, covering the life of Christ. loubtless make a strong appeal to all classes of religious people. It is an ideal r Sunday school or church reading, and its teaching is true.

E HAUNTED HOUSE. By Henry Percival Spencer. Besides the poem that gives the book there are five others of about even merit.

IZABETH OF BOONESBOROUGH AND OTHER POEMS. By Pattie French Wither-This is a more ambitious effort and contains poems of varying degrees of interestre thirty-four lyrics, one at least having attracted us by its merit. This is "The n's Creed," and holds some good lines.

ANGING VOICES AND OTHER POEMS, By R. D. Brodie. The author of this ok says in his opening stanza:

So many voices fill the earth around No human can gather all the tunes, But some one voice predominant is heard, As the swelling notes of some sweet bird O'erwhelm all nature's quieter runes, That make that spot for us enchanted ground, That 'neath their spell we hear that voice alone, And silent others seem till that is gone.

TERS FROM AN OZARK SPRING. By Howard L. Terry. We cannot do the treater justice than by quoting one of his poems:

THE LAST OAK OF SHERWOOD FOREST

"Strike me not, O, sturdy woodsman, while as yet I am not dead Centuries have rolled beneath me since I raised on earth my head, And I stand a lonely monarch—for my race has passed away—Looking on the stars at even and the busy world by day;

I have seen my comrades falling all around me, one by one, So I ask you, leave me standing till my vital parts are run; Then, when all my leaves have fallen, and my arms are hanging low, And I feel no more the rain drop, or the winter's sturdy blow;

When my trunk is dry and splitting and my roots imbibe no more,

Fell me, and, while I am falling, listen to my crash and roar;

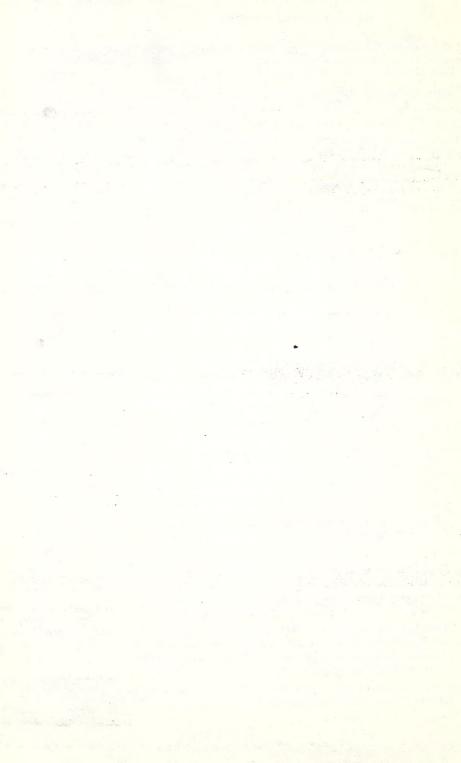
With me then shall go the stories which the ages caused to be,

From the Saxon's early ages through the days of Chivalry;

When I saw the fields around me soaking oft with human blood, Conflicts waged by greedy nations coming here from o'er the flood; When I learned the sign of battle in the night so clear and still, By the glimmering camp-fires burning brightly on the distant hill;

When I saw the knights in armor on their chargers ride afield, And the hills returned the echoes when the brazen bugles pealed. England, garden thou of warfare, nourished with the nation's blood! All thy conflicts I have witnessed through my days of hardihood.

Nightly would the Dryads gather 'round my trunk so huge and strong, Like the Druids 'round their altar told in story and in song;



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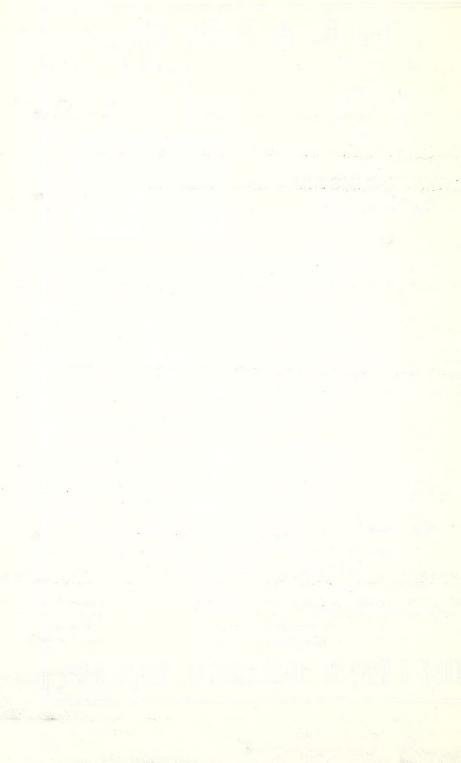
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But no more I hear the bugle, nor behold the knight sublime— They are hurled away forever on the flying axis, Time!

Then I saw the cities 'round me raise their spires high in air.

And I often said within me, 'Slowly grows the world more fair';

But, alas! when all was gaining, I was losing day by day,

From the surging, restless progress slow my comrades passed away.

Where are they? I cry, I shudder, you have robbed me, let me be! Use your axe upon another, strike not such an aged tree! I will hurl my limbs upon you, crush your dwelling with my breath, In your dreams I'll fall upon you, mock your agonies of death!

If you cut a notch upon me with your tempered blade of steel, So again I tell you, leave me, ere my warning words are real!—Ah, he hears me, every moment, like the years his form recedes,. While my throbbing heart within me on a glorious future feeds!"

y told by a Western woman who knows the country about which she writes. It the rapid rise and fall of a new Western town aspiring to be a city. The characters are ut and the romance stands out in a vivid light. Perhaps the better portion of y of hearts is to be read between the lines. The book is published by Badger, Bosti the price is \$1.50. For sale in Manchester by Goodman, or sent postpaid from the.

E MAN WHO ENDED WAR. By Hollis Godfrey. Illustrated, 12mo., cloth, \$1.50. Brown & Co., Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

- is story deals with a man who, singled handed and inspired by a dread purpose, and battleship after battleship, with a new and mysterious invention.
- s furthermore a swinging tale of how two strong American young men and one g American girl were caught in the strange web which moved mighty nations to peace.
- e scenes change from Washington to New York, to London, to Folkestone, on the Channel, and to the dunes beyond Scheveningen and back again to America, while ler's interest in the remarkable tale deepens with each succeeding chapter.
- LIFE AS A DISASSOCIATED PERSONALITY, by B. C. A., touches upon a question interest to many. This is the account of the experiences which have been menn some of the papers in relating the story of a person who claimed to have lived ods under entirely different natures. Morton Prince, M. D., has written an ection.

EXPERIMENTAL STUDY OF SLEEP, by Boris Sidis, M. D., another pamphlet pubby R. G. Badger, Boston, deals with the problem of philosophical and psychological s such it possesses some suggestions for the student. The price of the first of amphlets is 50 cents, and that of the second \$1 net.

RAHAM LINCOLN'S RELIGION, by Madison C. Peters touches upon a side in the he martyred president that has not been made too familiar. It is divided into three Lincoln the Man," "Was Abraham Lincoln a Christian?" and "Why Did Lincoln Join a Church?" It is published by Badger, Boston, and is well worth the price of s.

GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE

ust Irish. By Charles Battell Loomis. Cloth, 12mo., 175 pages; price, \$1.25 rd G. Badger, publisher, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

n this work Mr. Loomis seems to be at his best, and though he has ventured upon rous ground, he makes his trip in such a happy vein that no one can complain. He f his experience while upon a journey through the country and among the people he bes, and its quiet humor is both refreshing and interesting. Altogether we consider better book than "Cheerful Americans."

THE TREND OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT AWAY FROM RELIGIOUS BELIEFES. By Henry Oliver Ladd. Price, 75 cents. Badger, Publisher, Boston.

This is a thought provoking little book, worthy a careful reading. Mr. Ladd has led a interesting life. Born in Maine in 1839, after graduating from Bowdoin College and Theological School in 1863, he became professor of rhetoric and oratory at Olivet ge, then principal of the New Hampshire State Normal School. Next was a long to New Mexico, where he founded and was first president of the University of New co. He also founded the Romona Indian School and the United States Indian of at Santa Fe. He was supervisor of the census in New Mexico 1889-1890. First a regational pastor, he entered the Episcopal ministry in 1891. For the past thirteen Mr. Ladd has been rector to Grace Church, Jamaica, Long Island.

Almost the last of Richard G. Badger's long list of fall publications and the most le is Ibsen's Speechs and New Letters, issued with the authorization of Dr. d Ibsen. Dr. Lee M. Hollander of the University of Michigan contributes an introon and a particularly notable feature is the chronological bibliography. That the
is sure to meet with a cordial reception is proved by the fact that practically half the
n has been sold in advance of publication—no small record for a book retailing at \$3.

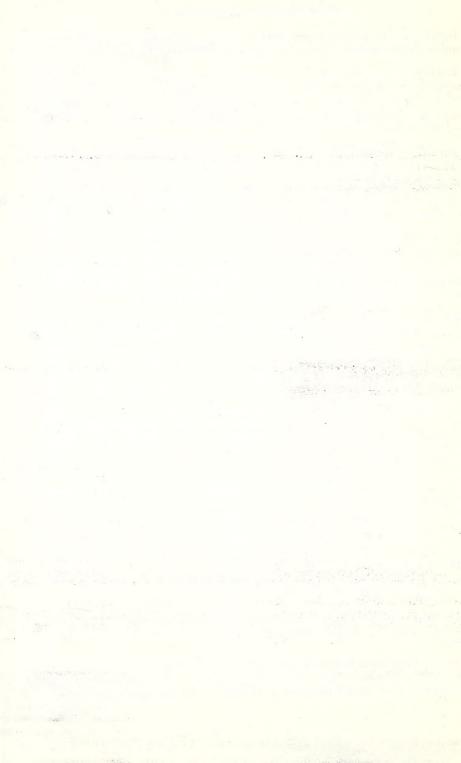
Ir. Badger thinks he has established another poetical record in the sale of over 5,000 s of Nancy MacIntyre in the single month of November. It is interesting to note tractically all of these went west of the Mississippi. "Nancy MacIntyre" is a stirring of the praries and the author, Mr. Lester Shepard Parker of Missouri, seems to be obtain his own country.

CHE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, and Its Relation to the Federal Government. rancis T. Morton. An octavo volume of 257 pages, cloth, gilt top, and title cover. \$2. Richard G. Badger, Publisher. For sale at this office, and sent post-paid.

The sub-title of this work indicates its character and object in a few words. Mr. Mora member of the Massachusetts bar, has made a careful study of the church and and he writes in a clear-cut style, without prejudice or disposition to misstate the Of interest to every American who has the welfare of his country at heart, it cantil to appeal to every intelligent Catholic.

APOLOGIES FOR LOVE. By F. A Myers. 12mo., cloth, 401 pages. Price, \$1.50. ard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Publisher, Boston. For sale in Manchester by man.

The publisher claims that this is a thoroughly modern story with a basic plea that who do not love are violators of God's law implanted in their being. By way of luction we quote the first paragraph of the story: "'Do you remain long in Paris



iss Wadsworth?' Earl Nemo Pensive inquired, as he seated himself beside her and her ther in the box of the theatre. His eyes like beaming lights out of shadowless abysmere transfixed upon her as by magic force, and not without a calculating purpose. No one ould pre-determine the end of the influence begun by this initial stare upon so beautiful a bung lady by such a man."

THE GUEST AT THE GATE. By Miss Edith M. Thomas. Price, \$1.50.

This is Miss Thomas's latest volume. Her work is generally conceded to be the finest betry produced by any living American—man or woman—and the new volume contains any things that are notable even for her. Richard G. Badger now publishes all of Miss homas's new work, "The Guest at the Gate" being the fourth volume he has issued, hose preceding it are "The Dancers," issued in 1902. "Cassia," issued in 1904; and "The hildren of Christmas," issued in 1907. It is interesting to note that there is a constantly creasing demand for Miss Thomas's work, more copies of all her books having been sold 1909 than any previous year.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW YORK. By Mary Isabella Forsyth. List 25 cents. An teresting description of the old city of New York and old Kingston, the first state capital.

THE AUTOMATIC CAPITALISTS, By Will Payne. List \$1. A clever story of the hicago stock market, which attracted much attention when it had its serial publication in e Saturday Evening Post.

THE COUNTERSIGN. By Claude P. Jones. Badger, Publisher. Price, \$1.50.

This is a thrilling story of love and war and Eastern adventure in a new setting, uriously enough, it is the first novel ever published whose scene is laid in Tibet, and the portunity which this offers for new and brilliant pictures has been fully taken advantage by the author. "The Countersign" relates the story of an empire's downfall, and how is compassed by the bravery and charm of an American girl whom the Tibetans believe be a goddess. The story is full of sudden recognitions and chance encounters on which e destiny of hundreds of thousands depends, yet after all we like it best for the strong in healthy delineation of a great love which waives an empire to fulfill its destiny. The cory is not lacking in humor, and has a very attractive cover and frontispiece by Elliot

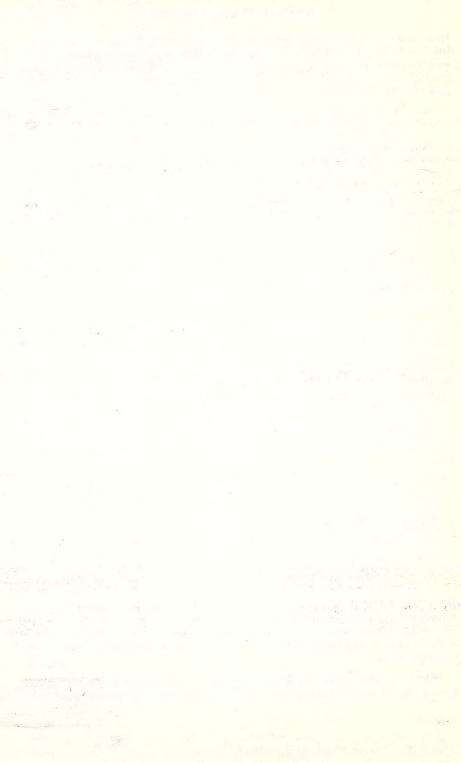
THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By Henry Percival Spencer. 12mo., 49 pages. Price, \$1. adger, Publisher, Boston.

een.

While this volume of verse is no doubt of considerable pleasure to the author, we we no wish to detract from his enjoyment. As a whole we are not particularly pleased irselves with the leading poem, "The Haunted House," partly because it was our fortune get somewhat nervous ourselves once over such a place, though we happily escaped eing "a demon squiring through a knot," as this versatile poet discovered.

ELIZABETH OF BOONESBOROUGH, by Pattie French Witherspoon, is a poetical picture the days of Boone, and his daughter is the heroine. There is a love thread running trough this poem with the sharp edge of adventure dulled. There are other poems to slp make up the book. We have forgotten the number of pages, but that does not atter, for who of us buys poetry by the yard? Badger is the publisher and the price is it at one dollar.

SKIMMING THE SKIES. By Russell Whitcomb. 12mo., illustrated, cloth, 250 pagesice, \$1.50. Richard G. Badger, Publisner, Boston, For sale in Manchester by Goodman.



This is the second volume in the Comrades Courageous series and will make a wide appeal to every wide-awake youngster interested in airships, and who is not! The story is thoroughly up to date, full of such adventures as could readily be managed by two bright young Americans, clean-cut and inspiring.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME. By Johanna Pirscher. Cloth, 12mo., 50 cents net. Badger, Publisher.

This is a series of fanciful sketches that are veritable prose poems, exquisite in diction, delicate in imagination and profound in their philosophy of life. Miss Pirscher is lirector of modern languages at Ottawa University, Kansas.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS. By Anna Katherine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," and several other striking novels. This is a tasty volume of 157 pages, illustrated, 12mo., cloth. Price, \$2. Richard G. Badger, Publisher, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This is the first novel to come from this author for two years, and is worthy of her reputation for building stories with thrilling elements and mysterious situations. The uterest of the story is strong and the subtle mental processes of the writer are seldom so well illustrated as in this book. There is a strong plot, a deep mystery, well-chosen descriptions and the fine art of the master story teller.

FIVE COUSINS IN CALIFORNIA. By Gale Forest (Mrs. Robert C. Reinertsen.) Cloth, 287 pages, illustrated, square back, artistic covers. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Pub ishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

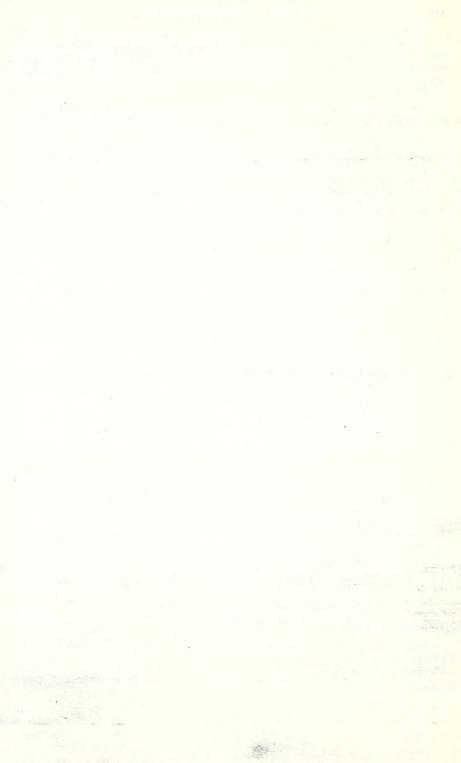
This is a manly story of boys' adventure in the Golden State. The story is a clear-cut description of adventure, wonder-working and fun-loving scenes that come to the five related by kinship, as the title suggests, "the big four and the little five." Taken altogether they are a merry little band and the book is one that any parent can afford to buy and the boy who does not have the opportunity to read it misses a rare treat.

MARY'S ADVENTURES ON THE MOON. By A. Stowell Worth. Illustrated, 12mo. cloth, 75 cents. Richard G. Badger, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

We have not got this book in hand to review it, for no sooner had our little girl, aged swelve, caught sight of it than she immediately took possession and is buried so deeply in ts amusing adventures that we have failed to recover it. Nor is there any likelihood that we shall before she has read this new Alice in Wonderland from cover to cover, and more han likely she will then turn back to the beginning and make the same route again. Nothing has pleased her so much since "Heidi" captured her interest more than two years ago.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEURASTHENE, as told by one of them and recorded by Margaret A. Cleaves, M. D. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

This is the biography of a physician in which the actual conditions are recorded. Dr, Cleaves is one of the most famous physicians in New York, specializing in mental and nervous diseases. The book will make a strong appeal to both the professional and the lay reader.



A Monthly Publication

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MAY, 1910

No. 10

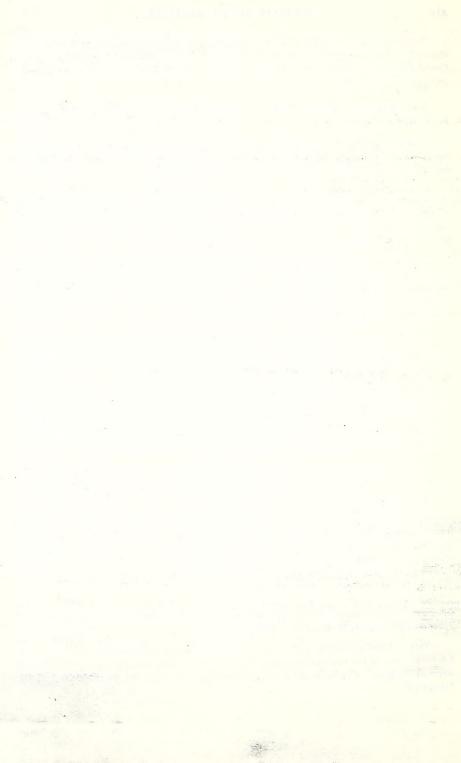
WALDO BROWNE . TERMS:-Per Annum enthors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will under it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found s plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE, GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC., 64 Hanover Street, Manchester, N. H. second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. nted by The Ruemely Press 🥪 143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H. Contents RITAN. Illustrated Character Sketch.......................... Nestor of the Farms 165 PERKINS BASS. (Portrait and Illustration)....... A Siaff Contributor 169 MESTEADS OF NEW ENGLAND. (Poem) Fred Myon Colby 175 176 POSTS AND POST RIDERS. (Illustrated).......... George Waldo Browne 177 LE'S COON SKIN COAT. (Illustration by the Author)........Stranger 185 192 AMPSHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. (Portraits)...... Gray Fairlee 193 ITOR'S WINDOW..... 197

Special Annonncements

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a Monthly Publication

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MAY, 1910

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No. 10

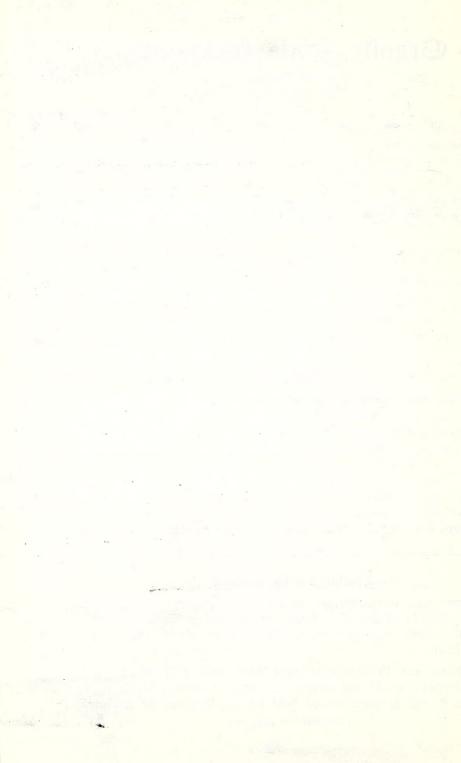
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STORIC AND PICTURESQUE NEW HAMPSHIRE. The pictures will oductions of old and famous paintings of scenery belonging to te, as well as some of the best photos that can be obtained.

(Continued on page viii)



RUEL DURKEE

Master of Men



A Strong Story of New Hampshire Life

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Author of "The Woodranger," "The Hero of the Hills," "With Rogers' Rangers," Etc.

Treating of people and scenes in the state during the closing years of the Civil War, this romance of Real Life possesses uncommon interest. It is not a political novel with a moral to teach; it has no great public grievance to settle; but it describes scenes within the circles with

a graphic pen.

The town meeting as it was conducted a generation ago, is pictured with wonderful fidelity to truth. The country store is the centre of great interest, and Judge Temple's "Court of Commons" the medium of remarkable results. The most stirring and dramatic session of the state legislature is described with a vividness that is unbroken until the end. The adventures of the Union soldier, hunted as a deserter, and the fortunes of the fugitive Southern soldier lend their share to the development of the story. A love thread runs through the book; in fact, there is a double thread of direct bearing upon the interest of all

All these are secondary to the interest that encircles the leading character of the book, Ruel Durkee. This farmer politician, man of manysided influences, is treated in an impartial manner, and we see him as he was, in his strength and in his weakness, but withal a grand figure in

the midst of trying scenes.

Illustrated, 12 mo., over 300 pages, ornamented cover. Price \$1.50
RICHARD G. BADGER, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

Sent postpaid for \$1.25 by

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64 HANOVER STREET.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

BENEUEL DURKEE

A Monthly Publication

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VI

JANUARY-APRIL, 1910

Nos. 6-9

Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend e who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular did not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will under tit into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found the

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Important Works

There is being published under the auspices of the Manchester ric Association, George Waldo Browne, Managing Editor, a series of on the early history of the Merrimack valley of vital interest to person concerned in the first families of this vicinity. The series y comprises:

EARLY RECORDS OF LONDONDERRY, WINDHAM AND DERRY, N. H., 1762. A Complete and Exact Transcript of the Records of the Selating to the Political Proceedings as Recorded in Vol. 1, Comand Vol. 2, page 1 to 375, Old Town Books, with Illustrations. d, with Historical Introduction, Notes and Index, by George Waldone. Substantially bound in cloth, octavo, deckle edge, gilt top, ages. Price, \$2.50.

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OFFERING OF \$150,000 7 PER CENT PREFERRED STOCK OF THE

American Canned Goods Co

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

Capital Stock \$750,000 S250,000 PREFERRED STOCK Par Value \$10

FOOD COMPANIES AS INVESTMENTS

There is no more prolific source of profit than that of manufacturing and supplying food products for the public. In the case of an article of quality and repute there is no limit to the volume of trade. Food products, as such, appeal to all, both rich and poor. They must be bought and consumed daily and hourly; if trade be good, or dull, or bad, there can be no diminution in the demand for these necessities of life. Consequently there can be nothing more valuable or more likely to produce immense profits than the proprietorship of a food product, whatsoever it may be, granted only that it, is reputable and satisfying.

How much more, then, is the opportunity for profit if, in addition to being able to supply high-class Pure Foods, eagerly demanded, as they are, by the millions of population daily, this pure food product is supplied in a form unique and wonderful, such as the American Canned Goods Company's Self-Heating Can. The high quality soups, entrees, vegetables, tea, coffee, cocoa, etc., is guaranteed by the rigid inspection of the United States under the new Pure Food Laws. The government authorities have inspected and thoroughly approved both the Can and its contents.

The wonderful package which contains these food products, the Self-Heating Can, is a means whereby the housewife, the busy worker in factory or office, the miner, the camper-out or the sportsman can instantly—without a fire or without even striking a match—produce a hot meal, satisfying, succulent and delicious with just a little cold water. The possibilities of such an article are almost beyond comprehension. For the Army and Navy, for Public Service Corporations: for the home, during illness, for the thousand and one times when a hot dish is needed, and needed quickly, the Self-Heating Can is the only means of supply if a kitchen fire is not possible or

desirable.

Without a rival and indeed without a competitor, this article stands alone amongst the food products of the country. Its use appeals to nearly 90,000,000, the entire population of these United States; there is hardly a person, man or woman, who at some time or other does not need the Self-Heating Can. Those who have already tested its wonderful property—that of instantly providing a hot meal without a fire—have welcomed it eagerly and enthusiastically, and it only remains for the American Canned Goods Company to make the whole of the country aware that such an article is on the market and available for use, for the present factory to find its present ample working space even too limited for its needs.

In addition to these millions of customers virtually at the company's door, must be considered the many millions more in Central and South America and in the countries beyond the seas. The American Canned Goods Company holds practically the world rights for this remarkable invention, owning twenty-one foreign patent rights covering the principal countries of the globe.

This is not a new food, a new cereal or a new coffee dependent for its success upon some peculiar quality or upon gigantic advertising, but it is the food we have been eating and drinking for years, supplied in a marvelous and novel package, the only

one of its kind on the market.

The "WONDER" Self Heating Can. Soups and entrees heated thout the use of fire.

An unusual opportunity for safe and profitable investment. Stocks offered at 0 per share. Investors in such companies as "Quaker Oats," "Postum Cereal," "Force," anco American Soups now receiving from 10 per cent to 60 per cent dividends per annum

Shrewd investors are taking stock rapidly. Get yours before it is too late.

Indian Comment

MONEY IN FOOD

What Some Well Known Food Companies Have Done

From the following brief history of what a few leading food concerns have accomplished within the past few years, a fair estimate can be made of the value of the stock of a successful food company.

Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich., started business in 1895. Incorporated in 1896 for \$50,000. Increased their capital stock in 1901 to \$5,000,000. Profits said to be considerably over a million dollars last year. No stock for sale.

Every \$100 invested in this company when it was started now represents \$100,000.

This company is estimated to be worth between fifteen and twenty million dollars. Every early stockholder has been made independent.

The Natural Food (Shredded Wheat Biscuit) Co., of Niagara Falls, N. Y., started business only a few years ago with a capital stock of \$50,000. They increased their capital a short time ago to \$10,000,000. Their profits estimated at \$1,200,000 a year. Business steadily growing. No stock for sale. Every \$100 originally invested in this concern has been multiplied over a thousand times. Every

early investor made a comfortable fortune out of this stock.

The Force Food Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., incorporated in 1901; capital stock, \$500,000. Estimated profits, \$100,000 a year. No stock for sale.

The Quaker Oats Co. was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey in 1901, with an authorized capital stock of \$12,000,000, \$8,000,000 preferred and \$4,000,000 common.

On August 23, 1905, the entire property of the American Cereal Co. passed into the hands of this corporation. Their total assets are now stated at \$16,460,000.

They have paid 6 per cent annual dividend on \$8,000,000 of preferred stock for the past four years, in 1908 they, retired \$1,600,000 5 per cent bonds and paid 20 per cent dividends on \$4,000,000 common stock.

The annual profits are estimated to be more than \$2,500,000.

The Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn., started in business in 1897 on less than \$25,000 capital. Erected a large new factory last year, costing more than \$100,000. Estimated profits \$50,000 per annum. No stock for sale.

Every one of their early stockholders have been made independent.

A letter from each of these concerns in answer to an application to purchase a block of their stock states "No stock for sale."

There are no such conditions to be found in any other commercial industry in America, and probably not in the world.

It is well known among food manufacturers that the estimated profits of these food concerns are much below their actual earnings.

The proprietary food business stands alone as the richest field and the greatest money-maker before the American people.

None of these concerns possess the unique advantage possessed by the American Canned Goods Co., nor had they at the beginning nearly so broad a field wherein to work. These breakfast food concerns have had to create their field of trade. The American Canned Goods Company has its trade ready made, inasmuch as it supplies "everyday" foods, not special foods, but in a novel and remarkable package.

made, inasmuch as it supplies "everyday" foods, not special foods, but in a novel and remarkable package.

The field is much more promising today and millions of dollars are being spent to tell the people about the food question. There are hundreds of concerns doing this every day, but there is only one concern, the American Canned Goods Company, able to supply the every-day food which the public demands, and requires, in the Self-Heating Can.

It is said by an eminent advertising authority that any proprietary food article that happens to strike the public taste, will return a fortune to its maker.

Every one of the above food concerns named has proven the truth of this statement.

It is credibly stated that there are hundreds of small industrial corporations throughout the country which have paid their stockholders from 20 per cent to 40 per cent per annum, concerns that are never heard of, because their stock is never offered for sale. There is estimated to be a million people in the United States, who have made themselves independent for life, by early investment in the stock of industrial corporations.

Considering age and actual earnings, the proprietary food business stands today at the head of all American enterprises.

The unique opportunity now presents itself to invest in a food company having a field of possible trade larger than the largest existing concern, controlling an article of universal demand, sold at a popular price and with possibilities of dividends and profits not excelled, or perhaps not equalled, by any existing industrial corporation.

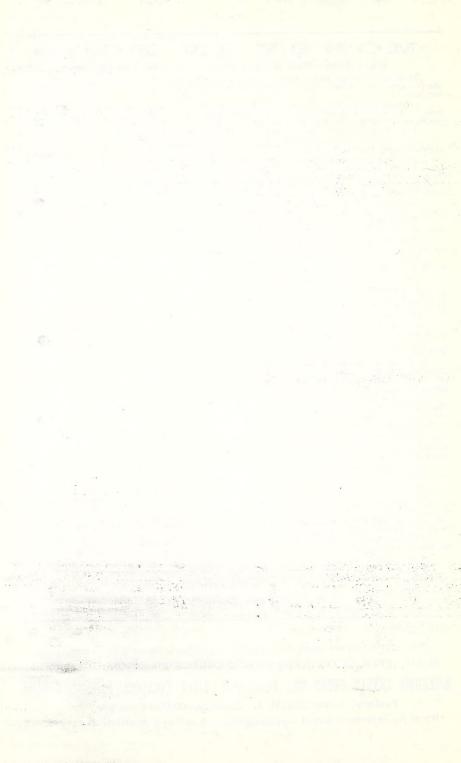
Shrewd investors are taking stock rapidly. Gets yours before it is too late.

SEND APPLICATION WITH CHECK DIRECT TO COMPANY'S OFFICE

AMERICAN CANNED GOODS CO., Room 520, Stock Exchange Building, BOSTON.

Factory, Jersey City, N. J. Capacity, 10,000 Cans per Day

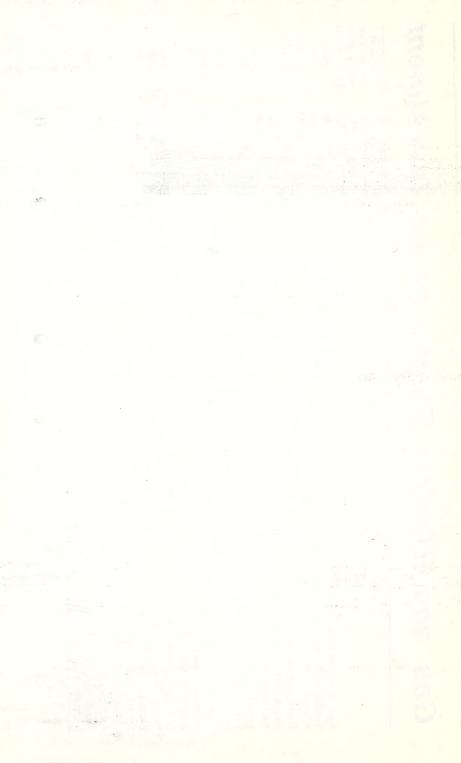
Write for information and representative will call and demonstrate cans to you



Gas and Electric Stocks as an Investment

	Par Value of Each Share or Original Cost	Per Cent Dividend Rate	Market Price Today Per Share	Per Cent Returned on Market Price Today About
Lynn, Mass., Gas and Electric Company	\$100 00	.10	\$330 00	2.56
Torrington, Conn., Electric Light Company	25 00	90.	20 00	3.00
Worcester, Mass., Electric Light Company	100 00	.10	290 00	3.45
Hartford, Conn., Electric Light Company.	100 00	80.	218 00	3.67
New Bedford, Mass., Gas and Edison Light Company	100 00	.11	300 00	3.67
United Electric Light Company, Springfield, Mass	100 00	.10	260 00	3.85
Lowell, Mass., Electric Corporation	100 00	80.	205 00	3.90
Fitchburg, Mass., Gas and Electric Light Company	20 00	.10	125 00	4.00
Stamford, Conn., Gas and Electric Light Company	100 00	90.	150 00	4.00
Pittsfield, Mass., Electric Light Company	10 00	80.	180 00	4.44
Meriden, Conn., Gas Light Company	25 00	80.	45 00	4.44
Springfield, Mass., Gas Light Company	100 00	.12	260 00	4.62
New Britain, Conn., Gas Light Company	25 00	80.	43 00	4.65
Peoples Gas Light Company, Manchester, N. H	100 00	90.	125 00	4.80
Franklin, N. H., Light and Power Company	100 00	90.	125 00	4.80
Nashua, N. H., Light, Heat and Power Company	100 00	80.	160 00	6.00
Concord, N. II., Electric Company	100 00	90.	110 00	5.45
Salem. Mass Electric Light Company	100 00	80.	140 00	5.71
Manchester, N. H., Traction, Light and Power Company	100 00	80.	135 00	5.93
Rockville-Willimantic Lighting Co., Conn., (6 per cent to 7 per cent Preferred)	100 00	90.	100 00	6.00

ALL THESE STOCKS ARE NON-TAXABLE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



You would be better off today if you owned some good electric light and gas stocks instead of keeping all your money in the bank. You would be better off now because such stocks would return you six per cent on your money

when carefully selected, will show an increase in value from year to year, thus insuring you more fully your share in the increasing wealth and prosperity of this country.

You would be better off every year in the future because these stocks

which are honestly and intelligently managed, have always paid good The stocks of New England Gas and Electric Light Companies, dividends and have shown a good increase in value. Company and can be bought at their par value.

The time to buy such stocks is when they are first issued by the

We have just purchased and own a block of 250 shares of the 6 to 7 per cent preferred stock of the Rockville-Willimantic Lighting Company, of Connecticut; a stock just issued by the Company at par \$100

This Company furnishes the entire electric and gas service in Rockville, Strafford Springs, Williamantic and intervening territories, serving a population of over 32,000, under a perpetual franchise per share and accrued dividend, one share or more as long as it lasts.

granted by the State of Connecticut.

This stock is preferred as to assets as well as dividends. It pays electric lighting business, and are all men who are well known and represent the best class of business interests in the State of Before purchasing this stock, Mr. McElwain, of our firm, visited 6 per cent dividends, quarterly, and will pay 7 per cent later.

The Officers and Directors of this Company are experienced in the

Rockvile and Williamantic and investigated the properties and the management of the Company carefully, and it is our judgment that For those whose funds are not available immediately, we will carry this stock will sell for \$125 or better before the next two years, and we recommend it as a safe six per cent investment to anyone with \$100 or more to invest.

this stock for a reasonable length of time without expense.

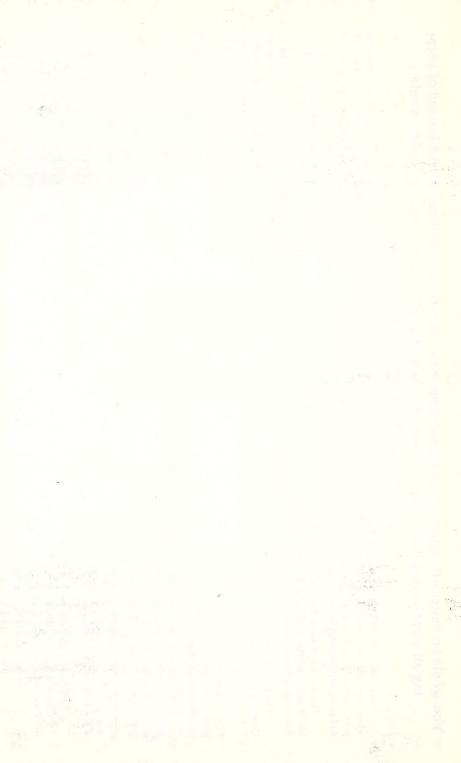
Special circular, giving full particulars of this security, sent upon

If you have \$100, \$1,000, or \$10,000 to invest, call, write or telephone 952-2 Manchester-at our expense-at once.

Alonzo Elliott & Co., 36 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.

We buy and sell United States Government Bonds; State Bonds; Bonds legal for Savings Banks and Trust Funds; Town, City and County Bonds; Railroad Bonds; Bonds of established dividend-paying Electric Light, Gas, Street Railway, and Water Power Companies; Guaranteed Railroad Stocks; Preferred Stocks and all other High-Grade Investment Securities.

No matter where you live you can do business with us by mail to your entire satisfaction.



(Continued from page iii)

ne descriptions are written by an experienced writer. Printed upon e best of paper with the best of ink, these articles will be worth alone e price of the magazine. They will begin with the July number.

STARK AT BENNINGTON. Illustrated with about twenty portraits Gen. John Stark, and nearly as many scenes and pictures relating to s life, by the late Henry W. Herrick and others, will prove the finest llections ever made of this subject.

Scout Journals. These valuable papers, never before in print, ill be continued from time to time. Besides other valuable documents d papers, these will contain "The Battle of Lake George," by the on. Samuel Blodget, with a fac simile of his plan drawn at the time.

Lovewell's Fight and the Men Who Were in It. Another tremely valuable series by Hon. Ezra S. Stearns. By far the most implete collection and account of that sanguine affair that has ever en attempted, Mr. Kidder not excepted. This will be supplemented the Legend of the the Last Council of the Amerinds, by George aldo Browne. Illustrated.

INDIAN TRADITIONS AND FOLKLORE will be continued until the bject is fully covered. There is not a river, mountain or lake that es not bear the memory of the Amerind, while interwoven with them the tales and traditions that keep alive the memory of the vanished etc. This is the first attempt to collect and preserve in a connected on the fragments of unwritten folklore that linger on the borderland history. Our illustrations are from various sources and add matelly to the value and interest of the series.

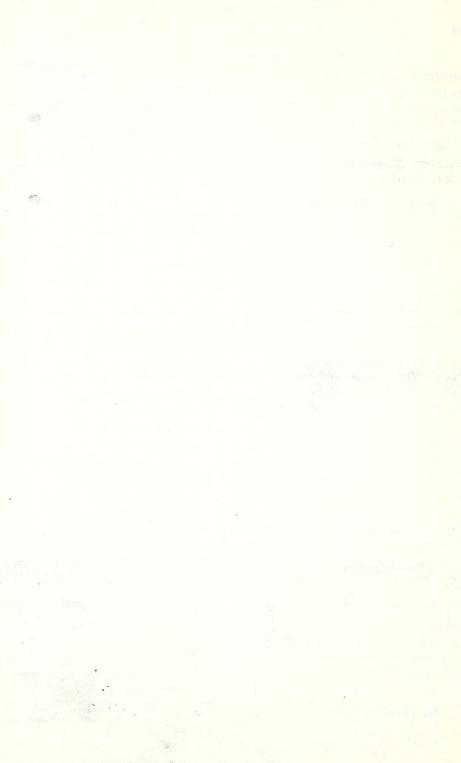
New Hampshire in the French and Indian Wars. Illusted. By George Waldo, Browne. This is a subject which has reived far too little attention from the historians of the state. Major ogers and his hardy band of Rangers for the first time will be given at and adequate credit for their arduous work. This series will run rough an entire year, or two volumes.

Other articles of equal merit and interest will be given, making the RANITE STATE MAGAZINE the best state magazine published. No rson in any way interested in the state, past or present, can afford to without it. In the years to come, as well as to-day, the owner of a mplete set will turn to it with pleasure and satisfaction. Its value il never be less.

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO.,

64 Hanover Street.

Manchester, N. H.



A Monthly Publication [Copyrighted, 1909.]

VI AUGUST, 1911

No. 11

GE WALDO BRO																									
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• Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, blography and legend soe who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will underput it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found able.

dress plainly: Editor Granite State Magazine,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC.,

To. 64 Hanover Street,

Manchester, N. H.

l as second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Printed by THE RUEMELY PRESS 143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.

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IMPORTANT

In sending you this number of The Grante State Magazing wish to offer a few words of explanation and suggestion. Until rely the entire work of editing, publishing and financiering the publish has devolved on one man. Now other men, amply qualified for undertaking, have taken hold with him, and a complete re-organization the corporation has been effected. Mr. Joe W. Daniels, widely favorably known, will henceforth be the business manager; Mr. Valdo Browne will remain its editor; while the Ruemely Press will the magazine as heretofore.

With this working force we can not only promise to send you the azine regularly in the future, but will make it the best of its



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A Strong Story of New Hampshire Life

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The town meeting as it was conducted a generation ago, is pictured with wonderful fidelity to truth. The country store is the centre of great interest, and Judge Temple's "Court of Commons" the medium of remarkable results. The most stirring and dramatic session of the state legislature is described with a vividness that is unbroken until the end. The adventures of the Union soldier, hunted as a deserter, and the fortunes of the fugitive Southern soldier lend their share to the development of the story. A love thread runs through the book; in fact, there is a double thread of direct bearing upon the interest of all.

All these are secondary to the interest that encircles the leading character of the book, Ruel Durkee. This farmer politician, man of many-sided influences, is treated in an impartial manner, and we see him as he was, in his strength and in his weakness, but withal a grand figure in the midst of trying scenes.

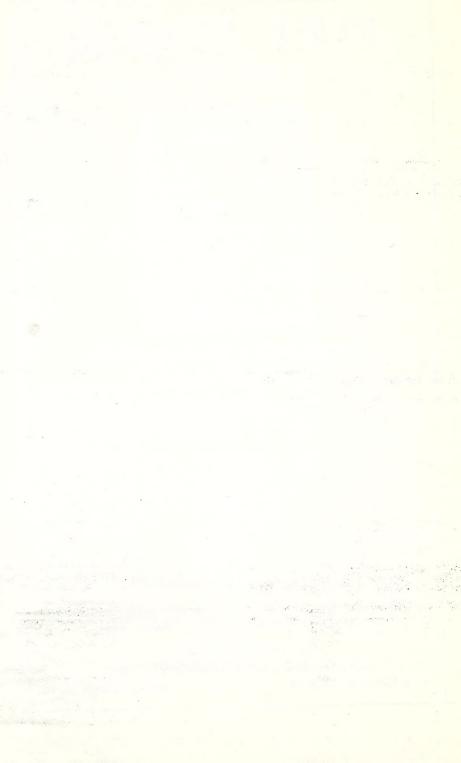
Illustrated, 12 mo., over 300 pages, ornamented cover. Price \$1.50 RICHARD G. BADGER, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

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MANCHESTER, N. H.



as published. This may seem like boasting, but wait and see if we do to keep our word. Its quality in the past is certainly indicative of the can do under favorable conditions.

The subscription price hereafter will be only one dollar a year; ten nts for a single copy. This does not mean that we intend to cheapen e quality or lessen the quantity of the magazine, but with the increased vertising patronage we expect to be able to do this and give you better monthly.

From reports that have come to us it is evident some one has been king subscriptions who has not sent them in to us. As fast as we learn these parties we place their names upon our books and they will get the agazine for the time paid. We would take this opportunity to caution persons from paying money to strangers on our account, unless they are written authority from us.

We have been through our books very carefully and adjusted the me of each subscription, and the date to which you are credited is inted upon the wrapper. Please note this, and if you are in arrears ndly remit at your convenience, so we may begin our new accounts ith clean books as well as a clean conscience.

At this time we cannot refrain from calling your attention to some the attractions begun in this number, and others to follow soon. The cries entitled "The Picturesque Land" we believe will be alone worth ore than the price of the magazine. The illustrations will consist mainly reproductions of famous and historic paintings, accompanied by short escriptive articles. The printing of these pictures will be the best work one by the Ruemely Press. An article on "The Pictures and Literature of the Picturesque Land" will be given in an early number, which ill add to the interest of the series.

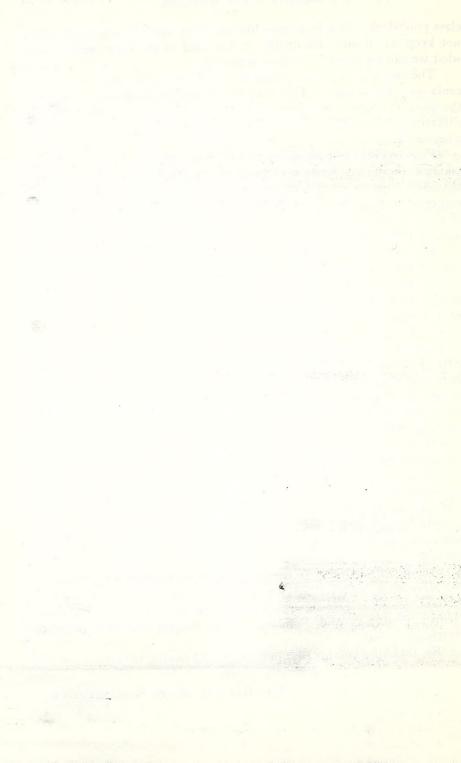
"Rambles in Whittier-Land," begun in this number, was written specially for this magazine by Mr. M. W. Hoyt, who is a Dartmouth raduate and an author of well-known repute.

"In Stage-Coach Days" will run through this volume, relating many steresting incidents of the days before the steam horse and the electic car.

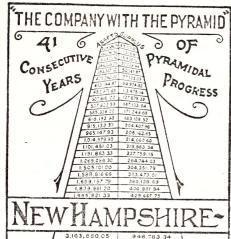
Among the attractions listed for early space are, "The Indians of the Merrimack Valley," by Hon. John G. Crawford; "Story of the Consecticut River," "Life of Col. William Stark," "Oldtime Sketches," Indian Traditions and Folklore," town, biographical and historical ketches, etc., etc.

So, thanking you for past patronage, and hoping to retain it, we are, Sincerely yours,

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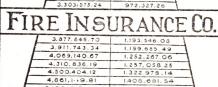












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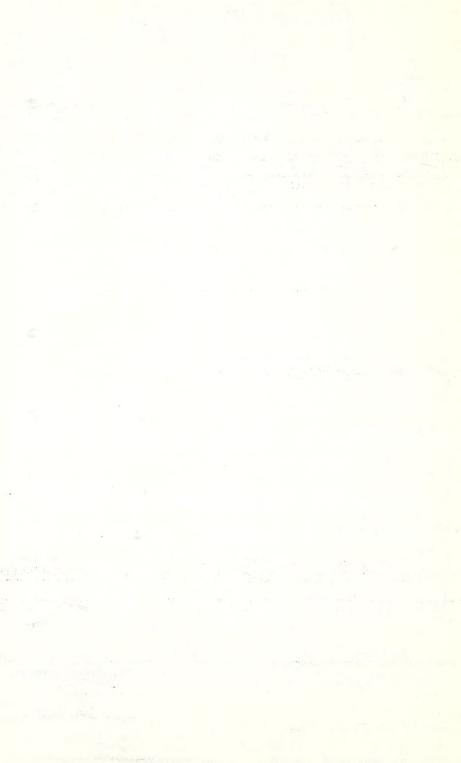
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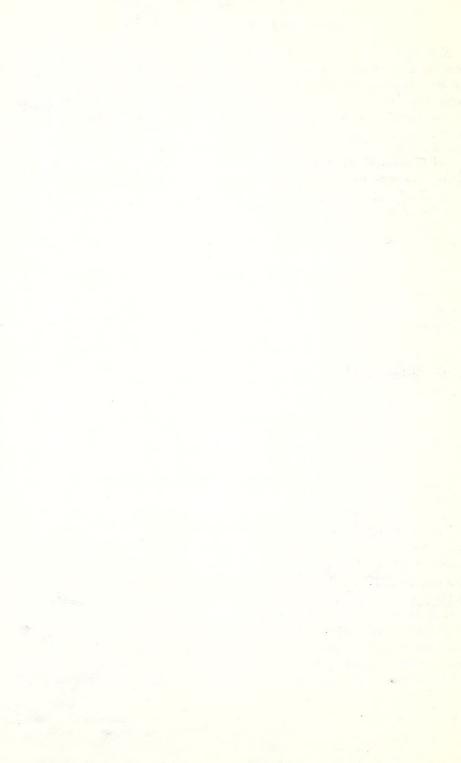
Not long since we were frequently reminded of our "abandoned s" until it became almost a by-word, a term of reproach. Of late we been hearing less and less. In truth one of this class has become bject of interest, and is eagerly sought after by many. We do not to look far for the explanation. Abandoned farms there are yet; alwill be, for that matter, as long as the inevitable happens. But no er are they looked upon with disdain, or passed scornfully by. Their y walls echo not to voices that are dumb, but the cheerfulness ppy lives enliven the scene.

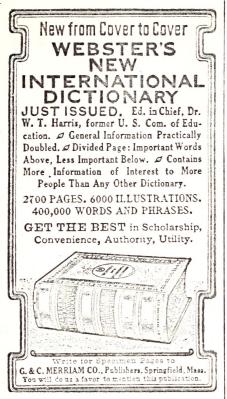
While revived interest, and greater promise of profit in farming, has much to do with the purchase and improvement of hitherto deserted s, making the new owners permanent inhabitants, another factor intered the field of equal importance, perhaps paramount, because benefit he has given has encourged the former to enter heartily into

nterprise.

As far as it has been able to gather statistics relating to the changed ition, the state board of agriculture says that over three hundred cupied farms were purchased in 1909, and probably an even greater per in 1910. Many of these places were bought with the purof making them sources of profit under new systems and ches of agriculture. Still it is evident that a majority were obtained the idea of improving them for places of rest and recreation during vacation season. There were also those bought for an entirely dift purpose than either of these. Particularly in the lake country, ted homesteads and even wild lands were purchased for developunder modern methods of handling real estate, by dividing them suitable lots for those who cared only for sufficient territory upon h to build a bungalow or summer dwelling, where they could enjoy delightful scenery, invigorating atmosphere and health-giving qualiof our northern wonderland. In some instances these dwellings been built by the improvement companies, who would sell them at erate prices to those who cared to purchase. Thus, in many ines, a number of homes have been created beyond the actual numf original sales.

The same authority which we have already quoted states that the all summer business of New Hampshire amounts to over \$15,000,000 includes those who own country homes in New Hampshire and I from three to nine months of every year in them; those who rentes for the season; those who are summer guests at hotels and boardouses; those who spend their vacations, a week, a fortnight or a





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LITERARY LEAVES

"Early Generations of the Founders of Old Dunstable." Ezra S. tearns, A. M., author of "History of Rindge, N. H.," "History of Ashurnham, Mass.," "History of Plymouth, N. H." Octavo, cloth, 103 ages. George E. Littlefield, Publisher, Boston. Price, \$3,

Showing the same pains-taking care that Mr. Stearns usually devotes his work, this volume is of great value to him who is seeking informaon regarding the pioneers of the territory included in Old Dunstable, e ground of more stiring history covering the earlier periods of settleent in New England than probably any other section.

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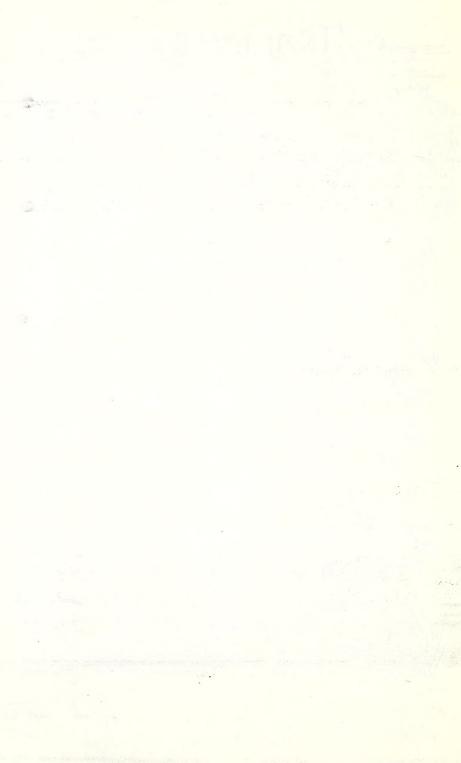
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Vol. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1911

No. 12

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To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found inavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC.,

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Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

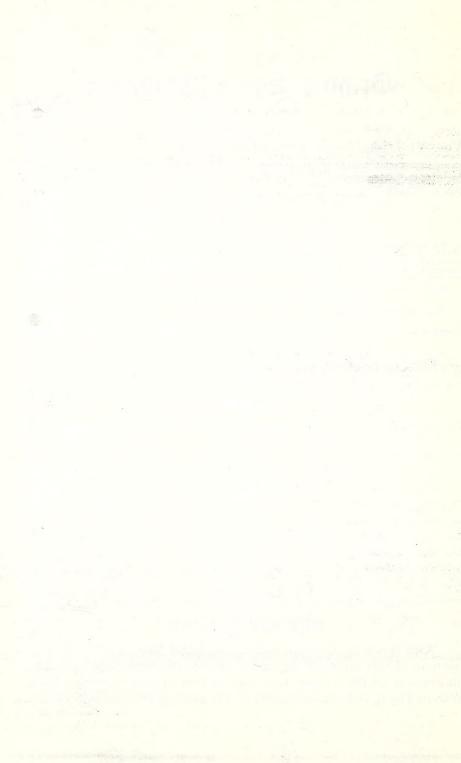
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OUR NEW VOLUME

With the next, October, number we begin Volume VII. The attractions of this issue will be varied and of uncommon interest. The illustrations for Picturesque Land will be from original paintings by J. Warren Thyng and the text treats of the gateway to Franconia Notch.



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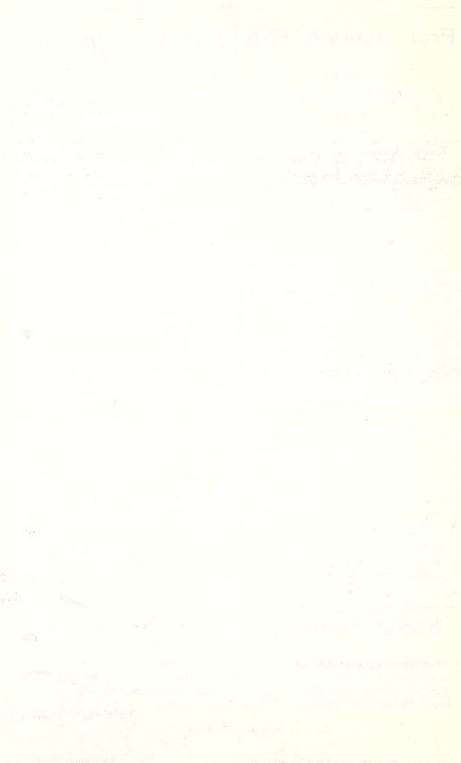
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This series grows in interest with every number. In Stage-Coach Day reaches its fourth instalment and becomes more local in its relation. The third instalment of Rambles in Whittier Land will be illustrate with a picture of the poet's homestead. "The White Feather of the Ossipee" makes the fifth of Indian Traditions and is a typical tale of wildwood in the days of the aborigines. Besides there will be other articles of equal value, while the general make-up will be as attractive as usual.

Among the attractions listed for early use are "The Indians of the Merrimack Valley," by the Hon. John G. Crawford. With an original drawing by F. Holland; "Captain Stevens' Scout Journal," edited an annotated, with sketch of Captain Stevens, by G. W. Browne. The article will be accompanied by Marks' painting of "Old Number Fort;" "Life of Col. William Stark," Legend of the White Stone Canoe, Oldtime Sketches, etc.

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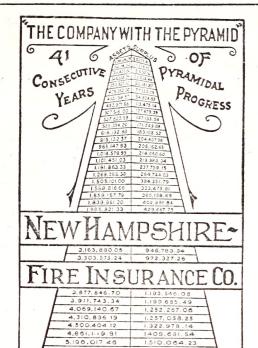
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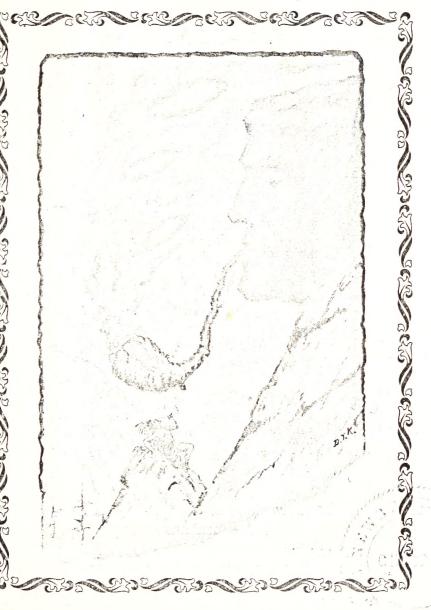
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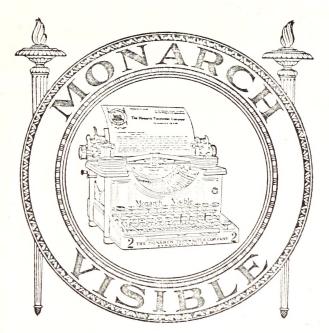
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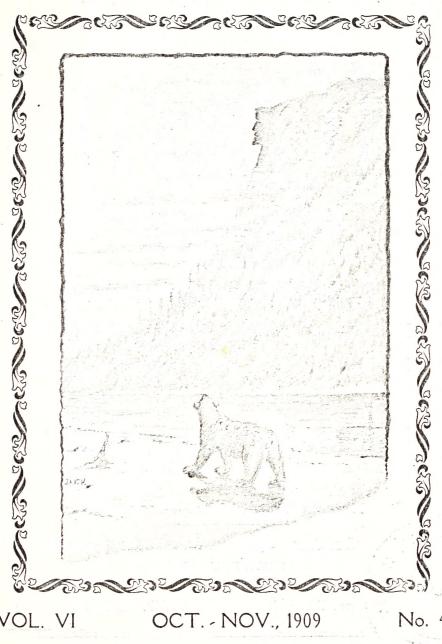
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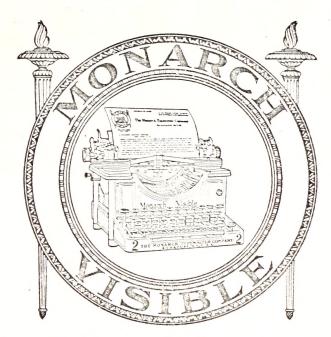


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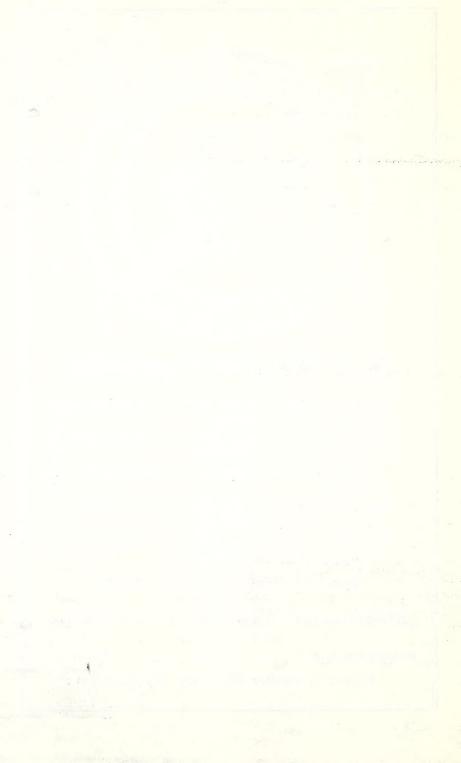
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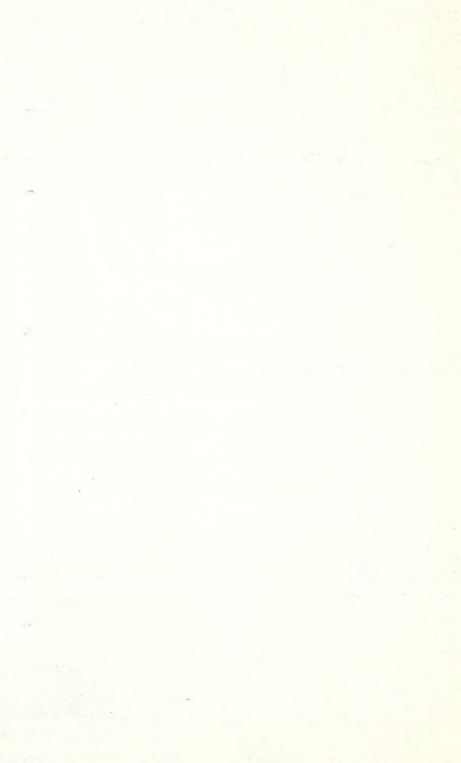
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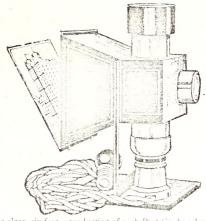


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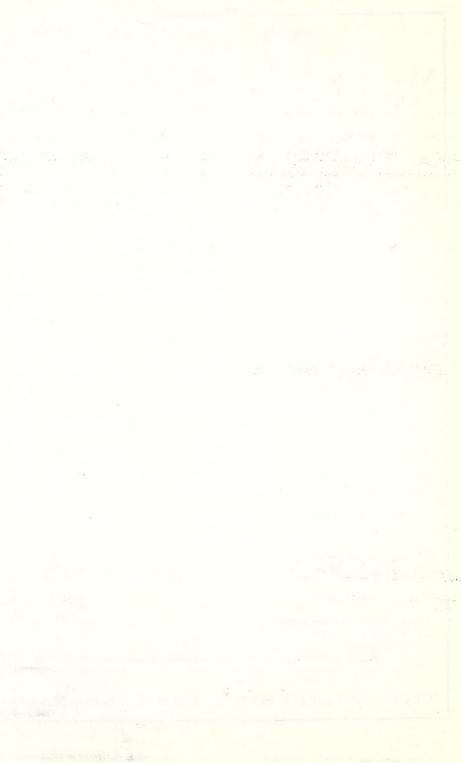


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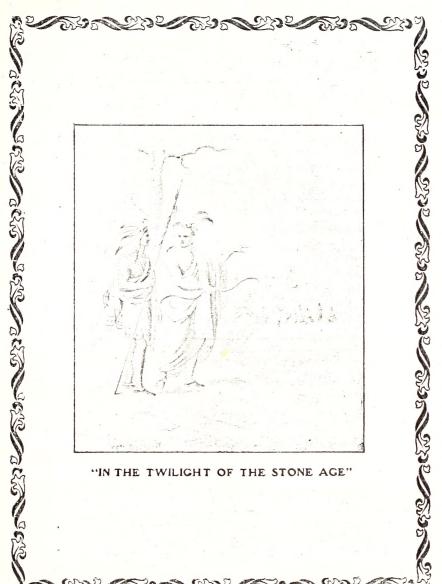
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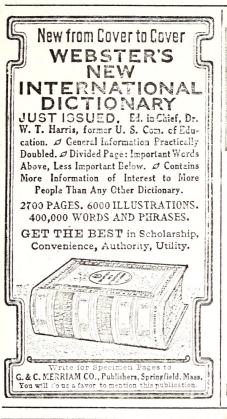
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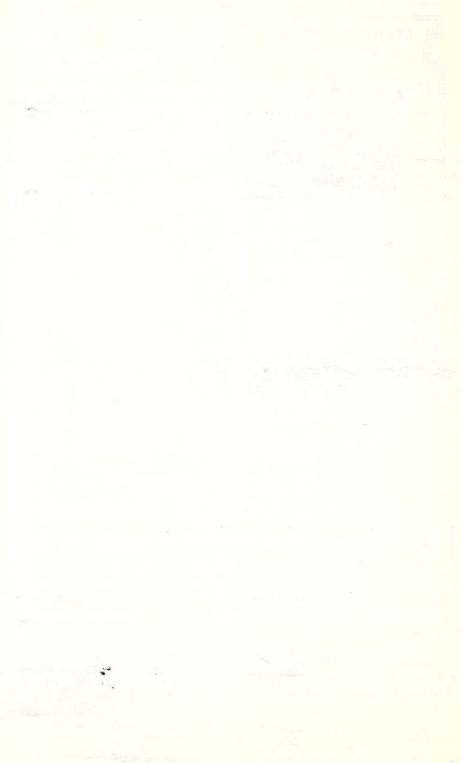
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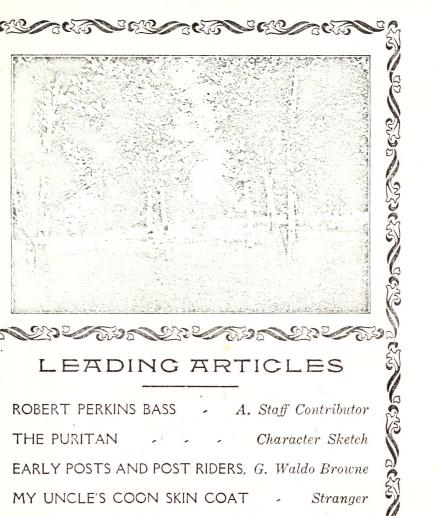
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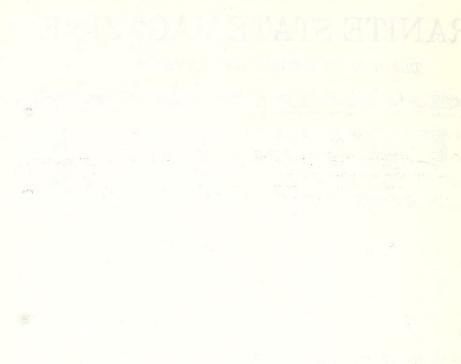


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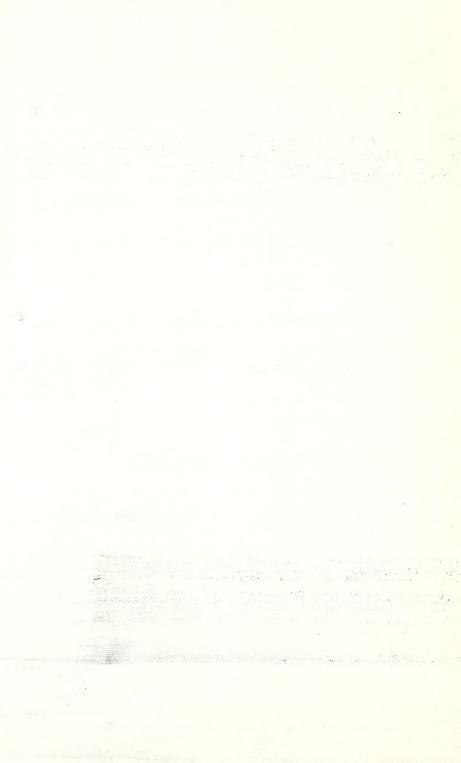
No. 11

Gonie Side



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY,
STORY, SCENERY AND INDUSTRY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

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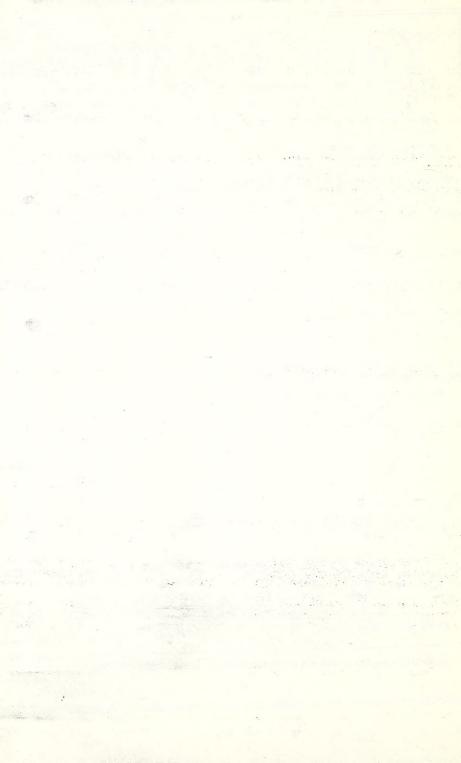
reliable and trustworthy man in towns where we have not already a representative. And when we find such we want to show him the opportunity that is open to him in the Real Estate business. New Hampshire farms and summer homes are going to be in large demand in the near future, and if you know of some in your own town that are for sale, it will pay you to communicate with as immediately

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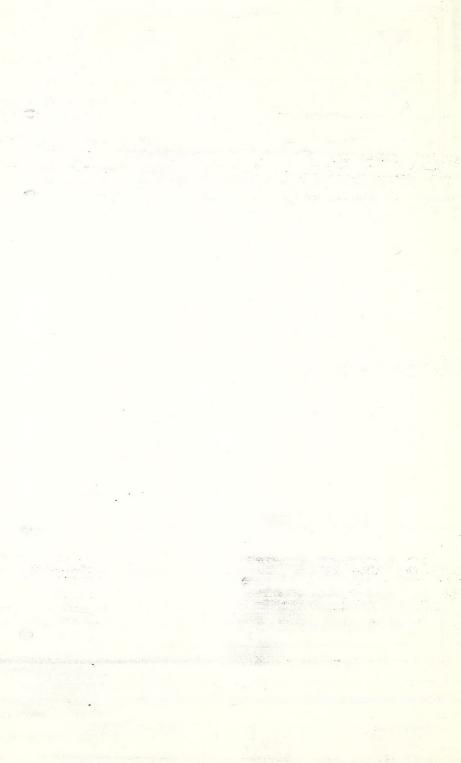
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